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FENWICK'S CAREER¹

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It was Christmas eve, and the dark had fallen. The train from Euston had just drawn up in Windermere station, and John Fenwick, carrying his bag, was making his way among the vehicles outside the station, inquiring whether any one was going in the direction of Great Langdale who could give him a lift. He presently found a farmer's cart bound for a village on the road, and made a bargain with the lad driving it to carry him to his destination.

They set off in bitter weather. The driver was a farmer's son who had come to the station to fetch his small brother. Fenwick and he took the little school-boy between them, to protect him as best they could from the wind and sleet. They piled some empty sacks from the back of the cart on their knees and shoulders, and the old gray horse set forward cautiously, feeling its way down the many hills of the Ambleside road.

The night was not yet wholly in possession. The limestone road shone dimly white, the forms of the leafless trees passed them in a windy procession, and afar on the horizon, beyond the dark gulf of the lake, there was visible at intervals a persistent dimness, something less black than the sky above and the veiled earth below, which Fenwick knew must be the snowy tops of the mountains. But it was a twilight more mournful than a total darkness; the damp air was nipping cold, and every few minutes gusts of sleet drove in their faces.

The two brothers talked to each other sometimes, in a broad Westmoreland speech. To Fenwick the dialect of his childhood was already strange and disagreeable. So, too, was the wild roughness of the Northern night, the length of the road, the sense of increasing distance from all that most held his mind. He longed, indeed, to see Phœbe and the child; but it was as though he had wilfully set up some barrier between himself and them which spoiled his natural plea-

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sure. Moreover, he was afraid of Phœbe, of her quick, jealous love, and of certain passionate possibilities in her character that he had long ago discerned. If she discovered that he had made a mystery of his marriage—that he had passed in London as unmarried? It was an ugly and uncomfortable "if." Did he shrink from the possible blow to her—or the possible trouble to himself? Well, she must not find it out! It had been a wretched sort of accident, and before it could do any harm it should be amended.

Suddenly, a sound of angry water. They were close on the lake, and waves driven by the wind were plashing on the shore. Across the lake, a light in a house-window shone through the storm, the only reminder of human life amid a dark wilderness of mountains. Wild sounds crashed through the trees; and accompanying the tumult of water came the rattle of a bitter rain, lashing the road, the cart, and their bent shoulders.

"There 'll not be a dry stitch on us soon," said Fenwick, presently, to the young man beside him.

"Ay, it 's dampish," said his companion, cheerfully.

The caution of the adjective set Fenwick grinning. The North found and gripped him; these are not the ways of the South.

And in a moment the sense of contrast, thus provoked, had carried him far—out of the Westmoreland night, back to London, and his shabby studio in Bernard street. There, throned on a low platform, sat Madame de Pastourelles; and to her right, himself, sitting crouched before his easel, working with all his eyes and all his mind. The memory of her was, as it were, physically stamped upon his sight, his hands; such an intensity of study had he given to every detail of her face and form. Did he like her? He did n't know. There were a number of curious resentments in his mind with regard to her. Several times in the course of their acquaintance she had cheapened or humiliated him in his own eyes; and the sensation had been of a sharpness as yet unknown to him. Yet the sharpness had really nothing to do with her—unless, paradoxically; it were the result of her extreme gentleness. He thought, indeed, that if she had discovered the

wounds she had inflicted, she would have been sorry; her sweetness would have been ruffled. Yet there it was. In her presence he had felt himself not once, but many times, a barbarian or an ass, a person grossly ignorant or deplorably ill-mannered.

Of course, there was in it, one way or another, an aristocratic insolence! There must be: to move so delicately and immaculately through life, with such super-fine perceptions, must mean that you were brought up to scorn the common way, and those who walk in it. "The poor in a lump are bad,"—coarse and ill-mannered, at any rate,—that must be the real meaning of her soft dignity, so friendly yet so remote, her impossibly ethereal standards, her light words that so often abashed a man for no reasonable cause.

She had been sitting to him, off and on, for about six weeks. Originally she had meant him to make a three hours' sketch of her. He triumphed in the remembrance that she and Lord Findon had found the sketch so remarkable that, when he had timidly proposed a portrait in oils, Lord Findon himself had persuaded her to sit. Since that moment his work on the portrait, immediately begun, had absorbed him to such a degree that the "Genius Loci," still unfinished, had been put aside, and must have its last touches when he returned to town.

But in the middle of the sittings, Madame de Pastourelles being away, and he in a mood to destroy all that he had done, he had suddenly spent a stray earning on a railway ticket to Paris.

There—excitement!—illumination!—and a whole fresh growth of ambition! Some of the mid-century portraits in the Luxembourg, and in a loan exhibition then open in the Rue Royale, excited him so that he lost sleep and appetite. The work of Bastien-Lepage was also to be seen; and the air rang with the cries of Impressionism. But the beautiful surface of the older men held him. How to combine the breadth of the new with the keeping, the sheer *pleasure* of the old! He rushed home—afire!—and fell to work again.

And now he found himself a little more able to cope with his sitter. He was in possession, at any rate, of fresh topics,—need not feel himself so tongue-tied in

the presence of this cosmopolitan culture of hers, which she did her feminine best to disguise—which nevertheless made the atmosphere of her personality. She had lived some six years in Paris, it appeared; and had known most of the chief artists and men of letters. Fenwick writhed under his ignorance of the French language; it was a disadvantage not to be made up.

However, he talked much, and sometimes arrogantly; he gave his views, compared one man with another; if he felt any diffidence, he showed little. And indeed she led him on. Upon his art he had a right to speak, and the keen intellectual interest she betrayed in his impressions—the three days' impressions of a painter—stirred and flattered him.

But he made a great many rather ludicrous mistakes, inevitable to one who had just taken a first canter through the vast field of French art; mistakes in names and dates, in the order of men and generations. And when he made a blunder he was apt to stick to it absurdly, or excuse it elaborately. She soon gave up correcting him, even in the gentle, hesitating way she at first made use of. She said nothing; but there was sometimes mischief, perhaps mockery, in her eyes. Fenwick knew it, and would either make fresh plunges or paint on in a sulky silence.

How on earth had she guessed the authorship of those articles in the "Mirror"? He supposed he must have talked the same kind of stuff to her. At any rate, she had made him feel in some intangible way that it seemed to her a dishonorable thing to be writing anonymous attacks upon a body from whom you were asking, or intending to ask, exhibition space for your pictures, and the chance of selling your work. His authorship was never avowed between them. Nevertheless this criticism annoyed and pricked him. He said to himself that it was just like a woman—who always took the personal view. But he had not yet begun on his last two articles, which were overdue.

On one occasion, encouraged perhaps by some kindness of expression on her part, he had ventured an indirect question or two, meant to procure him some information about her past history and present way of life. She had rebuffed

him at once; and he had said to himself fiercely that it was of course because he was a man of the people, and she one of "the upper ten." He might paint her; but he must not presume to know her!

On the other hand, his mind was still warm with memories of her encouragement, her praise. Sometimes in their talks he would put the portrait aside, and fall to sketching for her,—either to illustrate his memories of pictures, or things noticed in French life and landscapes. And as the charcoal worked; as he forgot himself in hurried speech, and those remarks fell from him which are the natural outcome of a painter's experience, vivacious also and touched with literature; then her brown eyes would lighten and soften, and for once his mind would feel exultant that it moved with hers on equal terms—nay, that he was teacher and she taught. Whenever there emerged in him the signs of that dæmonic something that makes greatness she would be receptive, eager, humble even. But again his commoner, coarser side, his mere lack of breeding, would reappear; and she would fall back on her cold or gentle defensiveness. Thus protected by what his wrath called "airs," she was a mystery to him, yet a mystery that tamed and curbed him. He had never dreamed that such women existed. His own views of women were those of the shopkeeping middle class, practical, selfish, or sensual. But he had been a reader of books, and through Madame de Pastourelles certain sublimities or delicacies of poetry began to seem to him either less fantastic or more real.

All the same, he was not sure that he liked her, and while one hour he was all restlessness to resume his task, the next it was a relief to be temporarily quit of it. As for Lord Findon, except for a certain teasing vagueness on the business side of things, he had shown himself a good friend. Several times since the first variegated evening had Fenwick dined with them, mostly *en famille*. Lady Findon, indeed, had been away, nursing an invalid father; Madame de Pastourelles filled her place. The old fellow would talk freely—politics, connoisseurship, art. Fenwick, too, was allowed his head, and said his say; though always surrounded and sometimes chafing under that dis-

cipline of good society which is its only or its best justification. It flattered his vanity enormously, however, to be thus within touch of the inner circle in politics and art; for the Findons had relations and friends in all the foremost groups of both; and incidentally Fenwick, who had the grudges and some of the dreams of the democrat, was beginning to have a glimpse of the hidden springs and powers of English society—to his no small bewilderment often!

Great luck, he admitted, all this, for a nameless artist of the people, only six months in London. He owed it to Cunningham, and believed himself grateful. Cunningham was often at the Findons'—made a point, indeed, of going. Was it to maintain his place with them, and to keep Fenwick under observation? Fenwick triumphantly believed that Lord Findon greatly preferred his work—and even, by now, his conversation—to Cunningham's. But he was still envious of Cunningham's smooth tact and agreeable, serviceable ways.

As to Welby and his place in the Findon circle, that was another matter altogether. He came and went as he pleased, on brotherly terms with the son and the younger daughters, clearly an object of great affection to Lord Findon, and often made use of by her ladyship. What was the degree of friendship between him and Madame de Pastourelles?—that had been already the subject of many meditations on Fenwick's part.

The cart deposited the school-boy in Brathay and started again for Langdale.

"Yo' couldna get at Langdale for t' snaw lasst week," said the young farmer, as they turned a corner into the Skelwith valley. "T' roads were fair choked wi' t'."

"It's been an early winter," said Fenwick.

"Ay, and t' Langdales get t' brunt o' t'. It's wild livin' there, soomtimes, i' winter."

They began to climb the first steep hill of the old road to Langdale. The snow lay piled on either side of the road, the rain beat down, and the trees clashed and moaned overhead. Not a house, not a light, upon their path,—only swirling darkness, opening now and then on that high glimmer of the snow. Fresh from

London streets, where winter, even if it attack in force, is so soon tamed and conquered, Fenwick was for the first time conscious of the harsher, wilder aspects of his native land. Poor Phœbe! Had she been a bit lonesome in the snow and rain?

The steep lane to the cottage was still deep in snow. The cart could not attempt it. Fenwick made his way up, fighting the eddy sleet. As he let fall the latch of the outer gate, the cottage door opened, and Phœbe, with the child in her arms, stood on the threshold.

"John!"

"Yes! God bless my soul, what a night!" He reached the door, put down his umbrella with difficulty, and dragged his bag into the passage. Then, in a moment, his coat was off and he had thrown his arm round her and the child. It seemed to him that she was curiously quiet and restrained. But she kissed him in return, drew him further within the little passage, and shut the outer door, shivering.

"The kitchen's warm," she said, "at last!"

She led him in, and he found the low-ceiled room bright with fire and lamp, the table spread, and his chair beside the blaze. She made him take off his coat, and kneeling down, she tried to unlace his wet boots.

"No, no!" he said, holding her away; "I'll do that, Phœbe. What's wrong with you?—you look so—so queer!"

She straightened herself, and with a laugh put back her fair hair. Her face was very pale,—a grayish pallor,—and her wonderful eyes stared from it in an odd, strained way.

"Oh! I'm all right," she said; and she turned away from him to the fire, opening the oven door to see whether the meat-pie was done.

"How have you kept in this weather?" he said, watching her. "I'd no notion you'd had it so bad."

"Oh! I don't know. I suppose I've had a chill or something. It's been rather weariful."

"You did n't tell me anything about your chill."

"Did n't I? It seems hardly worth while telling such things, from such a distance. Will you have supper at once?"

He drew up to the table, and she fed him and hovered round him, asking the while about his work in a rather perfunctory way, about his rooms and the price of them, inquiring after the state of his clothes. But her tone and manner were unlike herself, and there was in his mind a protesting consciousness that she had not welcomed him as a young wife should after a long separation. Her manner, too, was extraordinarily nervous; her hand shook as she touched a plate; her movements were full of starts and checks, as though, often, she intended a thing and then forgot it.

They avoided talking about money, and he did not mention the name of Madame de Pastourelles; though of course his letters had reported the external history of the portrait. But Phœbe presently inquired after it.

"Have you nearly done painting that lady, John?—I don't know how to say her name."

As she spoke, she lifted a bit of bread-and-butter to her mouth and put it down untasted. In the same way, she had tried to drink some tea, and had not apparently succeeded. Fenwick rose and went over to her.

"Look here, Phœbe," he said, putting his hand on her beautiful hair and turning her face to him, "what's the matter?"

Her eyelids closed, and a quiver went through the face.

"I don't know. I—I had a fright a few days ago—at night—and I suppose I have n't got over it."

"A fright?"

"Yes. There was a tramp one night came to the door. I half opened it—and his face was so horrible, I tried to shut it again at once. And he struggled with me, but I was strongest. Then he tried to get in at the window, but luckily I had fastened the iron bar across the shutter—and the back door. But it all held, mercifully. He could n't get in. Then he abused me through the door, and said he would have killed me and the child, if he could have got in—and some day he would come again." She shuddered.

Fenwick had turned pale. With his painter's imagination he saw the thing—the bestial man outside, the winter night, the slender form within pressing against the door and the bolt—

"Look here," he said abruptly. "We can't have this. Somebody must sleep here. Did you tell the police?"

"Yes, I wrote—to Ambleside. They sent a man over to see me. But they could n't catch him. He's probably left the country. I got a bell"—she opened her eyes, and pointed to it. "If I rang it, they might hear it down at Brow Farm. They *might*—if the wind was that way."

There was a silence a moment. Then Fenwick stooped and kissed her.

"Poor old girl!" he said softly. She made but slight response. He returned to his place, repeating with a frowning energy, "You must have some one to sleep here."

"Daisy would come—if I'd pay her."

Daisy was their little servant of the summer, the daughter of a quarryman near by.

"Well, pay her!"

She drew herself up sharply. "I have n't got the money; and you always say, when you write, you have n't any, either."

"I'll find some for that. I can't have you scared like this."

But, though his tone was vehement, it was not particularly affectionate. He was horribly discomposed—indeed, could not get the terrible image out of his mind. But as he went on with his supper, the shock of it mingled with a good many critical or reproachful thoughts. Why had she persisted in staying on in Langdale, instead of going to her father? All that foolish dislike of her stepmother! It had been open to her to stay on her father's farm, with plenty of company. If she would n't, was *he* to blame if the cottage was lonesome?

But as though she divined this secret debate, she presently said:

"I went to Keswick last week."

He looked up, startled. "Well?"

"Father's ill—he's got a bad chest, and the doctor says he may be going into a consumption."

"Doctors'll say anything!" cried Fenwick, wrathfully. "If ever there was a strong man, it's your father. Don't you believe any croaking of that sort, Phœbe."

She shook her head.

"He looks so changed," she said, and began drawing with her finger on the table-cloth. He saw that her lips were

trembling. A strong impulse worked in him, bidding him go to her again, kiss away her tears, and say: "Hang everything! Come with me to London, and let 's sink or swim together."

Instead of which, some perverse cross-current hurried him into the words:

"He 'd be all right if you 'd go and nurse him, Phœbe."

"No; not at all. They did n't want me, and Mrs. Gibson, poor creature, was real glad when I said I was going. She was jealous of me all the time."

"I expect you imagined that."

Phœbe's face flushed angrily.

"I did n't!" she said shortly. "Everybody in the house knew it."

The meal went on rather silently. Fenwick's conscience said to him, "Take her back with you! Whatever happens, take her to London—she 's moping her life out here." And an inner voice clamored in reply: "Take her to those rooms?—in the very middle of the struggle with those two pictures?—go through all the agitation and discomfort of explanations with Lord Findon and Madame de Pastourelles?—run the risk of estranging them, and of distracting your own mind from your work at this critical moment?—the further risk, moreover, of Phœbe's jealousy?"

For in her present nervous and fidgety state she would very likely be jealous of his sitter, and of the way in which Madame de Pastourelles's portrait possessed his mind. No, it really could n't be done!—it really *could n't*! He must finish the two pictures,—persuade Lord Findon to buy the "Genius Loci," and make the portrait such a success that he must needs buy that too. Then let discovery come on; it should find him steel'd.

Meanwhile Phœbe must have a servant, and not any mere slip of a girl, but some one who would be a companion and comfort. He began to talk of it eagerly, only to find that Phœbe took but a languid interest in the idea.

She could think of no one, wanted no one, but Daisy. Again his secret ill-humor waxed and justified itself. It was unreasonable and selfish that she should not be able to think for herself and the child better; after all, he was slaving for her as much as for himself.

Meanwhile Carrie sat very silent beside

her father, observing him, and every now and then applying her pink lips to some morsel he held out to her on his fork. He had kissed her and tossed her, and she was now sitting in his pocket. But after these eight months the child of four was shy and timid with this unfamiliar father. He, on his side, saw that she was prettier than before; his eye delighted in some of the rarer and lovelier lines of her little face; and he felt a fatherly pride. He must make some fresh studies of her; the child in the "Genius Loci" might be improved.

AFTER supper, Phœbe seemed to him so pale and tottering that he made her rest beside the fire, while he himself cleared the supper things away. She lay back in her chair, laughing at his awkwardness, or starting up when china clashed.

Meanwhile, as in their farewell talk beside the ghyll eight months before, her mood gradually and insensibly changed. Whatever unloving thoughts or resentments had held her in the first hour of their meeting, however strong had been the wish to show him that she had been lonely and suffering, she could not resist what to her was the magic of his presence. As he moved about in the low, firelit room, and she watched him, her whole nature melted; and he knew it.

Presently she took the child up-stairs. He waited for her, hanging over the fire, listening to the storm outside, and thinking, thinking—

When she reappeared, and he, looking round, saw her standing in the doorway, so tall and slender, her pale face and hair colored by the glow of the fire, passion and youth spoke in him once more.

He sprang up and caught her in his arms. Presently, sitting in the old arm-chair beside the blaze, he had gathered her on his knee, and she had clasped her hands round his neck and buried her face against him. All things were forgotten, save that they were man and wife together, within this "wind-warm space," ringed by night and pattering sleet and gusts that flung themselves in vain upon the roof that sheltered them.

BUT next morning, within the little cottage,—beating rain on the windows, and a cheerless storm-light in the tiny rooms,—

the hard facts of the situation resumed their sway. In the first place, money questions had to be faced. Fenwick made the most of his expectations; but at best they were no more, and how to live till they became certainties was the problem. If Lord Findon had commissioned the portrait, or definitely said he would purchase the "Genius Loci," some advance might have been asked for. As it was, how could money be mentioned yet awhile? Phœbe had a fine and costly piece of embroidery on hand, commissioned through an "Art Industry" started at Windermere the summer before; but it could not be finished for some weeks, possibly months, and the money Fenwick proposed to earn during his fortnight in the North by some illustrations long overdue had been already largely forestalled. He gloomily made up his mind to appeal to an old cousin in Kendal, the widow of a grocer, said to be richly left, who had once in his boyhood given him five shillings. With much distaste he wrote the letter and walked to Elterwater in the rain to post it. Then he tried to work; but little Carrie, fractious from confinement indoors, was troublesome and disturbed him. Phœbe, too, would make remarks on his drawing which seemed to him inept. In old days he would have laughed at her for pretending to know, and turned it off with a kiss. Now what she said set him on edge. The talk he had been living amongst had spoiled him for silly criticisms. Moreover, for the first time he detected in her a slight tone of the "school-marm"—didactic and self-satisfied, without knowledge. The measure Madame de Pastourelles had dealt out to him, he in some sort avenged on Phœbe.

At the same time there were much more serious causes of difference. Each had a secret from the other. Fenwick's secret was that he had foolishly passed in London as an unmarried man, and that he could not take Phœbe back with him, because of the discomforts and risks in which a too early avowal of her would involve him. He was morbidly conscious of this, brooded over it, and magnified it.

She, on the other hand, was tormented by a fixed idea—already in existence at the time of their first parting, but much strengthened by loneliness and fretting—that he was tired of her and not unwilling

to be without her. The joy of their meeting banished it for a time, but it soon came back. She had never acquiesced in the wisdom of their separation; and to question it was to resent it more and more deeply, to feel his persistence in it a more cruel offense, month by month. Her pride prevented her from talking of it; but the soreness of her grievance invaded their whole relation. And in her moral unrest she showed faults which had been scarcely visible in their early married years,—impatience, temper, suspicion, a readiness to magnify small troubles, whether of health or circumstance.

During her months alone she had been reading many novels of an indifferent sort, which the carrier brought her from the lending library at Windermere. She talked excitedly of some of them, had "cried her eyes out" over this or that. Fenwick picked up one or two, and threw them away for "trash." He scornfully thought that they had done her harm, made her more nervous and difficult. But at night, when he had done his work, he never took any trouble to read to her, or to talk to her about other than household things. He smoked or drew in silence; and she sat over her embroidery, lost in morbid reverie.

One morning he discovered amongst her books a paper-covered "Life of Romney"—a short compilation issued by a local bookseller.

"Why, whatever did you get this for, Phœbe?" he said, holding it up.

She looked up from her mending, and colored. "I wanted to read it."

"But why?"

"Well,"—she hesitated,—"I thought it was like you."

"Like me?—you little goose!"

"I don't know," she said doggedly, looking hard at her work,—"*there was the hundred pounds that he got to go to London with; and then, marrying a wife in Kendal, and*"—she looked up with a half-defiant smile—"and leaving her behind!"

"Oh! so you think that's like me?" he said, seating himself again at his drawing.

"It's rather like."

"You suppose you're going to be left here for thirty years?" He laughed as he spoke.

She laughed, too, but not gaily,—with a kind of defiance.

"Well, it would n't be quite as easy now, would it?—with trains, and all that. There were only coaches then, I suppose. Now, London 's so near."

"I wish you 'd always think so!" he cried. "Why, of course it 's near. I 'm only seven hours away. What 's that, in these days? And in three months' time things will be all right and square again."

"I dare say," she said, sighing.

"Why can't you wait cheerfully," he asked, rather exasperated, "instead of being so down?"

"Because," she broke out, "I don't see the reason of it—there! No, I don't!—However!"—she pressed back her hair from her eyes, and drew herself together.—"You've never shown me your studies of that—that lady—John; you said you would."

Relieved at the change of subject, he took a sketch-book out of his pocket and gave it to her. It contained a number of "notes" for his portrait of Madame de Pastourelles,—sketches of various poses, aspects of the head and face, arrangements of the hands, and so forth. Phœbe pondered it in silence.

"She 's pretty—I think," she said at last, doubtfully.

"I 'm not sure that she is," said Fenwick. "She 's very pale."

"That does n't matter. The shape of her face is awfully pretty—and her eyes. Is her hair like mine?"

"No; not nearly so good."

"Ah, if I could only do it as prettily as she does!" said Phœbe, faintly smiling. "I suppose, John, she 's very smart and fashionable?"

"Well, she 's Lord Findon's daughter—that tells you. They 're pretty well at the top."

Phœbe asked various other questions, then fell silent, still pondering the sketches. After a while she put down her work and came to sit on a stool beside Fenwick, sometimes laying her golden head against his knee, or stretching out her hand to touch his. He responded affectionately enough; but as the winter twilight deepened in the little room, Phœbe's eyes, fixed upon the fire, resumed their melancholy discontent. She was less

necessary to him even than before; she knew by a thousand small signs that the forces which possessed his mind—perhaps his heart!—were not now much concerned with her.

She tried to control, to school herself. But the flame within was not to be quenched,—was, indeed, perpetually finding fresh fuel. How quietly he had taken the story of the tramp's attack upon her!—which still, whenever she thought of it, thrilled her own veins with horror. No doubt he had been over to Ambleside to speak to the police; and he had arranged that the little servant, Daisy, should come to her when he left. But if he had merely caught her to him with one shuddering cry of love and rage—that would have been worth all his precautions!—would have effaced the nightmare and filled her heart.

As to his intellectual life, she was now much more conscious of her exclusion from it than she ever had been in their old life together.

For it was a consciousness quickened by jealousy. Little as Fenwick talked about Madame de Pastourelles, Phœbe understood perfectly that she was a woman of high education and refinement, and that her stored and subtle mind was at once an attraction and a cause of humiliation to John. And through his rare stories of the Findon household and the Findon dinner-parties, the wife dimly perceived a formidable world, bristling with strange acquirements and accomplishments, in which he, perhaps, was beginning to find a place, thanks to his art; while she, his obscure and ignorant wife, must resign herself to being forever shut out from it, to knowing it from his report only. How could she ever hold her own with such people? He would talk with them, paint them, dine with them, while she sat at home, Carrie's nurse and the domestic drudge.

And yet she was of that type which represents perhaps the most ambitious element in the lower middle class. It had been a great matter that she, a small farmer's daughter, should pass her examinations and rise to be a teacher in Miss Mason's school. She had had her triumphs and conceits; had been accustomed to think herself clever and successful, to hold her head high among her school-

mates. Whereas now, if she tried to talk of art or books, she was hotly aware that everything she said was, in John's eyes, pretentious or absurd. He was comparing her with others all the time, with men and women—women especially—in whose presence he felt himself as diffident as she did in his. He was thinking of ladies in velvet dresses and diamonds, who could talk wittily of pictures and theaters and books, who could amuse him and distract him. And meanwhile *she* went about in her old stuff dress, her cotton apron and rolled-up sleeves, cooking and washing and cleaning—for her child and for him. She felt through every nerve that he was constantly aware of details of dress or ménage that jarred upon him; she suspected miserably that all her little personal ways and habits seemed to him ugly and common, and the suspicion showed itself in pride or brusquerie.

It is an old and ever-pitiful situation. Meanwhile, if she had been *restful*, if he could only have forgotten his cares in her mere youth and prettiness, Fenwick would have been easily master of his discontents. For he was naturally of a warm, sensuous temper. Had the woman understood her own arts, she could have held him.

But she was not restful, she was exacting and self-conscious; and, moreover, a certain new growth of Puritanism in her repelled him. While he had been passing under the transforming influences of an all-questioning thought and culture, she had been turning to Evangelical religion for consolation. There was a new minister in a Baptist chapel a mile or two away, of whom she talked, whose services she attended. The very mention of him presently became a boredom to Fenwick. The new influence had no effect upon her jealousies and discontents; but it reinforced a natural asceticism, and weakened whatever power she possessed of playing on a husband's passion. Meanwhile Fenwick was partly aware of her state of mind, and far from happy himself. His conscience pricked him; but such prickings are small help to love. Often he found himself guiltily brooding over Lord Findon's tirades against the early marriages of artists. There was a horrid truth in them. No doubt an artist should wait till his circumstances were

worthy of his gifts, and then marry a woman who could understand and help him on.

Nor was even the child a binding influence. Fenwick in this visit became for the first time a fond father. A certain magic in the little Carrie flattered his vanity and excited his hopes. He drew her many times, and prophesied confidently that she would be a beauty. But, in his secret opinion, she was spoiled and mismanaged; and he talked a good deal to Phœbe about her bringing up, theorizing and haranguing in his usual way. Phœbe listened generally with impatience, resenting interference within her special domain. And often, when she saw the father and child together, a fresh and ugly misery would raise its head. Would he in time set even Carrie against her, teach the child to look down upon its mother?

ONE day he returned from Ambleside, pale and excited, bringing a Manchester paper.

"Phœbe!" he called from the gate.

Startled by something in his voice, Phœbe ran out to him.

"Phœbe, an awful thing 's happened! Old Morrison 's—dead! Look here!"

And he showed her a paragraph headed, "Defalcations and suicide." It described how Mr. James Morrison, the chief cashier of the Bartonbury Bank, had committed suicide immediately after the discovery by the bank authorities of large falsifications in the bank accounts. Mr. Morrison had shot himself, leaving a statement acknowledging a long course of fraudulent dealings with the funds intrusted to him, and pleading with his employers for his wife and daughter. "Great sympathy," said the "Guardian" reporter, "is felt in Bartonbury with Mrs. Morrison, whose character has always been highly respected. But, indeed, the whole family occupied a high position, and the shock to the locality has been great." On which followed particulars of the frauds, and a long report of the inquest.

Phœbe was struck with horror. She lingered over the paper, commenting, exclaiming; while Fenwick sat staring into the fire, his hands on his knees.

Presently she came to him and said in a low voice:

"And what about the money, John—the loan?"

"I am not obliged to return it in money," he said sharply.

"Well, the pictures?"

"That 'll be all right. I must think about it. There 'll be no hurry."

"Did Mrs. Morrison know—about the loan?"

"I dare say. I never heard."

"I suppose she and the daughter 'll have nothing?"

"That does n't follow at all. Very likely he 'd settled something on them, which can't be touched. A man like that generally does."

"Poor things!" she said, shuddering. "But, John, you 'll pay it back to Mrs. Morrison?"

"Of course I shall," he said impatiently,—"in due time. But please remember, Phœbe, that 's my affair. Don't you talk of it—to *any one*."

He looked up to emphasize his words.

Phœbe flushed.

"I was n't going to talk of it to any one," she said proudly, as she moved away.

Presently he took up his hat again and went out, that he might be alone with his thoughts. The rain had vanished, and a frosty sunshine sparkled on the fells, on the red bracken and the foaming becks. He took the mountain path which led past the ghyll up to the ridge which separates Langdale from Grasmere and Easedale. Morrison's finely wrinkled face, with its blue, complacent eyes and thin nose, hovered before him—now as he remembered it in life, and now as he imagined it in death. Hard fate! There had been an adventurous, poetic element in Morrison, something beyond the ken of the ordinary Philistine, and it had come to this. Fenwick remembered him among the drawings he had collected. Real taste, real sense of beauty, combined no doubt with the bargaining instinct and a natural love of chicanery. Moreover, Fenwick believed that, so far as a grasping temper would allow, there had been a genuine wish to help undiscovered talent. He thought of the hand which had given him the check, and had a vision of it holding the revolver—of the ghastly, solitary end. And no one had guessed—unless, indeed, it were his wife. Perhaps that look of

hers, as of a creature hunted by secret fears, was now explained.

How common such things are—and probably, so ran his thoughts, will always be! We are all acting. Each man, or woman, carries this potentiality of a double life—it is only a question of less or more.

Suddenly he colored as he saw *himself* thus writ double—first as he appeared to Madame de Pastourelles, and then as he appeared to Phœbe. Masquerading was easy, it seemed; and conscience made little fuss! Instantly, however, the inner man rebelled against the implied comparison of himself with Morrison. An accidental concealment, acquiesced in temporarily for business reasons,—what had that in common with villainy like Morrison's? An awkward affair, no doubt; and he had been a fool to slip into it. But in a few weeks he would put it right, come what would.

As to the debt, he tried to fight against a feeling of deliverance, but clearly he need be in no hurry to pay it. He had been living in dread of Morrison's appearing in Bernard street to claim his bond,—revealing Phœbe's existence perhaps to ears unprepared, and laying greedy hands upon the "Genius Loci." It would have been hard to keep him off it, unless Lord Findon had promptly come forward; and it would have been odious to yield it to him. "Now I shall take my time." Of course, ultimately, he would repay the money to Mrs. Morrison and Bella. But better, even in their interests, to wait awhile, till there could be no question of any other claim to it.

So from horror he passed to a personal relief, of which he was rather ashamed; and then again to a real, uneasy pity for the wife and for the vulgar daughter who had so bitterly resented his handling of her charms. He remembered the note in which she had acknowledged the final delivery of her portrait. In obedience to Morrison's suggestion, he had kept it by him a few days; and then, either unable or proudly unwilling to alter it, he had returned it to its owner. Whereupon a furious note from Miss Bella, which—knowing that her father took no account of her tempers—Fenwick had torn up with a laugh. It was clear that she had heard of her father's invitation to him to

"beautify" it, and when the picture appeared unaltered she took it as a direct and personal insult, a sign that he disliked her and meant to humiliate her. It was an odd variety of the *spretæ injuria formæ*. Fenwick had never been in the least penitent for his behavior. The picture was true, clever, and the best he could do. It was no painter's business to endow Miss Bella with beauty if she did not possess it. As a piece of paint, the picture *had* beauty—if she had only eyes to find it out.

Poor girl!—what husband now would venture on such a termagant wife?—peniless too, and disgraced! He would like to help her, and her mother—for Morrison's sake. Stirred by a fleeting impulse, he began to scheme how he might become their benefactor, as Morrison had been his.

Then, as he raised his eyes from the path, with a rush of delight he noticed the flood of afternoon sunlight pouring on the steep fell-side, the sharp black shadows thrown by wall and tree, the brilliance of the snow along the topmost ridge. He raced along, casting the Morrisons out of his thoughts, forgetting everything but the joy of atmosphere and light, the pleasure of his physical strength. Near one of the highest crags he came upon a shepherd-boy and his dog collecting some sheep. The collie ran hither and thither with the marvelous shrewdness of his breed, circling, heading, driving; the stampede of the sheep, as they fled before him, could be heard along the fell. The sun played upon the flock, turning its dirty gray to white, caught the little figure of the shepherd-boy, as he stood shouting and waving; or glittered on the foaming stream beside him. Purple shadows bathed the fell beyond, and on its bosom the rustic scene emerged, a winter idyll.

Fenwick sat down upon a rock, ransacked his pockets for sketch-book and paints, and began to sketch. When he had made his "note," he sat lost awhile in the pleasure of his own growing skill and sharpening perceptions, and dreaming of future "subjects." A series of "Westmoreland months," illustrating the seasons among the fells and the life of the dalesmen, ran through his mind. Nature appeared to his exultant sense as a vast

treasure-house stored for him only—a mine inexhaustible offered to his craftsman's hand. For him the sweeping hues, the intricate broideries,—green or russet, red or purple,—of this winter world!—for him the delicacy of the snow, the pale azure of the sky, the cloud-shadows, the white becks, the winding river in the valley floor, the purple crags, the lovely accents of light and shade, the hints of composition that wooed his eager eye. Who was it that said, "Composition is the art of preserving the accidental look"? Clever fellow! there was the right thing said, for once! And so he slipped into a reverie, which was really one of those creative moments of the artist by which he makes good his kinship with "the great of old," his right to his own place in the unending chain.

Strange!—from that poverty of feeling in which he had considered the Morrison tragedy, from his growing barrenness of heart toward Phœbe, he had sprung at a bound into this ecstasy, this expansion of the whole man. It brought with it a vivid memory of the pictures he was engaged upon. By the time he turned homeward, and the light was failing, he was counting the days till he could return to London, and to work.

THERE was still, however, another week of his holiday to run. He wrote to Mrs. Morrison a letter which cost him much pains, expressing a sympathy that he really felt. He got on with his illustration work, and extracted a further advance upon it. And the old cousin in Kendal proved unexpectedly generous. She wrote him a long scriptural letter, rating him for disobedience to his father, and warning him against debt; but she lent him twenty pounds, so that, for the present, Phœbe could be left in comparative comfort, and he had something in his pocket.

Yet with this easing of circumstance, the relation between husband and wife did not improve. During this last week, indeed, Phœbe teased him to make a sketch of himself to leave with her. He began it unwillingly, then got interested, and finally made a vigorous sketch, as ample as their largest looking-glass would allow, with which he was extremely pleased. Phœbe delighted in it, hung it

up proudly in the parlor, and repaid him with smiles and kisses.

Yet the very next day, under the cloud of his impending departure, she went about pale and woebegone, on the verge of tears or temper. He was provoked into various harsh speeches, and Phœbe felt that despair which weak and loving women know when parting is near and they foresee the hour beyond parting, when each unkind word and look, too well remembered, will gnaw and creep about the heart.

But she could not restrain herself. Nervous tension, doubt of her husband, and condemnation of herself drove her on. The very last night there was a quarrel—about the child, whom Fenwick had punished for some small offense. Phœbe hotly defended her—first with tears, then with passion. For the first time these two people found themselves looking into each other's eyes with rage, almost with hate. Then they kissed and made up, terrified at the abyss which had yawned between them; and when the moment came, Phœbe went through the parting bravely.

But when Fenwick had gone, and the young wife sat alone beside the cottage fire, the darkness outside seemed to her the natural symbol of her own bitter foreboding. Why had he left her? There was no reason in it, as she had said. But there must be some reason behind it. And slowly, in the firelight, she fell to brooding over the image of that pale, classical face, as she had seen it in the sketch-book. John had talked quite frankly about Madame de Pastourelles—not like a man beguiled; making no mystery of her at all, answering all questions. But his restlessness to get back to London had been extraordinary. Was it merely the restlessness of the artist?

This was Tuesday. To-morrow Madame de Pastourelles was to come to a sitting. Phœbe sat picturing it; while the curtain of rain descended once more upon the cottage, blotting out the Pikes, and washing down the sodden fields.

VI

"I MUST alter that fold over the arm," murmured Fenwick, stepping back, with a frown, and gazing hard at the picture on his easel; "it's too strong."

Madame de Pastourelles gave a little shiver.

The big, bare room, with its northern aspect and its smoldering fire, had been of a polar temperature this March afternoon. She had been sitting for an hour and a half. Her hands and feet were frozen, and the fur cloak which she wore over her white dress had to be thrown back for the convenience of the painter, who was at work on the velvet folds.

Meanwhile, on the further side of the room sat "propriety," also shivering—an elderly governess of the Findon family, busily knitting.

"The dress is coming!" said Fenwick, after another minute or two. "Yes, it's coming."

And with a flushed face and disheveled hair he stood back again, staring first at his canvas and then at his sitter.

Madame de Pastourelles sat as still as she could, her thin, numbed fingers lightly crossed on her lap. Her wonderful velvet dress, of ivory-white, fell about her austere in long folds, which, as they bent or overlapped, made beautiful convolutions, firm yet subtle, on the side turned toward the painter, and over her feet. The classical head, with its small ear, the pale yet shining face, combined with the dress to suggest a study in ivory, wrought to a great delicacy and purity. Only the eyes, much darker than the hair, and the rich brown of the sable cloak where it touched the white, gave accent and force to the ethereal pallor, the supreme refinement, of the rest—face, dress, hands. Nothing but civilization in its most complex workings could have produced such a type; that was what prevailed dimly in Fenwick's mind as he wrestled with his picture. Sometimes his day's work left him exultant, sometimes in a hell of despair.

"I went to see Mr. Welby's studio yesterday," he said, hastily, after another minute or two, seeing her droop with fatigue.

Her face changed and lit up.

"Well, what did you see?"

"The two Academy pictures, several portraits, and a lot of studies."

"Is n't it fine—the 'Polyxena'?"

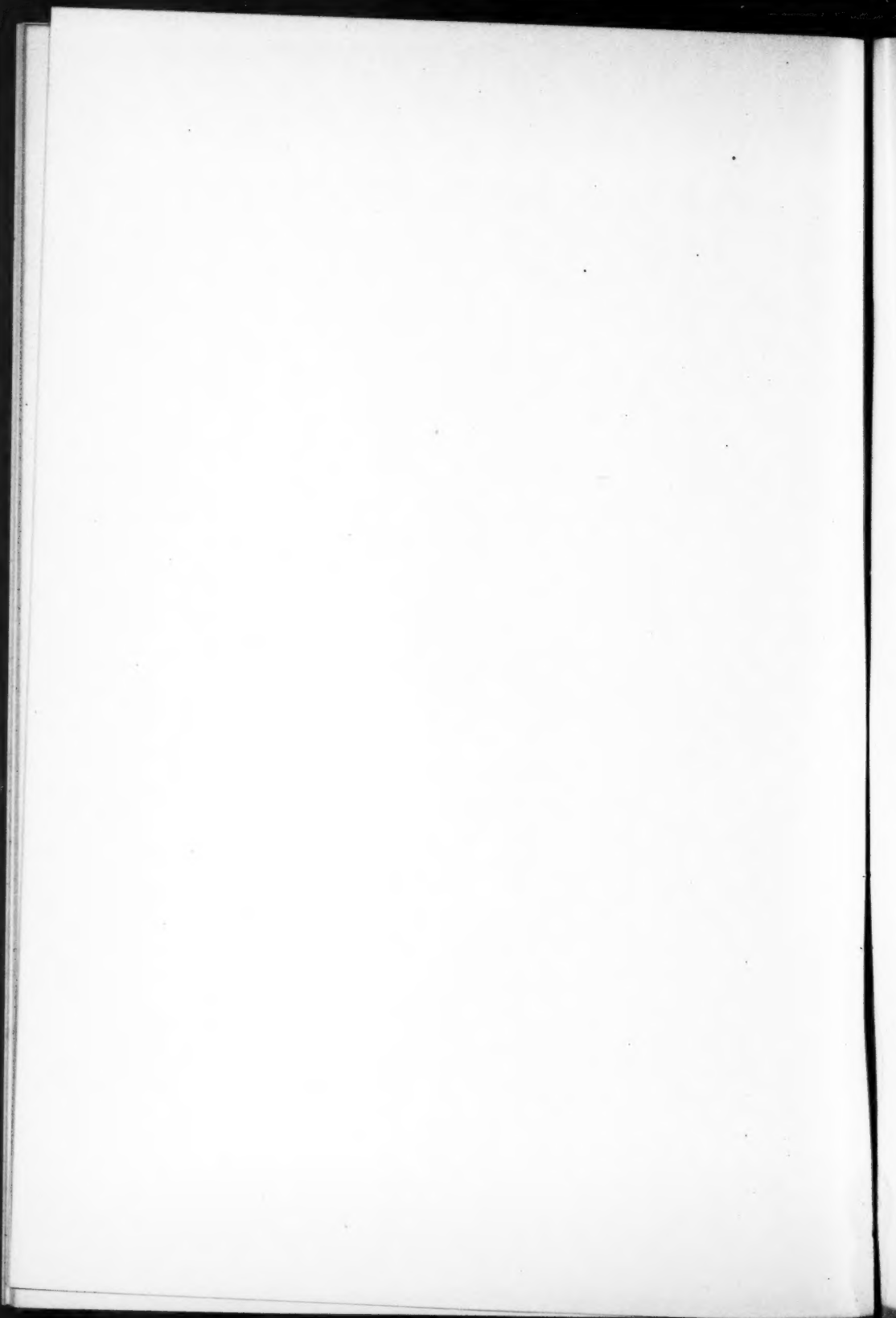
Fenwick twisted his mouth in a trick he had.

"Yes," he said perfunctorily.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MADAME DE PASTOURELLES SAT AS STILL AS SHE COULD, HER THIN, NUMBED
FINGERS LIGHTLY CROSSED ON HER LAP"



She colored slightly, as though in antagonism.

"That means that you don't admire it at all."

"Well, it does n't say anything to me," said Fenwick, after a pause.

"What do you dislike?"

"Why does n't he paint flesh?" he said abruptly—"not colored wax."

"Of course there is a decorative convention in his painting,"—her tone was a little stiff,—“but so there is in all painting."

Fenwick shrugged his shoulders.

"Go and look at Rubens or Velasquez."

"Why not at Leonardo—and Raphael?"

"Because they are not *moderns*—and we can't get back into their skins. Rubens and Velasquez *are* moderns," he protested stoutly.

"What is a 'modern'?" she asked, laughing. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "You are; and it is only fashion—or something else—that makes you like this archaistic stuff!" But he restrained himself, and they fell into a skirmish, in which, as usual, he came off badly. As soon as he perceived it, he became rather heated and noisy, trying to talk her down. Whereupon she sprang up, came down from her pedestal to look at the picture, called Mademoiselle to see, praised, laughed, and all was calm again. Only Fenwick was left once more reflecting that she was Welby's champion through thick and thin. And this ruffled him.

"Did Mr. Welby study mostly in Italy?" he asked her presently, as he fetched a hand-glass in which to examine his morning's work.

"Mostly—but also in Vienna."

And, to keep the ball rolling, she described a travel-year—apparently before her marriage—which she, Lord Findon, a girl friend of hers, and Welby had spent abroad together—mainly in Rome, Munich, and Vienna—for the purpose, it seemed, of Welby's studies. The experiences she described roused a kind of secret exasperation in Fenwick. And what was really resentment against the meagerness of his own lot showed itself, as usual, in jealousy. He said something contemptuous of this foreign training for an artist—so much concerned with galleries and Old Masters. Much better that he should use his eyes upon his own coun-

try and its types; that had been enough for all the best men.

Madame de Pastourelles politely disagreed with him; then, to change the subject, she talked of some of the humors and incidents of their stay in Vienna, the types of Viennese society, the Emperor, the beautiful mad Empress, the archdukes, the priests; and also of some hurried visits to Hungarian country houses in winter, of the cosmopolitan luxury and refinement to be found there, ringed by forests and barbarism.

Fenwick listened greedily, and presently inquired whether Mr. Welby had shared in all these amusements.

"Oh, yes. He was generally the life and soul of them."

"I suppose he made lots of friends, and got on with everybody?"

Madame de Pastourelles assented cautiously.

"That's all a question of manners," said Fenwick, with sudden roughness.

She gave a vague "Perhaps," and he straightened himself aggressively.

"I don't think manners very important—do you?"

"Very!" She said it with a gay firmness.

"Well, then, some of us will never get any"—his tone was surly—"we were n't taught young enough."

"Our mothers teach us generally—all that's wanted!"

He shook his head.

"It's not as simple as that. Besides, one may lose one's mother."

"Ah, yes!" she said, with quick feeling. And presently a little tact, a few questions on her part, had brought out some of his own early history—his mother's death, his years of struggle with his father. As he talked on, disjointedly, painting hard all the time, she had a vision of the Kendal shop and its customers, of the shrewd old father, molded by the business, the avarice, the religion of an English country town, with a Calvinist contempt for art and artists, and trying vainly to coerce his sulky and rebellious son.

"Has your father seen these pictures?"

She pointed to the "Genius Loci" on its further easel and to the portrait.

"My father! I have n't spoken to him or seen him for years."

"Years!" She opened her eyes. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Ay, that 's North Country. If you 've once committed yourself, you stick to it—like death."

She declared that it might be North Country, but was none the less barbarous. However, of course it would all come right. All the interesting tales of one's childhood began that way—with a cruel father and a rebellious son. But they came to magnificent ends, notwithstanding—with sacks of gold and a princess. Diffident, yet smiling, she drew conclusions. "So, you see, you 'll make money—you 'll be an R.A.—you 'll marry—and Mr. Fenwick will nurse the grandchildren. I assure you—that 's the fairy-tale way."

Fenwick, who had flushed hotly, turned away and occupied himself in replenishing his palette.

"Papa, of course, would say, 'Don't marry till you 're a hundred and two!' she resumed. "But, pray, don't listen to him."

"I dare say he 's right," said Fenwick, returning to his easel, his face bent over it.

"Not at all. People should have their youth together."

"That 's all very well. But many men don't know at twenty what they 'll want at thirty," said Fenwick, painting fast.

Madame de Pastourelles laughed.

"The doctors say nowadays—it is papa's latest craze—that it does n't matter what you eat, or how little, if you only chew it properly. I wonder if that applies to matrimony?"

"What 's the chewing?"

"Manners," she said, laughing,—"that you think so little of. Whether the food 's agreeable or not, manners help it down."

"Manners!—between husband and wife?" he said scornfully.

"But certainly!" She lifted her beautiful brows for emphasis. "Show me any persons, please, that want them more!"

"The people I 've been living among," said Fenwick, with sharp persistence, "have n't got time for fussing about manners—in the sense you mean. Life 's too hard."

A flush of bright color sprang into her face. But she held her ground.

"What do you suppose I mean? I

don't mean court trains and curtsies,—I really don't."

Fenwick was silent a moment, and then said aggressively, "We can't all of us have the same chances—as Mr. Welby, for instance."

Madame de Pastourelles looked at him in astonishment. What an extraordinary obsession! They seemed not to be able to escape from Arthur Welby's name: yet it never cropped up without producing some sign of irritation in this strange young man. Poor Arthur! who had always shown himself so ready to make friends, whenever the two men met—as they often did—in the St. James's Square drawing-room. Fenwick's antagonism, indeed, had been plain to her for some time. It was natural, she supposed; he was clearly very sensitive on the subject of his own humble origin and bringing up; but she sighed that a perverse youth should so mismanage his opportunities.

As to "chances," she declared rather tartly that they had nothing to do with it. It was natural to Arthur Welby to make himself agreeable.

"Yes—like all other kinds of aristocrats," said Fenwick, grimly.

Madame de Pastourelles frowned. "Of all the words in the dictionary, that word is the most detestable!" she declared. "It ought to be banished. Well, thank goodness, it is generally banished."

"That 's only because we all like to hide our heads in the sand,—you who possess the privileges, and we who envy them!"

"I vow I don't possess any privileges at all," she said, with defiance.

"You say so, because you breathe them—live in them, like the air—without knowing it," said Fenwick, also trying to speak lightly. Then he added, suddenly putting down his palette and brushes, while his black eyes lightened: "And so does Mr. Welby. You can see from his pictures that he does n't know anything about common, coarse people—*real* people—who make up the world. He paints wax, and calls it life; and you—"

"Go on!—*please* go on!"

"I shall only make a fool of myself," he said, taking up his brushes again.

"Not at all. And I praise humbug, and call it manners?"

He paused; then blurted out, "I

would n't say anything rude to you for the world!"

She smiled—a smile that turned all the delicate severity of her face to sweetness. "That 's very nice of you. But if you knew Mr. Welby better, you 'd never want to say anything rude to *him*, either! But, for goodness' sake, don't let 's talk about him any more."

Fenwick was silent. Madame de Pastourelles, feeling that for the moment she also had come to the end of her tether, fell into a reverie, from which she was presently roused by finding Fenwick standing before her, palette in hand.

"I don't want you to think me an envious brute," he said, stammering. "Of course, I know the 'Polixena' is a fine thing—a very fine thing."

She looked a little surprised—as though he offered her moods to which she had no key. "Shall I show you something I like much better?" she said, with quick resource. And drawing toward her a small portfolio she had brought with her, she took out a drawing and handed it to him. "I am taking it to be framed. Is n't it beautiful?"

It was a drawing, in silver-point, of an orange-tree in mingled fruit and bloom,—an exquisite piece of work, of a Japanese truth, intricacy, and perfection. Fenwick looked at it in silence. These silver-point drawings of Welby's were already famous. In the preceding May there had been an exhibition of them at an artistic club. At the top of the drawing was an inscription in a minute handwriting—"Sorrento: Christmas day," with the monogram "A. W." and a date three years old.

As Madame de Pastourelles perceived that his eyes had caught the inscription, she rather hastily withdrew the sketch and returned it to the portfolio.

"I watched him draw it," she explained,—"in a Sorrento garden. My father and I were there for the winter. Mr. Welby was in a villa near ours, and I used to watch him at work."

It seemed to Fenwick that her tone had grown rather hurried and reserved, as though she regretted the impulse which had made her show him the drawing. He praised it as intelligently as he could; but his mind was guessing all the time at the relation which lay behind the drawing.

According to Cuninghame's information, it was now three years since a separation had been arranged between Madame de Pastourelles and her husband, Comte Albert de Pastourelles, owing to the comte's outrageous misconduct. Lord Findon had no doubt taken her abroad after the catastrophe. And, besides her father, Welby had also been near, apparently,—watching over her?

He returned to his work upon the hands, silent, but full of speculation. The evident bond between these two people had excited his imagination and piqued his curiosity from the first moment of his acquaintance with them. They were both of a rare and fine quality; and the signs of an affection between them, equally rare and fine, had not been lost on those subtler perceptions in Fenwick which belonged perhaps to his heritage as an artist. If he gave the matter an innocent interpretation, and did not merely say to himself, "She has lost a husband, and found a lover," it was because the woman herself had awakened in him fresh sources of judgment. His thoughts simply did not dare besmirch her.

THE clock struck five; and thereupon a sound of voices on the stairs outside.

"Papa!" said Madame de Pastourelles, jumping up in very evident relief, her teeth chattering.

The door opened and Lord Findon put in a reconnoitering head.

"May I—or we—come in?"

And behind him, on the landing, Fenwick with a start perceived the smiling face of Arthur Welby.

"I 've come to carry off my daughter," said Findon, with a friendly nod to the artist. "But don't let us in if you don't want to."

"Turn me out, please, at once, if I 'm in the way," said Welby. "Lord Findon made me come up."

It was the first time that Welby had visited the Bernard-street studio. Fenwick's conceit had sometimes resented the fact. Yet now that Welby was there, he was unwilling to show his work. He muttered something about there being "more to see in a day or two."

"There 's a great deal to see already," said Lord Findon. "But, of course, do as you like. Eugénie, are you ready?"

"Please!—may I be exhibited?" said Madame de Pastourelles to Fenwick, with a smiling appeal.

He gave way, dragged the easel into the best light, and fell back while the two men examined the portrait.

"Stay where you are, Eugénie," said Lord Findon, holding up his hand. "Let Arthur see the pose."

She sat down obediently. Fenwick heard an exclamation from Welby, and a murmured remark to Lord Findon; then Welby turned to the painter, his face aglow.

"I say, I do congratulate you! You are making a success of it! The whole scheme 's delightful. You 've got the head admirably."

"I 'm glad you like it," said Fenwick, rather shortly, ready at once to suspect a note of patronage in the other's effusion. Welby, a little checked, returned to the picture, studying it closely, and making a number of shrewd or generous comments upon it, gradually quenched, however, by Fenwick's touchy or ungracious silence. Of course the picture was good. Fenwick wanted no one to tell him that.

Meanwhile Lord Findon—though in Fenwick's studio he always behaved himself with a certain jauntiness, as a man should who has discovered a genius—was a little discontented.

"It 's a fine thing, Eugénie," he was saying to her, as he helped her put on her furs; "but I 'm not altogether satisfied. It wants animation. It 's too—too—"

"Too sad?" she asked quietly.

"Too grave, my dear,—too grave. I want your smile."

Madame de Pastourelles shook her head.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I can't go smiling to posterity!" she said, first gaily, then suddenly her lip quivered.

"Eugénie, darling—for God's sake—"

"I 'm all right," she said, recovering herself instantly. "Mr. Arthur, are you coming?"

"One moment," said Welby; then, turning to Fenwick as the others approached them, he said, "Might I make two small criticisms?"

"Of course."

"The right hand seems to me too large,

and the chin wants fining. Look!" He took a little ivory paper-cutter from his pocket, and pointed to the line of the chin, with a motion of the head toward Madame de Pastourelles.

Fenwick looked—and said nothing.

"By George, I think he 's right," said Lord Findon, putting on spectacles.

"That right hand 's certainly too big."

"In my opinion, it 's not big enough," said Fenwick, doggedly.

Welby withdrew instantly from the picture, and took up his hat. Lord Findon looked at the artist, half angry, half amused. "You don't buy her gloves, sir—I do."

Eugénie's eyes meanwhile had begun to sparkle, as she stood in her sable cap and cloak, waiting for her companions. Fenwick approached her.

"Will you sit to-morrow?"

"I think not—I have some engagements."

"Next day?"

"I will let you know."

Fenwick's color rose.

"There is a good deal to do still—and I must work at my other picture."

"Yes, I know. I will write."

And with a little dry nod of farewell she slipped her hand into her father's arm and led him away. Welby also saluted pleasantly, and followed the others.

Fenwick was left to pace his room in a tempest, denouncing himself as a "damned fool," bent on destroying all his own chances in life. Why was it that Welby's presence always had this effect upon him, setting him on edge, and making a bear of him? No! it was not allowed to be so handsome, so able, so ingratiating. Yet he knew very well that Welby made no enemies, and that in his grudging jealousy of a delightful artist he, Fenwick, stood alone.

He walked to the window. Yes; there they were, all three,—Mademoiselle Baras seemed to have gone her ways separately,—just disappearing into Russell Square. He saw that Welby had possessed himself of the fair lady's portfolio, and was carrying her shawl. He watched their intimate, laughing ways—how different from the stiffness she had just shown *him*, from the friendly yet distant relations she always maintained between herself and her painter! A fierce and

irritable ambition swept through him,—rebellion against the hampering conditions of birth and poverty, which he felt as so many chains upon body and soul. Why was he born the son of a small country tradesman, narrow, ignorant, and tyrannical,—harassed by penury, denied opportunities,—while a man like Welby found life from the beginning a broad road, as it were, down a widening valley, to a land of abundance and delight?

But the question led immediately to an answering outburst of vanity. He paced up and down, turning from the injustice of the past to challenge the future. A few more years, and the world would know where to place *him*, with regard to the men now in the running—men with half his power—Welby and the like. A mad arrogance, a boundless confidence in himself, flamed through all his veins. Let him paint, paint, *paint*—think of nothing, care for nothing, but the maturing of his gift!

How long he lost himself in this passion of egotism and defiance he hardly knew. He was roused from it by the servant bringing a lamp; and as she set it down, the light fell upon a memorandum scrawled on the edge of a sketch which was lying on the table: "Feb. 21—10 o'clock."

His mood collapsed. He sat down by the dying fire, brooding and miserable. How on earth was he going to get through the next few weeks? Abominable!—thoughtlessly cruel!—that neither Lord Findon nor Madame de Pastourelles should ever yet have spoken to him of money! These months of work on the portrait,—this constant assumption on the part of the Findon circle that both the portrait and the "Genius Loci" were to become Findon possessions,—and yet no sum named,—no clear agreement, even—nothing, as it seemed to Fenwick's suspicious temper, in either case, that really bound Lord Findon. "Write to the old boy,"—so Cuninghame had advised again and again,—"get something definite out of him." But Fenwick had once or twice torn up a letter of the kind in morbid pride and despair. Suppose he were rebuffed? That would be an end of the Findon connection, and he could not bring himself to face it. He must keep his entrée to the house; above all, he clung to the portrait and the sittings.

But the immediate outlook was pretty dark. He was beginning to be pestered with debts and duns: the appointment on the morrow was with an old frame-maker who had lent him twenty pounds before Christmas, and was now begging piteously for his money. There was nothing to pay him with, nothing to send Phœbe, in spite of a constant labor at paying jobs in black-and-white that often kept him up till three or four in the morning. He wondered whether Watson would help him with a loan. According to Cuninghame, the queer fellow had private means.

The fact was, he was over-strained,—he knew it. The year had been the hardest of his life, and now that he was approaching the time of crisis,—the completion of his two pictures, the judgment of the Academy and the public,—his nerve seemed to be giving way. As he thought of all that success or failure might mean, he plunged into a melancholy no less extravagant than the passion of self-confidence from which he had emerged. Suppose that he fell ill before the pictures were finished, what would become of Phœbe and the child?

As he thought of Phœbe, suddenly his heart melted within him. Was she, too, hating the hours? As he bowed his head on his arms a few hot, unwilling tears forced themselves into his eyes. Had he been unkind and harsh to her?—his poor little Phœbe! An imperious impulse seemed to sweep him back into her arms. She was his own, his very own; one flesh with him; of the same clay, the same class, the same customs and ideals. Let him only recover her and his child, and live his own life as he pleased. No more dependence on the moods of fine people—he hated them all! Clearly he had offended Madame de Pastourelles. Perhaps she would not sit again—the portrait would be thrown on his hands—because he had not behaved with proper deference to her spoiled and petted favorite.

Involuntarily he looked up. The lamp-light fell on the portrait.

There she sat, the delicate ethereal being, her gentle brow bent forward, her eyes fixed upon him. He perceived, as though for the first time, what an image of melancholy grace it was which he had

built up there. He had done it, as it were, without knowing,—had painted something infinitely pathetic and noble without realizing it in the doing.

As he looked his irritation died away, and something wholly contradictory took its place. He felt a rush of self-pity, and then of trust. What if he called on her to help him—unveiled himself to this kind and charming woman—confessed to her his remorse about Phœbe, his secret miseries and anxieties, the bitterness of his envies and ambitions—would she not rain balm upon him, quiet him, guide him?

He yearned toward her, as he sat there in the semi-darkness, seeking the *ewig-weibliche* in the sweetness of her face, without a touch of passion, as a Catholic might yearn toward his Madonna. Her slight and haughty farewell showed that he had tried her patience—had behaved like an ungenerous cur. But he must and would propitiate her, win her friendship for himself and Phœbe. The weakness of the man threw itself strangely, instinctively, on the moral strength of the woman, as though in this still young and winning creature he might recover something of what he had lost in childhood when his mother died. He mocked at his own paradox, but it held him. That very night would he write to her; not yet about Phœbe,—not yet!—but letting her understand, at least, that he was *not* ungrateful, that he valued her sympathy and good-will. Already the phrases of the letter, warm and eloquent yet restrained, began to flow through his mind. It might be an unusual thing to do; but she was no silly, conventional woman; she would understand.

By Jove! Welby was perfectly right. The hand was too big. It should be altered at the next sitting. Then he sprang up, found pen and paper, and began to write to Phœbe—still in the same softened and agitated state. He wrote in haste and at length, satisfying some hungry instinct in himself by the phrases of endearment which he scattered plentifully through the letter.

THAT letter found Phœbe on a mid-March morning, when the thrushes were beginning to sing, when the larches were reddening, and only in the topmost hol-

lows of the Pikes did any snow remain to catch the strengthening sunlight.

As she opened it, she looked at its length with astonishment. Then the tone of it brought the rushing color to her cheek, and when it was finished she kissed it and hid it in her dress. After weeks of barrenness, of stray post-cards and perfunctory notes, these ample pages, with their rhetorical and sentimental effusion, brought new life to the fretting, lonely woman. She went about in penitence. Surely she had done injustice to her John; and she dreaded lest any inkling of those foolish or morbid thoughts she had been harboring should ever reach him.

She wrote back with passion—like one throwing herself on his breast. The letter was long and incoherent, written at night beside Carrie's bed, and borrowing much, unconsciously, from the phraseology of the novels she still got from Bowness. Alack! it is to be feared that John Fenwick—already at another point in spiritual space when the letter reached him—gave it but a hasty reading.

But, for the time, it was an untold relief to the writer. Afterward she settled down to wait again, working meanwhile night and day at her beautiful embroidery that John had designed for her. Miss Anna came to see her, exclaimed at her frail looks, wanted to lend her money. Phœbe, in a new exaltation, counting the weeks, and having still three or four sovereigns in the drawer, refused, would say nothing about their straits. John, she declared, was on the eve of an *enormous* success. It would be all right presently.

Weeks passed. The joy of that one golden letter faded; and gradually the shadows reclosed about her. Fenwick's letters dwindled again to post-cards, and then almost ceased. When the hurried lines came, the strain and harass expressed in them left no room for affection. Something wrong with the "Genius Loci"!—some bad paints—hours of work needed to get the beastly thing right—the portrait still far from complete—but the dress would be a *marvel*!—without quenching the head in the least. And not a loving word!—scarcely an inquiry after the child.

April came. The little shop in the neighboring village gave Mrs. Fenwick credit, but Phœbe, brought up in frugal

ways to loathe the least stain of debt, hated to claim it, and went there in the dusk that she might not be seen.

Meanwhile not a line from John to tell her that his pictures had gone in to the Academy. She saw a paragraph, however, in the local papers describing "Show Sunday." Had John been entertaining smart people to tea, and showing his pictures, with the rest? If so, could n't he find ten minutes in which to send her news of it? It was unkind! All her suspicions and despair revived. As she carried her child back from the village, tottering often under the weight, gusts of mingled weakness and passion would sweep over her. She would not be treated so,—John should see! She would get her money for her work, and go to London, whether he liked it or no, tax him with his indifference to her, find out what he was really doing.

The capacity for these moments of violence was something new in her, probably depending, if the truth were known, on some obscure physical misery. She felt that they degraded her, yet could not curb them.

And, in this state, the obsession of the winter seized her again. She brooded perpetually over the doleful Romney story—the tale of a great painter, born, like her John, in this northern air, and reared in Kendal streets, deserting his peasant wife, enslaved by Emma Hamilton through many a passionate year, and coming back at last that the drudge of his youth might nurse him through his decrepit old age. She remembered going with John in their sweetheart days to see the house where Romney died, imbecile and paralyzed, with Mary Romney beside him.

"I would never have done it—*never!*" she said to herself, in a mad recoil. "He had chosen—he should have paid!"

She sat closer and closer at her work, in a feverish eagerness to finish it, sleeping little and eating little. When she wrote to her husband it was in a bitter, reproachful tone she had never yet employed to him: "I have had one nice letter from you this winter, and only one. As you can't take the trouble to write any more, you'll hardly wonder if I think you sent that one to keep me quiet." She wrote too often in this style. But, whether in this style or another, John

made no answer, had apparently ceased to write.

One afternoon toward the end of April she was sitting at her work in the parlor, with the window open to the lengthening day, when she heard the gate open and shut. A woman in black came up the pathway, and, seeing Phœbe at the window, stopped short. Phœbe rose, and, as the visitor threw back her veil, recognized the face of Mr. Morrison's daughter, Bella.

She gave a slight cry; then, full of pity and emotion, she hastened to open the door.

"Oh, Miss Morrison!" She held out her hand; her attitude, her beautiful eyes, breathed compassion, and also embarrassment. The thought of the debt rushed into her mind. Had Miss Morrison come to press for it? It was within a fortnight of twelve months since the loan was granted. She felt a vague terror.

The visitor just touched her hand; then looked at her with an expression which stirred increasing alarm in the woman before her. It was so hard and cold; it threatened, without speech.

"I came to return you something I don't want any more," said the girl, with a defiant air; and Phœbe noticed, as she spoke, that she carried in her left hand a large paper-covered roll. In her deep black she was more startling than ever, with spots of flame-color on either cheek, the eyes fixed and staring, the lips wine-red. It might have been a face taken from one of those groups of crudely painted wood or terra-cotta in which northern Italy—as at Orta or Varallo—has expressed the scenes of the Passion. The Magdalen in one of the ruder groups might have looked so.

"Will you please to come in?" said Phœbe, leading the way to the parlor, which smelled musty and damp for lack of fire, and was still littered with old canvases, studies, casts, and other gear of the painter who had once used it as his studio.

Bella Morrison came in, but she refused a chair.

"There's no call for me to stay," she said sharply. "You won't like what I came to do—I know that."

Phœbe looked at her, bewildered.

"I've brought back that picture of me

your husband painted," said the girl, putting down her parcel on the table. "It's in there."

"What have you done that for?" said Phœbe, wondering.

"Because I loathe it—and all my friends loathe it, too. Papa—"

"Oh! do tell me—how is Mrs. Morrison?" cried Phœbe, stepping forward, her whole aspect quivering with painful pity.

"She's all right," said Bella, looking away. "We're going to live in Guernsey. We're selling this house. It's hers, of course. Papa settled it on her years before—"

She stopped, then drew herself together.

"So, you see, I got that picture out of mother. I've never forgiven Mr. Fenwick for taking it home, saying he'd improve it, and then sending it back as bad as ever. I knew he'd done that to spite me—he'd disliked me from the first."

"John never painted a portrait to spite anybody in his life," cried Phœbe. "I never heard such nonsense!"

"Well, anyway, he can take it back," said the girl. "Mother would n't let me destroy it, but she said I might give it back; so there it is. We kept the frame; that's decent—that might do for something else."

Phœbe's eyes flashed.

"Thank you, Miss Morrison. It would, indeed, be a great pity to waste my husband's work on some one who could n't appreciate it." She took the roll and stood with her hand upon it, protecting it. "I'll tell him what you've done."

"Oh, then, you do know where he is!" said Bella, with a laugh.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say." The eyes of the two women met across the table. A flash of cruelty showed itself in those of the girl. "I thought, perhaps, you might n't—as he's been passing in London for an unmarried man."

There was a pause—a moment's dead silence.

"That, of course, is a lie!" said Phœbe at last, drawing in her breath—and then, restraining herself, "or else a silly mistake."

"It's no mistake at all," said Bella, with a toss of the head. "I thought you ought to know, and mother agreed with

me. The men are all alike. There's a letter I got the other day from a friend of mine."

She drew a letter from a string-bag on her wrist, and handed it to Phœbe.

Phœbe made no motion to take it. She stood rigid, her fierce still look fixed on her visitor.

"You'd better," said Bella; "I declare you'd better. If my husband had been behaving like this, I should want to know the truth—and pay him out."

Phœbe took the letter, opened it with steady fingers, and read it. While she was reading it the baby Carrie, escaped from the little servant's tutelage, ran in and hid her face in her mother's skirts, peering sometimes at the stranger.

When she had finished the letter, Phœbe handed it back to its owner.

"Who wrote that?"

"A friend of mine who's working at South Kensington. You can see—she knows a lot about artists."

"And what she does n't know she makes up," said Phœbe, with slow contempt. "You tell her, Miss Morrison, from me, she might be better employed than writing nasty, lying gossip about people she does n't know."

She caught up her child, who flung her arms round her mother's neck, nestling on her shoulder.

"Oh, well, if you're going to take it like that—" said the other, with a laugh.

"I am taking it like that, you see," said Phœbe, walking to the door and throwing it wide. "You'd better go, Miss Morrison. I am sure I can't imagine why you came. I should have thought you'd have had sorrow enough of your own, without trying to make it for other people."

The other winced.

"Well, of course, if you don't want to know the truth, you need n't."

Phœbe laughed.

"It is n't truth," she said. "But if it was—Did you want to know the truth about your father?" Her white face, encircled by the child's arms, quivered as she spoke.

"Don't you abuse my father!" cried Bella, furiously.

Phœbe's eyes wavered and fell.

"I was n't going to abuse him," she said, in a choked voice. "I was sorry for him—and for your mother. But you've

got a hard, wicked heart, and I hope I'll never see you again, Miss Morrison. I'll thank you, please, to leave my house."

The other drew down her veil with an affected smile and shrug. "Good-by, Mrs. Fenwick. Perhaps you'll find out before long that my friend was n't such a fool to write that letter—and I was n't such a beast to tell you—as you think now. Good-by!"

Phœbe said nothing. The girl passed her insolently, and left the house.

Phœbe put the child to bed, sat without touching a morsel while Daisy supped, and then shut herself into the parlor, saying that she was going to sit up over her work, to which only a few last touches were wanting. It had been her intention to go with the carrier to Windmere the following day in order to hand it over to the shop that had got her the commission, and ask for payment.

But as soon as she was alone in the room with her lamp and her work, she swept its silken, many-colored mass aside, found a sheet of paper, and began to write.

She was trying to write down, as nearly as she could remember, the words of the letter which Bella had shown her.

"Did n't you tell me about a man called John Fenwick, who painted your portrait—a beastly thing you could n't abide? Well, they say he's going to be awfully famous soon, and make a pile of money. I don't know him, but I have a friend who knows one of the two men who used to lodge in the same house with him—I believe they've just moved to Chelsea. He says that Mr. Fenwick will have two ripping pictures in the Academy, and is sure to get his name up. And, besides that, there is some lord or other who's wild about him, and means to buy everything

he can paint. But I thought you said your man was married?—do you remember I chaffed you about him when he began, and you said, 'No fear—he is married to a school-teacher,' or something of that sort? Well, I asked about the wife, and my friend says, 'Nonsense! he is n't married—nothing of the sort—or, at any rate, if he is, he makes everybody believe he is n't—and there must be something wrong somewhere.' By the way, one of the pictures he's sending in is a wonderful portrait. An awfully beautiful woman, with a white *velvet* dress, my dear,—and they say the painting of the dress is marvelous. She's the daughter of the Lord Somebody who's taken him up. They've introduced him to all sorts of smart people, and, as I said before, he's going to have a *tremendous* success. Some people have luck, have n't they?"

She reproduced it as accurately as she could, read it through again, and then pushed it aside. With set lips she resumed her work, and by midnight she had put in the last stitch and fastened the last thread. That she should do so was essential to the plan she had in her mind.

For she had already determined what to do. Within forty-eight hours she would be in London. If he had really disowned and betrayed her, or if he had merely grown tired of her and wished to be quit of her—in either case she would soon discover what it behooved her to know.

When at last, in the utter silence of midnight, she took up her candle to go to bed, its light fell, as she moved toward the door, on the portrait of himself that Fenwick had left with her at Christmas. She looked at it long, dry-eyed. It was as though it began already to be the face of a stranger.

(To be continued)





Pictures by 

From Slatington down to Hosensack, from Stinesville across to Centre Valley, Lehigh County was astir, though it was just dawn of a clear September morning. For this—an ecstatic thrill ran down one's spine at the mere mention—this was Fair Week; and, moreover, this was Big Thursday. There were other holidays, of course. Christmas was well enough in its way, and gaily celebrated in the county-seat. Out in the country, however, where purses were not so deep, they did not expect so much from Santa Claus. Fourth of July came in the midst of the busiest season of the year, and only faint echoes of the city's boom of cannon and blare of bells reached the farm. But Big Thursday! It was not alone because of his Jersey or Durham cattle in the sheds or his wife's pies or preserves upon the shelves of the exhibition buildings that the Pennsylvania German looked forward, from September to September, to Big Thursday. It was because he himself was part of the exhibit,

he was the fair. He toiled all year on the farm or in the wire-mill or the cigar-factory in order that his family might hold up their heads among their neighbors; and now on this day he meant to lose his own individuality in that of the crowd—the biggest crowd, if you please, at the biggest fair in the finest State in this great and glorious country! If he had consulted the wish which hid itself down in the bottom of his heart, he would have gone to the fair alone. There was the wife, however, who had looked forward to this day as eagerly as he, and there were the children,—six, seven of them,—and there was the grandmother, who had not missed a Big Thursday for years and years. He could not for the world disappoint them, though he did have to engineer their slow progress through the crowd instead of cheerfully elbowing his own way alone. Besides, after dinner he could easily get away to lean on the race-track fence, and with thrills which caught his throat even now watch Prince Alert

break the record. And last year he had seen among the signs in the Midway one which read: "Homo Bovino. Walk in! The Greatest Curiosity of the Age!" That creature he meant to inspect. The children were too young to see such things, and the wife—*ach!* she would not be interested. Besides, he could tell her about it afterward. He had caught a glimpse of the Homo Bovino, and was sure that he detected through the boy's thin clothing the straps by means of which hoofs had been attached to his poor crippled limbs.

The great trolley system, which, like a huge octopus, reached from the county-seat far into the next counties, could not, for all its doubling of forces and speed, gather

in all those who wished to come. The foresighted started early; they arose at four o'clock, packed their luncheon, and hastened to catch the five-o'clock car, when, lo! they discovered that the whole village shared their prescience. Even the first car was crowded far beyond the minimum of safety.

The country through which they sped lay like a vast garden, well watered, well tilled, fertile. Here and there on the hills, a single scarlet beech-limb or faintly yellowed hickory flung out a gay reminder that summer was almost gone. In the fence-corners the asters nodded gently, and the ironweed lifted its head proudly from the lush meadow-grass. There was



Drawn by Leon Guipon

"THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THEY SPED"

a faint mist in the lowlands, and the morning breeze blew cool. Otherwise it was still summer.

The cars that day did not run straight to the Fair Grounds, as was their usual custom. Instead, in spite of loud objections, they emptied their passengers at Sixth and Washington streets, in the middle of the city, and twelve squares from the fair. Then with a loud clanging of gongs they started back whence they came, to Emaus and Millerstown, to Siegfried's and Coplay, to East Texas and Egypt, to gather in other waiting thousands.

Presently, in long trains which thundered down from the coal-regions or across from Berks County or "Chersey," came the visitors from other counties, eager to find some flaw in the management which might compare unfavorably with their own fair.

"It ain't so many side-shows like ours," Berks County would remark when once within the gates.

"I'd like to see them beat our record at the races," Northampton would rejoin proudly.

From the coal-regions came the miners. Encumbered with no women-folk or children, with the wages of a month in their pockets, they determined to forget for twenty-four long, glorious hours the blackness and heaviness of their toil. They pinned their return tickets in their pockets, and now for a day of it!

For several hours it seemed as though the fair itself were crowded into the space at the intersection of Sixth and Washington streets. And here, where the great arms of the octopus dropped their prey, in the midst of farmers from her own county, of envious kinsfolk from Berks and Bucks and Northampton, of miners from Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Centralia, and riot-stained McAdoo, of city reporters who had quarreled among themselves for the privilege of reporting the "Dutch Fair," and of sporting-men who came to see the races, stood pretty Mary Kuhns, the prettiest girl in Millerstown, a little village ten miles away. And Mary, who was usually accompanied by a train of gallants, was alone, and therefore a little frightened.

Until the evening before she had expected John Weimer, to whom she was to be married the next summer, to be her es-

cort. Then, however, he had come to make his daily call, with a distressed expression on his round and rosy face.

"We cannot go to-morrow in de fair," he announced. "Pop's cousin at Oley he died, an' I must go to de funeral."

"An' miss de fair!"

"It iss no oder way, Mary. We can go Fridays in de fair."

"Fridays! You know it ain't no good Fridays. Were you, den, such good friends wis your pop's cousin?"

"No, I nefer once saw him. But pop he can't go because he has it so bad in his foot, an' mom she can't go because she has to stay by pop, an' it iss nobody left but me."

"Your pop's cousin, an' you nefer saw him, an' you must go all de way to Oley down to de funeral!" Mary's eyes blazed, and she sat up very straight in the rocking-chair.

"Now, Mary," he said soothingly, "you know how it iss wis funerals. We can go Fridays in de fair."

"You can when you want. I am going to-morrow. It iss me Fridays too slow."

"But, Mary, wis who den will you go?"

"Oh, I guess I can pick somebody up who does not haf to go to his pop's uncle's funeral. I get some one. I can sink already of somebody what would be glad to go, efen if his pop's aunt wass going to haf to-morrow her funeral. Or I can go alone. I sink dat would be, anyhow, de nicest. It iss me anyhow a boder to haf a man always along."

"Mary, when you would go alone in de fair I nefer forgive you."

"I sink I get along," she responded saucily. "Oh, dear, I am getting already sleepy. I sink it iss getting pretty late."

"But, Mary, all de people!"

"Where?" said Mary, as she craned her neck to see out beyond the honeysuckles.

"Ach, Mary, don't be so ugly! At de fair, of course."

"What do I care for de people? I am not afraid of people. When I haf trouble, I can ask de police. Dey will be dere, I guess."

"Mary!"

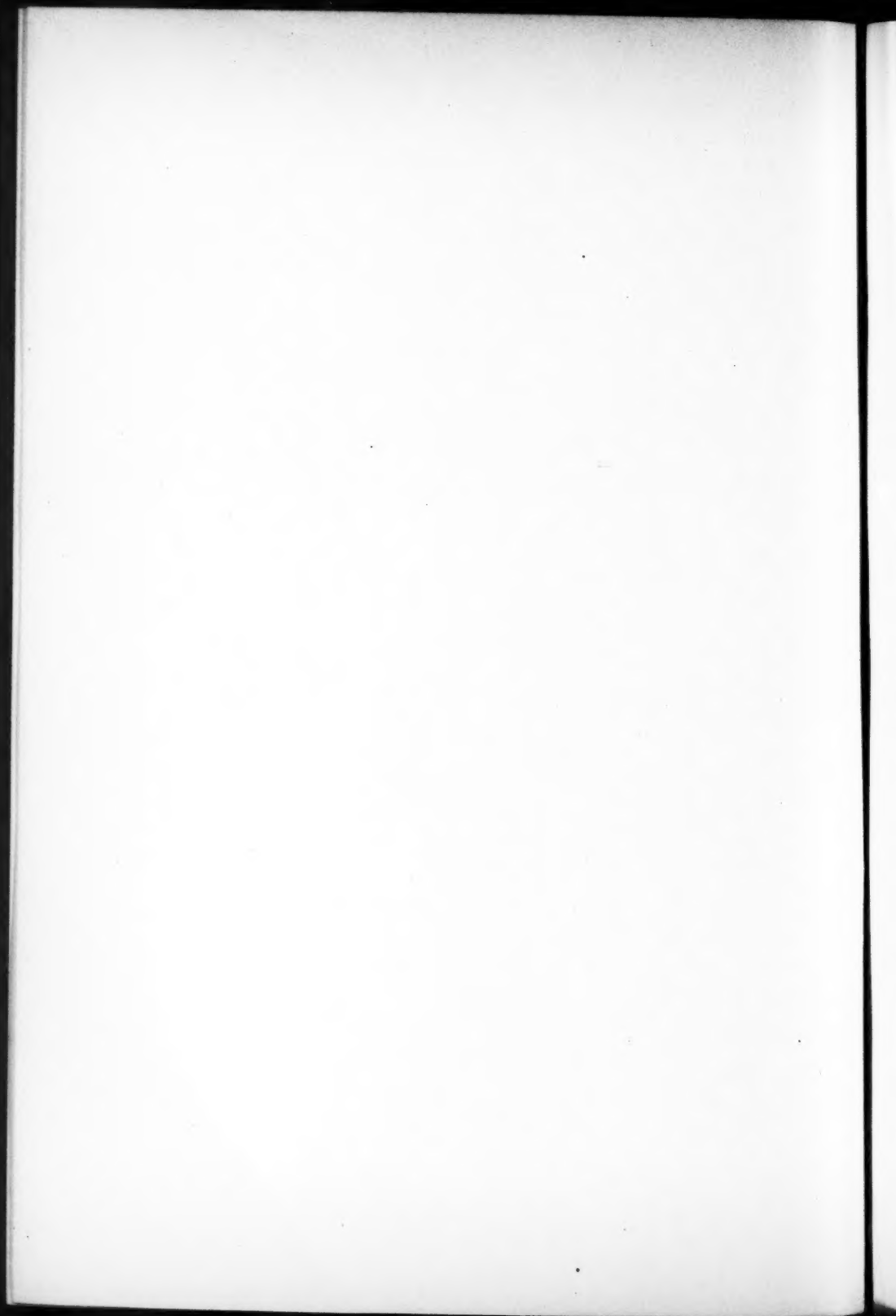
The creak of her rockers suddenly ceased.

"Chohn, tell me once dis: When a policeman's second cousin dies, dare he get off to go to de—"



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BUT DIS ISS ME FIRST GRAND!"



"You da's n't go alone, Mary Kuhns! Why, I rader ask Bench an' Chovina Gaumer to take you dan haf you go alone in de fair."

At this Mary rose stiffly. Benjamin Gaumer, who had been one of her own most devoted admirers, had the month before married Jovina Neuweiler; and though Mary was at the time engaged to John, Benjamin's defection had hurt her vanity more than she allowed any one to suspect.

"You can go right aways home," she said. "If you wass de only one in all de world what could go wis me to-morrow in de fair, yet I would go alone."

"Mary—"

But Mary had vanished within doors. He waited for a few minutes in sore distress.

"She had no business to get so mad. I can't help it pop's cousint had to die."

That she would venture to the fair alone he did not for a moment seriously consider. If she were independent like Jovina Neuweiler, he might believe her. But Mary was afraid of Weygandt's mildest cow.

Whether she was braver than he knew, or whether anger and disappointment had bestowed upon her a temporary courage, the next morning found her alone in the great crowd at the county-seat. She wore her best white dress, laundered to a smooth stiffness which would have supported its own weight without the four stiffer petticoats beneath. Although she was uncomfortably cool, she would not for the world have hidden any of the glories of her white dress under the jacket which her mother had bade her take, and which she carried on her arm. A sash of ribbon as blue as her eyes encircled her waist, and the frill of lace around her neck stood out like a little ruff of the Elizabethan period. Under her best hat—a white Leghorn trimmed with buttercups—her fair hair was brushed back as smoothly as its curly nature would allow. On her hands were her white mitts, drawn carefully back from her fingers so that John's ring, a garnet with two emeralds, should show. If the tears did threaten to start when she realized that she was alone, or remembered that she had not told her mother that John was not coming with her, her face wore a most deceptive mask

of cheerfulness, so that many older eyes that day gazed with pleasure upon so much youth and innocence enjoying itself.

There had been many Millerstonians on the car by which she came—Billy and Sarah Knerr and their brood of six, Jimmie Weygandt and Linnie Kurtz, the young Fackenthals, and her own brother Oliver and his wife. Mary succeeded, however, in climbing aboard without being seen by any of them.

"Dey will sink it iss mighty funny dat he did n't come along," she said to herself.

As she listened to the gay chatter in the car her spirits rose. One could have a good time even by one's self. Any time that she got tired of being alone she could join the Knerrs or Ollie and his wife. Presently the fields gave place to long rows of suburban houses built close together, with tiny yards, as though there were no wide fields behind them. Their progress through the streets was slow, with long waits on the switches, then a sudden mad dash where there were double tracks. When they reached Sixth and Washington streets, Mary did not follow her fellow-townsmen through the crowd to the other car, but, mounting the steps which led into a store, she stood head and shoulders above the throng and looked out over them. Then she permitted herself an exclamation for which she had often reproved her brother Oliver.

"*Harrejā!*" she said; "it iss no end of people!"

Car after car added its quota to the multitude, then sped with clanging gong back whence it came. Bewildered-looking women pressed their way through the crowd, the balloon-man and the peanut-vender cried their wares at its edge, and round-faced, tanned youths, with bright ties, and flowers in their buttonholes, jostled one another with rough gaiety. Once the sound of a child's cry rang clear and sharp above the din, but was quickly lost in the shouting, the creak of the car-wheels, and the loud bells.

Presently Mary's eyes fell upon a group of men standing near her. She caught snatches of their conversation,—mentions of Prince Alert and Myrtle Peak,—and she watched admiringly the gleam of the huge diamonds in their shirt-bosoms.

"Well, I bet it 'll be the biggest thing

this county ever saw," one of them exclaimed. "How much you got on it?"

She did not hear the man's answer, but suddenly the group turned and looked at her. She was not unaccustomed to admiring glances, but there was something about the rudeness of their stare which troubled her.

"I—I sink I go on," she said to herself, her cheeks afire, as she started up the street.

The Fair Grounds lay twelve long squares to the west, but Mary preferred the walk to the wild scramble necessary to secure a seat in a car. Besides, there were many interesting things to see—the shop-windows, the great white bear in front of the fur-store, the huge horse at the saddler's, and the dummies at the tailor-shops, which were so natural that once, on a previous visit to the county-seat, she had asked some directions of one and been much astonished that he did not reply. There were also hundreds of people, old and young, by threes or fours or in family groups of six or seven, and many couples, sweethearts evidently, whose air of gaiety sent a sharp stab of envy to Mary's heart.

"He might 'a' come," she thought; "but what do I care? I am hafing chust so good a time as when he wass along."

She bought her ticket at the gate of the Fair Grounds, and then—

"But dis iss me first grand!" she said rapturously at her first glimpse of the enchanted country, bigger, more beautiful, noisier, and more crowded than ever before.

The grounds covered about eighty acres in the form of a square, inclosed by a tall fence. They had originally been covered by a thick grove of trees, half of which had been cut down; and it was there, on the wide, open space, that the chief business of the fair was conducted. There stood the exhibition buildings,—the main building, the agricultural building, the flower-house, and various other frame structures designed to shelter the treasures of the county,—and beyond them the long sheds whence came sounds which made the farmer feel at home at once—the low of cattle, the crow of roosters, and the long *baa-a-a* of sheep. Above them towered the grand stand, and beyond curved the race-track—"the best in the State," if

you please, you Berks and Northampton county people. Near the entrance gate lay the Midway, "the size of which, ladies and gentlemen, we cannot guarantee, of course, to be equal to that of the great and only original Midway, but whose quality, we can assure you, is, if anything, superior." It consisted of two parallel rows of tents, their doors, before which platforms had been erected, facing each other, and the ground between beaten as hard as that of the much-vaunted race-track. At one end stood the tent of the famous Georgiana and her company of trained entertainers, "warranted, ladies and gentlemen, not to offend the most refined taste." Across the narrow alley, Penelope,—her manager pronounced her name in three syllables,—the Petrified Lady, exhibited her adamantine charms, and next door Bosco the Wild Man of the Siberian Desert rattled his chains, so that even the crowd outside, who had not money enough to pay the admission fee, could share the horror of his close proximity. The Homo Bovino—a favorite for years—was in his place, and the snake-charmers and the Rubber Man. If one only had money enough to see them all!

In the lower half of the grounds, under the trees, were the shooting-galleries, the merry-go-rounds, the great swings, the tents of the fortune-tellers, and, far beyond them all, stretching its length along the whole side of the great inclosure, a huge bar, where the sporting-man from New York clinked glasses with the Irishman from Hazleton, and the reporter who watched them planned to end his article on the Pennsylvania-German County Fair with this sentence, "The Pennsylvania Dutchman goes to his fair to see and be seen, but the dearest of all to his heart is the mammoth bar, at which, although it extends for the length of two city squares, it is hard to get standing-room."

And over all, from the entrance gate to the race-track, from the cattle-sheds down to that other long shed at the very bottom of the grove, hung Noise like a tangible thing. At a little distance not one of its elements could be distinguished. The cries of the managers of Bosco, of Penelope, of the Rubber Man, the weird fanfare before the tents of the snake-charmers, the shriek of tin whistles, the loud reports at the shooting-galleries, the blare of a band



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'IT ISS MORE AN' MORE PEOPLE COMING ALL DE TIME'"

down toward the bar, the bucolic echoes from the cattle- and poultry-sheds, the blasts of the calliope, the jingle of the mechanical piano at the merry-go-round, the sound of ten thousand voices—all blended into one great vociferation, indescribable, elemental.

It was small wonder that little Mary Kuhns should stand for a moment bewildered. It was hard to decide where to go first. Presently, however, she climbed the steps of the main building and went slowly down the broad aisle. Here hung a quilt composed, so its tag stated, of four thousand, four hundred, and seventy-six pieces, and beside it an elaborate crocheted spread. There were wax-works, and hair-works, and paper flowers, rolls of crocheted or tatted lace, embroidered doilies, pincushions of unique design—one representing a huge carrot, another a tomato. After admiring them all, Mary hastened on to the food exhibit. There she found Linnie Kurtz's preserved peaches, Savilla Arndt's canned pears, and, standing proudly above them, Jovina Gaumer's cake, five layers high, with an elaborate scroll design in tiny pink wintergreen drops on its white icing. In its side yawned a huge wedge-shaped orifice from which the judges had cut the generous slice from which to test its quality. That it was satisfactory the blue tag, emblem of the first prize, declared.

Mary, however, was not thoroughly appreciative of this evidence of her towns-woman's skill.

"Pooh! what do I care?" she said to herself. "He nefer would 'a' married her when it had n't been for her cake. Now I am going to look once for Ollie's chickens and Chimmie Weygandt's cows."

She found them both, each with a blue tag above their stalls, then she laid her hand for an instant on Bossy's broad face.

"You know me, don't you, Bossy?" she said.

She wandered forth again past the side-shows and the race-track to the cool shadow of the grove, now transformed into one vast dining-room. The tomtoms had ceased to beat, the calliope blew out its last despairing note. Even the fortune-teller, with her prosaic husband by her side, partook of huge hot rolls and frankfurters in the doorway of her tent. The tents of Bosco and Penelope and the

Homo Bovino were closed; and did not one's imagination halt before the abode of so much mystery, one might guess that they, too, were dining.

At the eating-stands there were several menus offered. For fifteen cents one could get a huge plate piled with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes; or, for a quarter, a large helping of stewed chicken and three or four waffles. Were one so lacking in discrimination as to care for neither of these delicacies, one might have fried oysters, or sandwiches—ham, chicken, beef, or tongue between thick slices of bread, or oysters or frankfurters between the halves of a long roll.

Mary hesitated for an instant between the chicken and waffles and fried oysters. Of the sauerkraut she would have none. She liked it well enough, to be sure, but one could get sauerkraut any day at home. Chicken and waffles were much more appropriate to high days and holidays, but fried oysters were rarest of all; and presently she sat with a plate of sizzling-hot oysters before her, and a huge saucer of cole-slaw beside the plate. She ate them both, down to the last crumb of oyster and the last bit of slaw. Then deciding that a glass of lemonade would be suitable dessert, she rose and sought the nearest lemonade-stand.

"A three-cent glass or a five-cent glass, madam?" asked the vender.

"Oh, a five-cent glass," she answered; "an' pink."

She drained the glass, her blue eyes peering over its edge in anticipation of all the delights to come.

"It iss more an' more people coming all de time," she said to herself. "It seems as when all de world wass already here, an' dey are yet coming."

The crowd had trebled since her arrival. The newcomers halted to look for an instant over the vast throng and listen to the thousand sounds which, after the temporary lull at noon, grew each moment louder and less distinguishable; then, pressed by those behind, they hastened away toward the exhibition buildings, the race-track, the cattle-sheds, or the Midway. Mary, too, was tempted to investigate the Midway. The mysterious Penelope, especially, fascinated her, and she wished to get near enough to the Circasian beauty to see whether her serpentine



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

“WARRANTED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOT TO OFFEND THE MOST REFINED TASTE”

bracelets and necklaces were really alive. She walked over to the edge of the crowd gathered about the tent of Penelope, and then, when she had listened only a moment, walked quickly away, her cheeks scarlet.

"I don't belief it iss a nice place, dat one. I sink—" and a sudden loneliness overwhelmed her—"I sink he might 'a' come, dat iss what I sink."

Suddenly the timbre of the great chord was altered. The calliope ceased its sepulchral piping, one heard no more the *pop-pop* at the shooting-gallery, and the piano at the carrousel jingled slowly into silence. The noise became vocal, human. The calliope, the merry-go-round, and the shooting-gallery charmed no more: it was time for the races.

Mary found herself carried with the crowd toward the race-track—not, however, without some reproaches of conscience. Her church, the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist, founded by, and bearing the name of, her grandfather, did not approve of horse-racing, and Mary knew well that if any of the members saw her, they would be shocked and grieved. However, she had seen no one from Millerstown since she left the car, and who would be the wiser if she went across to the fence and discovered for herself the secret of the mad shouts which had, during other visits to the fair, excited her curiosity? It did not occur to her to seek a seat on the grand stand. In the first place, that would have been too conspicuous a defiance of Jonathan Kuhns Baptist traditions; in the second, it would have been a shameful waste of money, when there was half a mile of low fence upon which one could lean comfortably. She saw them leading out the horses, and she watched in astonishment the upward toss of their heads and the proud fling of each slender hoof.

"Gee-oh!" she heard some one say; "ain't he a beaut!"

"I wish dey could see once Chimmie Weygandt's Bessie," thought Mary. "She iss me once a pretty horse; she has some fat on her. Dese horses haf surely not enough feed."

She found that the fence was rapidly filling with those who, either for fear of wickedness in high places or else for lack of the admission fee, avoided the grand

stand. She found a place between a stout woman who glanced at her pleasantly, and a tall man in a silk hat who obsequiously made room for her.

"Well," he queried, with smooth pleasantry, "come to see the show? You 'd better come up on the grand stand with me. We can see much better from there."

"No, sank you."

All day people had looked at Mary as she walked about alone in her white dress, and her blue eyes had looked back, unaware of the impudence of their scrutiny. This man, however, was the first who had spoken to her. Had his accent been that of her own people, she would have answered him with frank friendliness; but he was "English," and she feared him.

"Oh, come on." He moved a step toward her.

"No; *ach!* no," she said, and started away. Suddenly the stout woman took a hand.

"Will you leaf once my girl alone?" she questioned sternly. "Ain't you got den no politeness?"

"Oh," the man answered in confusion, and in a moment was gone.

"I am for sure much oblied," said Mary. "I can't sink for why he should talk to me. I nefer once saw him."

"You are for sure welcome," the kind voice answered. "But dis iss a bad place for girls alone. Where are den your folks?"

Mary hesitated. "I don't know," she faltered.

"You did n't come all by yourself in de fair?" There was amazement and reproof in every word.

"No," responded Mary. Were not Jimmie Weygandt and Linnie Kurtz and the Fackenthals and the Knerrs all there, and her own brother Ollie? "Dere are lots a folks here what I know."

"Well, when I wass you I stay by my folks."

"I guess nobody would dare touch me. Chohn would pretty soon gif dem one."

"Who iss den Chohn?"

"Ay, Chohn Weimer." Mary's tone was sufficiently expressive for the dullest comprehension.

"Why ain't Chohn den here wis you?"

"Ay, his pop's cousin died, an' he had to go to de funeral."

"Could n't you come Wednesdays or Fridays?"

"No."

"Well, could n't he stay away from de funeral?"

"Ay, of course not. Funerals come first, I guess."

"Well, you stay now here by me, an' we watch de races." The woman divined some lover's tragedy in Mary's indignant response. "Den you must find right away your folks. Look out once, you get your nice dress against de fence. See, dey are starting. See once! Look at de funny carts. It iss de brown one what iss de best. My man he saw him race already."

In the excitement she grasped Mary's arm. The roar of the crowd around them settled into a dull murmur, then into silence. There was a false start, then the horses were off again, four of them, almost neck to neck.

"Iss dat all?" cried Mary in bewildered disappointment of something, she knew not what. "Chust horses running?"

"You wait once," said the stout woman. "Twice around iss a mile. Chust watch once how dey fly!"

In a second Mary was holding her breath with the rest. She had never seen a race before, she had no preference among the horses, she knew nothing of the mad excitement of those whose money is staked upon the outcome of the race, to whom victory may mean plenty, defeat ruin. Nevertheless, a strange thrill shot through her, born of the sight of the clean-limbed, glossy-coated racers—which, she began to feel, were vastly superior even to Jimmie Weygandt's Bessie—and the consciousness of the strain and excitement in the crowd about her. In six seconds over two minutes the race was over, and Mary, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining, leaned out across the fence, hurraing with the rest.

Presently, when the shouts of the multitude were dying slowly away, she looked around for the stout woman, to find that in some way the crowd had pressed between them. Fearing that the big man might come back and speak to her again, she walked away. The side-shows were deserted except for their proprietors, and she wandered slowly down between the dirty tents. The snake-charmers, deprived of their audience for a while, watched her

with curious wistfulness. There was an air of the woodland about her. One thought instinctively of wide meadows and the sound of softly flowing water bubbling from the cool edge of the woods, and of all manner of pleasant country things. The famous Penelope, who now sat in the tent door indulging in a little talk of the trade with her manager, eyed her curiously.

"Seems to me," she was saying, "if I was a man, I would n't be fooled so often. Once let a woman into this tent, and she'd be on to my petrifications in less 'n no time. Gracious, Bill! Look at this a-comin'!"

Bill turned and regarded Mary as though she were a visitor from another world.

"They don't make 'em like that in New York, do they, Mamie? Can't you just see the hay growin' and hear the lambs bleat?"

"Well, I guess!" responded the fair Penelope. "But that girl ought n't to be wandering round here by her lonely—that she ought n't. I 've half a mind to tell her."

The manager grinned. "Set down, Mamie. You 'd be a fine one to march up to that sprig o' youth and beauty and warn her against the ways of the wicked world, now!"

The woman drew the shawl which half concealed her shoulders a little closer.

"Sometime we 're going to get out o' this business, Bill. It makes me sick."

"Nonsense!" he rejoined cheerfully. "You 'd be back in a week, Mamie. You know you would."

For the space of a second her eyes followed the white figure. Then she rose.

"Come on, git up and sing your little song," she said with a gaiety that was half real. "There 's more galoots a-comin' to see Penelope. Make hay while the sun shines, for there is rain comin', or my name 's not Mamie Bates, alias the Petrified Lady."

It was a tradition that Big Thursday was always fine. Now, however, in spite of the fair promise of the morning, low clouds began to gather in the west, hid from the crowds by the grove, and a low rumble, indistinguishable from the thunder of hurrahs, presaged the coming of an unseasonable thunder-storm.

Mary, as oblivious as the rest to the ominous sound, started slowly down through the grove. She had always

The manager had gladly started it at the appeal of a number of young people for whom the races seemed to have no attrac-



Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"SHE PLODDED ON"

wished to know what attraction at the lower end of the Fair Grounds drew so many people in that direction, and now she meant to find out. She looked lovingly at the merry-go-round as she passed.

tion, and it ground out gaily "The Carnival of Venice," while its wooden horses curveted and the lions pranced. Mary watched the riders enviously. Last year—

"I sink he need n't 'a' gone to his pop's

cousint's funeral," she thought, her lips quivering like a child's. She began, alas! to be tired. She had been walking or standing since seven o'clock that morning, and it was now past four. There was no place to sit down, however, save the beaten, dusty ground, and she walked on down toward the great shed. As she approached it, the multitudinous shouts from behind gave place to another sound, akin yet different—the loud voices of men and women, raised now in heavy laughter, now in shrill dispute. Mary drew nearer. What could they be doing? Suddenly another sound, fainter but as continuous, reached her ear—the clink, clink of glass against glass, and Mary knew. For an instant she was too astonished to move. They did not come and go, these men and women crowded together. They stood and drank and drank, and quarreled or laughed, and drank again. Mary, who, with all her kith and kin, was "strictly temperance," fled, fearful lest the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah should suddenly encompass her. She would go home, straight back to Millerstown. As she passed the exhibition building, the wide, dusty steps, almost deserted, looked so inviting that she sat down for an instant. A man reeled by and she caught her breath in a sob. Suddenly her fright became terror. A stream of something wet and cold struck her in the neck, and she sprang up and looked fearfully around. At her side stood a young man who held in his hand a small squirt from which the water had evidently come.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mary, angrily. "I did n't do you nossing."

For reply, he pointed the little toy at her again. The conviction dawned slowly upon her that he had sprinkled her on purpose. For a second she was speechless.

"W-when Chohn Weimer wass here, you get de worst srashing you efer had, dat I can tell you!"

The boy laughed.

"Or our Ollie or Chimmie Weygandt or Bench Gaumer!"

"You must haf a lot of fellers," he said impudently. "Come on; you be my girl for a while. We go an' get some lemonade wis a straw in it."

Suddenly Mary's deliverance came in the shape of a girl of about her own age,

who, squirt in hand, deluged the young man's celluloid collar and purple tie with a well-aimed jet of water. Mary, more horrified than ever, started rapidly away.

The races were over, and she found herself suddenly pressed on all sides by the crowd. If she could only find Ollie, or the Fackenthals, or the stout woman, or some one to take care of her! Her taste of independence, at first sweet, had turned bitter. Oh, to be home getting supper, or sitting on the porch with John! But would John ever care for her again? The Weimers were all easy-going until they were roused. Then look out! Old John Weimer, her John's uncle, had not spoken to his wife for thirty years, although in all that time they had lived in the same house, eaten at the same table. Suppose her John should never speak to her again! At any rate, she would go straight back to Millerstown and tell him that she was sorry. She started toward the wide gate marked "Exit," her aching feet a little less painful now that they were set toward home, and her blue eyes bright again. Suddenly she felt a splash of water on her hand. She glanced around piteously. Why could they not let her alone? Then Mary's eyes, with more than fifty thousand other pairs of eyes, sought the sky. The storm was almost upon them. The loud rumble needed not the sudden hush to make itself heard. She was caught and whirled along in the mad rush for shelter. She tried at first to struggle out to the edge of the crowd toward the exit gate, but she could not move. Once she slipped and fell on one knee, and a man's strong hand lifted her from the ground. She looked up gratefully from under her broad hat, to meet a pair of sharp eyes and a sarcastic smile.

"Where 's your mother, my dear?"

Mary gasped. It was the big man! She ducked her head under the arm of another tall man on the other side, and elbowed her way frantically through the crowd. Her blue sash became untied and trailed behind her; but she heeded it not until, caught under a heavy foot, it held her back; then she gathered it around her. The rain came no longer in huge drops, but in wind-driven sheets which in a moment washed all semblance of stiffness from her hat and set it flapping about her face. She slipped into her jacket, which

only made her shiver as it pressed her wet sleeves against her arms. Great red stains from her leather purse marked her white mitts. A woman pinched her arm spitefully as she rushed against her in her mad flight, and once a man swore, but she paid no heed. She was afraid to stop; she expected each moment to see that sarcastic smile and hear that smooth voice, "Where 's your mother, my dear?" Suddenly the crowd gave way about her, and she caught a glimpse of the exit. One more determined shove, a ruthless stepping on her neighbor's feet, and Mary was out in the wide street, where thousands of people, rain-soaked and tired like herself, struggled for places in the street-cars. She tried in vain to climb up the steps of a car. As soon as she secured a foothold, she was pushed back. The crowd was no longer a good-natured holiday throng: it was a vast mob of selfish beings, worn out by the day's pleasuring, and angry at the storm which put an end to it.

As she looked about her she was astonished at the bedraggled appearance of the hundreds who started with her down Washington street. The men turned their collars up and their hats down, and thus tramped along in comparative comfort. But the women! Their skirts hung about them limp and soiled, their hats retained not a vestige of the gay jauntiness which had that morning delighted both the wearer and the beholder. One woman, who looked the more bedraggled because her dress had, like Mary's, once been white, tried to make friends with her.

"Dis iss once a surprise, ain't it—dis rain?" she remarked cheerfully. "Haf you den far to go till you get home?"

Mary looked at her, from the dripping roses on her hat to the soiled ruffles above her muddy shoes.

"I sink I do not know you," she responded with dignity.

"Nor I you," the woman answered sharply. "An' when you would see yourself once you would n't want to know yourself."

With which remark, she hurried on, leaving Mary dumfounded. How did she dare to talk to her like that? Was not this her best hat, her best dress, and her new blue sash? All at once Mary realized how she herself must look, and was properly punished then and there for her

haughtiness. She had forgotten, in the blessed prospect of getting home, how her hat flapped against her face. She became suddenly aware of every wet stroke. She realized that her blue sash trailed behind her as she walked, and that her white dress was mud-splashed to her knees.

She plodded on. The west wind, which grew stronger as the rain ceased, was cold, even through her coat, against her wet arms; the water which had soaked through her thin shoes made curious noises as she walked. For a while she had lifted her skirts carefully; now she let them drop. They could not be any wetter or more soiled than they already were. In sudden hopelessness, Mary doubted whether she should ever reach Millerstown again.

The street seemed suddenly dark, then there twinkled out at the corner a faint blue light, then farther down another and another. When she finally came to Sixth and Washington streets her fright was augmented by bewilderment. The crowd of the morning seemed to have increased a hundredfold. It was not yet time for the excursion trains to leave, and the visiting thousands lingered here, waiting for any excitement which might befall. The car-despatcher shouted madly at his subordinates, who would not hear or heed; he cursed the people, who stood constantly between the tracks and, overestimating the patience of the motormen, were dragged almost from under the wheels of the cars by their friends.

Tears of relief started to Mary's eyes as she saw on the front of a car about to start the single charmed word, "Millerstown." She started forward and tried to climb aboard. The conductor, however, took her gently but firmly by the arm and moved her down from the running-board.

"No more room."

"Ach! take me along—please take me along!" she cried, but the car had gone.

How she spent the next hour she did not know. She was aware that several persons spoke to her as she hung about the edge of the crowd, but she could not remember what they said. Once she thought she saw the tall man coming toward her, but she did not move.

When the next car started, however, Mary was aboard. She knew there had been a wild scramble for seats, and she re-

membered a curious ripping sound which seemed to come from under the feet of the man next to her, and which probably marked the separation of the ruffles on her gown, but she did not care. She was going home.

The evening wind, damp and cold, sent shivers up and down her arms and across her shoulders. She would die of consumption. As well that, however, as anything else, since John Weimer no longer cared for her.

When they reached the little village between the county-seat and Millerstown, the car was emptied of all its passengers save her. Evidently the other Millers-tonians, the Fackenthals, the Knerrs, and the Weygandts, had caught the earlier car. As they sped on, she could tell each foot of the way, though she sat with her eyes closed. The smell of tar at the pipe-foundry, the rush of dampness as they dashed through the little valley which Trout Creek makes for itself in the meadows, the grinding of the wheels as they climbed the slope on the other side, the mad leap of the car as they reached the long, level stretch where the conductor bade the motorman "Let her go," the sickening twist as they turned the sharp

curve at the end, the blaze of the flaring bleeder at the furnace, and then—home!

Mary rose stiffly as the car stopped. Her teeth chattered.

"*Ach!*" she thought, "I can nefer again be happy so long as I lif!"

The conductor helped her down. Millerstown had gone to bed. There were lights here and there in the second stories, but beneath all was dark.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Mary. "If only—"

A pair of strong arms infolded her, and the rest of the sentence was lost in a sob.

"*Ach, Chohn!*" was all she could say over and over again. Then: "But how could you get so soon home from your pop's cousin's funeral?"

"I did n't stay for de funeral," he said. "I went, an' I came wis de first train back. It made me sick. I wass so afraid because you might go alone in de fair, Mary. And de train wass late, an' I only chust got here. I haf been worried crasy, Mary. Were n't you scared, all alone?"

For answer she laid her cheek against his hand.

"I nefer, nefer, nefer will again do anysing what you say I da's n't," she answered.



"WHEN I AM DEAD"

BY ELSA BARKER

WHEN I am dead and sister to the dust;
When no more avidly I drink the wine
Of human love; when the pale Proserpine
Has covered me with poppies, and cold rust
Has cut my lyre strings, and the sun has thrust
Me underground to nourish the world vine,
Men shall discover these old songs of mine
And say: This woman lived—as poets must!

This woman lived and wore life as a sword
To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read
In the sealed Book of Love and underscored
The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,
And faring out for regions unexplored,
Went singing down the River of the Dead.



RAILWAY RATES AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

HOW RATES ARE INFLUENCED BY INDUSTRIAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND WEATHER CONDITIONS

BY SAMUEL SPENCER

[In this article the important subject of railway rates is discussed by Mr. Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, and president or director in other railway companies, who writes from the railway point of view. In a following number a competent authority will discuss the subject from the point of view of those who favor an extension of governmental control over railway rates.—THE EDITOR.]



THE workings of the vast machinery of any great enterprise, whether it be a huge ocean liner, a mammoth modern furnace or rolling-mill, or the processes of the administration of a great industrial or transportation corporation, are always of interest to the looker-on; the greater the size and intricacy of the machinery, the greater the popular interest. The gradual crystallization of the great transportation lines of the United States into large groups or units has been not only a useful, but a spectacular feature of the phenomenal growth of the country. The relations of these great highways of commerce to the general government have their political as well as their industrial aspects, and the last few years—more especially the last few months—have witnessed a wide-spread popular interest not only in these relations, but in the internal management and efficiency of the transportation lines themselves. The dis-

cussion which has thus resulted has involved some features not heretofore elaborated, which, stripped of technicalities, may serve to throw side-lights upon the subject which is now so conspicuously occupying the attention of the American public.

It has been suggested in high quarters, and insisted upon, that the Interstate Commerce Commission (an arm of the government, but belonging to none of the three great coördinate branches established by the Constitution) shall have the power, under certain conditions, to annul a rate made by an officer of a railway company, and to substitute another therefor which shall become effective by the Commission's order, regardless of any appeal by the railway company to the courts for a decision as to whether the annulled rate were legally unjust or the substituted rate a fair and proper charge for the service performed. This question, of course, has its legal aspects, which cannot be treated here; but it has practical and commercial aspects as

well, affecting every producer, every consumer, throughout the country. Those charged with the administration of railways believe that from the standpoint of the public interest the rate-making power should remain with the responsible officers of the railway companies, but concede that the acts of those officers should be subject to all proper review and investigation that may disclose illegal or unjust acts, and to such regulation and penalty as shall compel the proper performance upon the part of the carriers of all their public duties. They believe that the retention of such power is necessary not only to conserve the interest of the security-holders, but also of the thirteen hundred thousand railway employees and their families, and of the producers and consumers of all commodities—that is, of the public as a whole.

The public is but slightly enlightened by the very general statement that railroad rates must be made and kept adjusted in strict accordance with changing commercial conditions. Perhaps the story of some rates that have been made or changed on account of commercial conditions, new and old, may serve to give some practical meaning to the generalization.

WEATHER AND RATES

WEATHER conditions are frequently of striking influence upon rates. To start with the seasonable topic of ice, there was in a winter not long past a total failure of the ice-crop on the Hudson River and the lakes and streams in New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. It was suddenly realized that distant sources must be utilized for the supply of ice for New York and the populous adjoining region for the coming summer. Lake Champlain and Lake George, several hundred miles away, seemed most available, and rail transportation had to be arranged. Here was a new situation, and a new and exceptional traffic, for which no rates had ever before been needed or established. The emergency was quickly met, the necessary low rates were made, the ice was transported, and the deficiency supplied. A year or so ago the weather gave another aspect to the ice problem. A particularly cold season left a large surplus stock of ice in the ice-houses in the vicinity of New York City.

This depressed the price so as to affect injuriously the business of those places in Pennsylvania which regularly shipped ice to New York. To repair as far as possible this unexpected injury to a regular, established business, the railroads leading from Pennsylvania made a substantial reduction in their rates for ice transportation, in order that their patrons during the emergency might reach other more distant markets.

Two years ago the sheep-ranges of Idaho suffered an unusual drought, which left their flocks facing starvation. The only alternative was to bring in by rail the feed necessary to winter the sheep. The railroads met the situation promptly by establishing very low rates on corn from Nebraska, which enabled the sheep-owners to carry their flocks through the winter at but little more expense than upon the range. In another instance a somewhat similar difficulty presented a different problem. A drought in California made it necessary to move the cattle to the food rather than the food to the cattle. Special rates were established, without delay, for the transportation of the cattle from southern California to points north, and as far east as Idaho and Montana, where the necessary food was available, and the damage was averted.

The following year there was a serious drought in southern California, and feed had to be brought from outside sources. An emergency rate was quickly made on alfalfa hay from the Salt River Valley, Arizona, to points in the afflicted country. Last year the same Salt River Valley suffered a wheat failure. Flour-mills had been established in that region, and even their temporary suspension would have proved most serious. Emergency rates were therefore promptly made from California wheat-fields, and the local Salt River Valley mills were saved from financial failure.

One of the great grain-producing States of the Union is Kansas. Under normal conditions it sends enormous quantities of grain to other States. About four years ago the weather completely reversed this situation, causing a failure of the corn crop; Kansas had to buy corn for its own consumption from Iowa, Illinois, and other favored regions, in order that its cattle might be fed and put upon the mar-

ket. Low emergency rates were promptly established, and the remarkable spectacle was presented of corn moving west-bound in large quantities to Kansas. On another occasion, when the weather went to the other extreme, with the result that the corn crop was unusually large and the price unusually low, Nebraska farmers had to accept a price below the cost of production. To afford relief to those farmers, the Nebraska railroads and their Eastern connections made a temporary reduction in rates that gave the farmers fifty per cent. more for their corn.

DISTRIBUTION OF CROPS

SIMILAR illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. In 1904 there was an unexpected surplus of about two hundred and fifty thousand cases of tomatoes in Utah, which of course could not be marketed at the normal prices. Emergency reductions in rates were made to California points, to the Missouri River and other unusual markets, enabling the packers to dispose of their surplus. A year ago there was a shortage of hay in Utah and an over-production in Idaho; thus arose a new and temporary traffic from Idaho to Utah, if the railroads would make rates low enough to enable it to move. The low rates were made, and the Utah consumer, without a convenient source of supply, and the Idaho producer, without a market for his surplus, were both accommodated. Corresponding reductions were also made from Idaho to the Pacific coast, with the same object and result.

Last year the potato crop in Colorado was very large, and all of it could not be profitably disposed of in the usual markets. The crop of the North Pacific coast was light, and a very low rate was temporarily made to that territory from Colorado, which made practicable a heavy and unusual movement of potatoes, to the benefit of both the producer and the consumer.

In Maine there is a large production of potatoes, which find a regular market in Boston at rates that are low, but which, by reason of the volume and regularity of the business, are fairly satisfactory to the railroads. Several years ago, on account of an unprecedented crop in Michigan and the consequent low rates made to dispose of the surplus, Boston was flooded

from that source; the railroads from Maine to Boston were compelled to make radical reductions to meet this unexpected competition, and keep the Maine potatoes from rotting in the ground.

For the last two years there have been extraordinary crops of rice in Louisiana and Texas, leaving a large surplus each year to be carried over until the next. Rice, when stored in that warm climate, becomes virtually worthless. To save it, the rice must be taken to New Orleans or elsewhere, where it can be placed in cold storage. The rates which can be reasonably charged for the transportation of rice under normal conditions are too high to admit of this emergency transportation for cold-storage purposes; but the necessary emergency rates were made, and the rice interests were saved from heavy loss.

In recent years, in Texas and western Louisiana, the boll-weevil destroyed the cotton crop in many places. It became essential to supply the planters with new seed not affected by the weevil. The railroad companies therefore made very low temporary rates on cotton-seed from the Mississippi River. It was necessary to make these rates promptly so that they could be availed of during the planting season, and it was also necessary to advance the rates when the emergency had passed, otherwise the normal adjustment of rates on cotton-seed, which is of vital importance to competing cotton-seed oil mills, would have been disturbed, and mills in Texas would, by reason of the exceptionally low rate on cotton-seed to Texas, have enjoyed an undue advantage over the mills near and east of the Mississippi River.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW INDUSTRIES

THE development of new country or the establishment of new industries creates new rate problems which call for prompt solution. Some years ago in Indiana a man acquired an invention for machines for making wooden butter-dishes out of thin sheets or veneers of wood looped up at the corners. It was found that sweet-gum was the best timber for the purpose. It had previously no market value, was difficult to dispose of, was not even good fire-wood, and was a great annoyance to

the farmers. A proposition to use sweet-gum for making butter-dishes was brought to the traffic officers of a railroad; the cost of the raw material, manufacture, marketing, and transportation to a distant market was figured out; and it was found necessary, in order to establish the business, to place the rate on this hitherto useless timber at a figure twenty-five per cent. below the tariff on other lumber which had a marketable value. The new rates were made and a new business was created.

A great many industries have sprung up in Kansas as the result of the discovery of gas and its cheapness as a fuel. Numerous brick-plants have been established in the gas region, and it became necessary to fix rates which would enable the product to be marketed. It was also necessary to place all these plants upon such a basis that they might compete with one another and with producers in other parts of the country. All of this was done by establishing unusually low rates from the Kansas producing points. Numerous Portland-cement plants and glass-factories have also been established in the Kansas gas-belt, and the same steps have been taken with respect to rates on their products.

There is another side to the picture of industrial development dependent on natural gas. Several years ago many glass-factories were flourishing in the Indiana gas-belt, using the gas as fuel. The gas gave out in many places, and the question was, what were the factories to do? Although coal rates in Indiana were low, they were not low enough to admit of the profitable use of coal in those factories. Should the railroads adhere to their reasonably low coal rates, and let the glass-factories go out of business, or should the rates be further reduced to retain the revenue derived from the shipment of the output of the factories, and from the traffic, both passenger and freight, created by the presence of the factory employees? The coal rates were reduced and the factories were retained, to the advantage of the people of Indiana as well as of the railroads.

In the States west of the Rocky Mountains, where there is such rapid development in the reclamation of arid lands, conditions as to the transportation of agricultural products are changing rapidly. A region purchasing such products from

other regions two years ago may now be a producer supplying other markets. Regions that were sage-brush or desert land a year ago are now being cultivated and dotted with settlements, thus shifting from one point to another the base of supplies. Several cities in Idaho that three years ago did only a small retail business are today jobbing centers; local jobbers are gradually wresting from remote competitors the markets of vast regions in and adjacent to the Rocky Mountains. The carriers throughout this part of the Union are called upon almost daily to make some change or adjustment in rates to meet these new developments.

Rates on the standard varieties of lumber grown in the Mississippi Valley are on a definite basis which admits of the profitable development of that business. Cottonwood and gum lumber, however, are of such an inferior quality that they cannot in some instances move on the rates which are proper on lumber generally; therefore in some regions exceptionally low rates on cottonwood and gum have been established, which have enabled the owners to market vast quantities of these grades which otherwise would have been an entire loss. Here is a peculiar set of commercial conditions, which must be considered and studied separately in order to arrive at a rate basis which will enable these woods to be marketed; but it would be ruinous to the railroads to reduce their rates on the entire lumber traffic to the basis necessary to move these inferior grades.

RATES AND IMMIGRATION, ETC.

THE tide of immigration for several years has been directed toward Washington, Idaho, and Oregon, but prospective settlers have hesitated to take their second-hand implements, household goods, and live stock, feeling that the freight rates for a haul two thirds across the continent were more than they could afford; as prices for new articles in the West have necessarily been high, it was apparent that this consideration retarded immigration. Recently railroads interested in building up the West have put in effect exceedingly low rates on immigrant movables, including household goods, personal effects, farming machinery, and not exceeding ten head of live stock to the car. It would have

been out of the question to establish corresponding rates on live stock, agricultural implements, and furniture generally; but the exceptional conditions bearing upon immigration were an ample justification for the low rate made on immigrant movables. The result of this low rate has been to promote the settlement of the West, and consequently indirectly increase the revenue of the railroads.

When asphaltum was first produced in California from crude oil, a rate was made to Eastern points which enabled it to be marketed at Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and even to some extent on the Atlantic seaboard. As the volume of the business increased, the competition of asphaltum from Trinidad also increased, and it became necessary to make very radical reductions in the rates. Sometimes temporary reductions had to be made on very short notice in order to meet particularly severe competition from Trinidad. Subsequently Texas began to produce asphaltum; the competition was thereby rendered more intense, and a further reduction had to be made in the rates from California. The California roads are constantly engaged in inducing railways in the East to participate in the low rates, thereby extending the market for the California product.

California canned goods compete in the Eastern markets with those of the Eastern canneries, so that extremely low rates from California must be made, which likewise it is often difficult to induce Eastern connections to sanction. One year, when there was an enormous crop of tomatoes in Kansas, Texas, and Colorado, the canneries of those States produced such quantities that the ordinary markets of the California factories were materially restricted; thus was introduced a further complication necessitating an emergency reduction.

The foregoing illustrations are typical of the vast number of commercial problems which must be dealt with by railroad traffic officials. It is believed that they will demonstrate why it is necessary for probably more than eight hundred traffic experts, with the assistance of probably three thousand soliciting and traveling freight agents, to be steadily engaged in studying the peculiarities of particular lines of business in widely separated localities, keeping in constant touch with the commercial

public and adjusting particular rates to special conditions as they arise.

CONCLUSIONS

THESE illustrations, which are only representative, suggest the following conclusions:

First. It is obviously wholly out of the question to deal effectively with railroad rates by general rules; commerce itself never has been and never can be so governed, and railroad rates must conform to commercial conditions. No general rate adjustment, however skilfully made, could ever adequately provide, even in a comparatively small part of the country, for numerous and constantly increasing fluctuations in these conditions.

Second. The prompt readjustment of rates to meet commercial conditions as they arise gives a downward tendency to all rates. On the contrary, when rates are made on a general basis there ensues a rigidity that materially hampers the movement of traffic and retards the development of commerce. Clearly a railroad can afford to make a reduction on one kind of traffic when thereby the volume of traffic will be increased, whereas it could not afford to make a general reduction on all the other kinds of traffic to which that condition would have no application. Such reductions can be made only in response to special conditions and must in safety be confined to the scope of those conditions. Anything which tends to discourage the prompt recognition by the railroads of new commercial conditions which call for special reductions will strongly tend to keep up the general level of rates. This will clearly not be to the advantage of the general public, and it will be disadvantageous to the railroads because interference with their ability to develop additional traffic interferes with their ability to increase their revenues. As an illustration, ten years ago an effort was made to start a pulp and paper mill in northern Maine to manufacture paper out of spruce timber. To succeed, the mill must produce much larger quantities of paper than could be marketed in the East. To sell paper in Chicago and the Middle West in competition with mills much nearer the latter territory, the rates from Maine must be exceedingly low—far lower, relatively,

than the usual basis of rates from New England to Chicago. The railroads made the very low rates required, with the result that where there was a primeval forest ten years ago, there now stands a town equipped with all modern conveniences, the home of two thousand or three thousand people who gain their livelihood from the paper-mills thus developed. The railroads get all the traffic shipped in and out by this community, and are thus amply repaid for the low rate on paper. If the railroads had been unable to make that reduction without reducing the general rate basis to the West, obviously the reduction would never have been made.

Third. The settled policy of railroads to develop additional traffic by making special reductions in rates when necessary to meet commercial conditions and to extend the markets for the particular product, has a most salutary effect upon the welfare of the people generally. Whenever a railroad, by means of a new rate, puts the commodities produced on its line into a new market previously supplied from some other source, a benefit is wrought to the producers on that line by extending their selling markets, and to the consumers in the locality to which the product is thus introduced. If rates were made on the theory, so often advocated, of giving each place the full value of its geographic situation (assuming that that value could ever be authoritatively ascertained), the result would be that markets, both of production and consumption, would be narrowed; the producer would have fewer markets in which to sell, and the consumer would have a more restricted field of purchase. For example: Numerous cotton-mills are located in Georgia and the Carolinas, which of course compete with the older cotton-mills located in New England. Rates on cotton from the Southern States to these mills are so adjusted as to enable all of them to obtain raw material. This of course enhances the competition for the purchase of cotton. If rates on cotton were so adjusted as to be very much higher to the more distant mills than to the nearer mills, it would perhaps result that the growers of cotton would be virtually confined to the nearest mills for their market. Rates are likewise adjusted from these mills to the markets for cotton goods, in order that the mills may dispose

of their product. If these rates were adjusted primarily with regard to distance, each set of cotton-mills would have a large territory in which it could sell cotton goods virtually without competition from mills in other parts of the country.

Fourth. It is apparent that in many instances conditions suddenly arise and must be very promptly met. No rate adjustment can be established which can guard against the necessity for sudden changes in the future. Any serious obstacle to quick action by the traffic officers immediately in touch with the local commercial situation will prove in many cases an unfortunate embarrassment to the wholesome development of commerce. One example may be added to those already given. About a year ago numerous blast-furnaces in Virginia were temporarily without an adequate supply of Virginia iron ore, having been prevented from accumulating a sufficient stock by the unusually severe winter. If the furnaces were to be kept in blast, they would have to be supplied with ore from the upper lake mines; this would of necessity be carried by rail from the lake port, and at the ordinary rate it would have been out of the question. This case demanded and received prompt action, and thereby a large manufacturing concern was enabled to bridge over a period of local ore famine due to unusual weather conditions.

HOW A GOVERNMENT TRIBUNAL WOULD WORK

It goes without saying that no government tribunal can ever be organized which will be able to deal promptly and effectively with all the rates in this country. The illustrations which have been given in this article are an infinitesimal fraction of all the rate problems constantly arising and demanding solution; and yet, upon the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission as a basis, it would take any one tribunal a lifetime to deal with the specific illustrations which have been given here, assuming that other complications did not exist or arise.

However, to whatever extent a government tribunal might deal with these questions, it is obvious that its action would be characterized by prolonged delay. Many of the illustrations given show that al-

most instantaneous action was required. All of them demanded prompt consideration and decision. The Interstate Commerce Commission now has numerous and important duties to perform which tax the time and ability of the Commission to the uttermost; yet these duties are only a drop in the bucket as compared with the demands to which the Commission would be subjected if charged with the administration of rates, even upon complaint only, throughout the country. With only its present duties, the Commission is forced at times to delay several months, and in some cases years, in reaching a decision upon an important traffic question. Under any proposition which would charge the Commission with the control of rates generally, there would be far more delay than there is at present. The Commission would be subjected to this alternative: either it must take the time to investigate and thereby delay passing upon applications until the relief when granted might come too late to be of value, or it must grant the application without sufficient investigation, and hence make its supervision perfunctory and harmful.

It is said, however, that the Esch-Townsend Bill does not propose to give the Commission charge of all the rates in the country, but only proposes to permit it to change specific rates which may be found to be unlawful. But this does not answer the argument, because it concedes that with respect to rates which the Commission does change there will be a necessity for constant supervision by the Commission, and that these particular rates cannot be thereafter adjusted to commercial conditions without affirmative action by the Commission, which would necessarily be greatly delayed. State commissions sometimes require many months' consideration before they will authorize a concession in rates obviously justifiable and to the advantage of industries in the State; adjustment through the Interstate Commerce Commission, having probably one hundred times as much business to transact as any State commission, would of course encounter similar or even greater delays.

It does not follow, however, that because it is contemplated that the Commission will change only such rates as are complained of, therefore only a few rates

will be changed. The history of the Commission, when it undertook in the past to prescribe rates, shows that it will exercise its power in the most general and wholesale way. In a single order directed against more than twenty carriers, the Commission attempted to change the rates on over two thousand articles from Chicago and Cincinnati to the principal cities in the Southeast; if this order had been made and enforced under the power now proposed, it would have put virtually the entire adjustment of rates on south-bound traffic from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and from all points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and beyond, to all the cities south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi River, under the perpetual supervision and control of the Commission, creating a rigidity not in one rate or a few rates, but in the entire schedule of south-bound rates in the territory described.

It is further said that even if the Commission is authorized to make rates in specific cases, this action on the part of the Commission will in no wise interfere with the railroads making special reductions to meet emergencies; that the railroads will only be prevented from increasing the rates above the maximum prescribed by the Commission. This, however, is not the case under the measure which passed the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, known as the Esch-Townsend Bill. Under that measure the rate fixed by the Commission would be the absolute rate, and could no more be reduced by the railroads than it could be increased by the railroads without affirmative action by the Commission.

Several years ago the citrus groves in southern California were injured suddenly by frost, and the producers had upon their hands a large quantity of defective oranges. These oranges could not be marketed at the prices applicable to fruit in normal condition. They must be moved on reduced rates or not at all, and the reduced rates must be made immediately or the fruit would perish. The railroads established the needed emergency rate and the damaged oranges were marketed. If, under the Esch-Townsend Bill, the Commission had previously fixed a rate on oranges from California to the East, there could have been no reduction to meet this

emergency without affirmative action by the Commission, and doubtless the oranges would have rotted before the Commission could investigate the matter.

Under the Esch-Townsend Bill, or any measure of a similar character, a rate made by the Commission becomes the absolute rate, which can neither be raised nor lowered by the carrier alone; and therefore every emergency which calls for special consideration of that rate and its effects, whether temporary or permanent, must thereafter be referred to the Commission and await its time and pleasure. It is difficult to conceive or state the unfortunate rigidity of rates which would finally result from such a situation.

Even where no rates have been fixed, the mere existence of a rate-making power in a government bureau which can be set in motion at any time at the instance of any complainant would itself deter freedom of action in rate reduction. Several years ago the development of the lumber resources of the State of Washington was a matter of serious consideration on the part of the railroads, which desired to increase their traffic and especially desired to fill cars which, after bringing traffic to the Pacific coast, returned empty to the East. The lumber-men of that region were not able to dispose of their product locally or by export through Pacific ports. After careful consideration of the cost of production and the prices obtainable in the markets of the Middle West, it was determined to make on this lumber a rate of forty cents per hundred pounds, which

in many instances covered a haul of more than two thousand miles. Though the rate was extremely low, it made a market for the Western lumber and loading for the empty cars. That business was built up until now many thousand cars of lumber and shingles are annually transported from the State of Washington to the Middle West. The results have been immensely beneficial to the State of Washington and to consumers in the Middle West and elsewhere. Lumber was also transported to the same markets from Montana and northern Minnesota, which did not have or need as low rates in proportion to mileage as were thus fixed from Washington. If the Commission had had power to make rates, it is clear that the railroads would have been very slow to make a radical reduction from the State of Washington, for fear that would set in motion the governmental rate-making machinery and bring about corresponding reductions from Minnesota and Montana when no such necessity for reductions existed. In other words, when a railroad makes a radical reduction in a rate to develop a new traffic, it of course incurs risk of considerable loss on that particular traffic unless it develops to large proportions. If to this risk of loss is added the much more certain and serious danger of material loss on traffic already established where conditions do not demand a similar reduction, it is clear that the discouragements to making experimental reductions to promote commerce will be enormously increased.





A WINTER BOUQUET



WOOD-BETONY



EVERLASTING



SORREL

A WINTER BOUQUET

BY FRANK FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

WITH pulse quickened by the effort of progress upon the unsubstantial footing of fresh-fallen snow, ears glowing and tingling with cold, and every nerve stimulated by the ozone of the frosty air, I trudged over the open sweep of field and hill.

The glorious whiteness and shimmer of the snow so stunned the power of vision that I could look upon it it only with nearly closed eyelids, even though it was veiled and softened by vegetable growths, relics of the season of sun and shower,—brown, gray, russet, and purple masses of dried calyx, capsule, and pod, held bravely aloft on graceful and slender stems.

How odd that these frail things should have withstood the winter storms! I said to myself, I will gather a winter bouquet which will rival in graceful expressions of form and in rich, ripe harmony of color the brightest nosegay of summer. But there are so many varieties, how shall I select my material? I will adopt a color-scheme. My intermediate tone shall be a rich purplish gray, running, on the downward scale, through reddish and purplish

brown to rich dark brown, and, on the upward scale, from ashen, pinkish, and greenish brown to yellow, then to yellowish and greenish white. I will then add one little staccato note of rich crimson. For my purple-gray note I gathered mountain mint, the compact, flattened balls of calyxes of which were massed in ornamental mounds.

These little cushions were perforated with seed-receptacles, then nearly empty, though a few seeds remained in their depths for early spring sowing. The many points of the five-toothed, vase-like calyxes so caught and reflected light as to invest the little cushions with a rich, velvety blue-gray sheen which accentuated their rounded form. About the edges of the mass, straggling balls made decorative spots against the snow.

For my deep red-brown note I gathered the tufted panicles of the bunch-flower and the long, unopened beak-like pods of dogbane. These pods sometimes attain a length of six inches and are comically out of proportion to the tiny bell-shaped flowers which bloom along the road-



SEED CAPSULES OF
BLUE-FLAG

LIVERWORT (*HEPATICA*)

sides and in the pastures in early summer. Continuing on the upward color-scale, I added oxeye daisy, pearly everlasting, evening primrose and silver-rod; and for my rich crimson note a bunch of berries of the sweetbrier rose.

I gathered these beautiful time-mellowed, storm-tossed souvenirs of a summer's gaiety without sadness, knowing that there was a life for them beneath the snow.

Many of the common flowers, like the buttercup, the yellow avens, the sorrel, the goldenrod, the aster, the thistle, and the mullein, put forth in the late summer or autumn beautiful rosettes of leaves which remain green all winter. This winter foliage withers in the warm spring sun and gives place to the foliage of summer. One of the most interesting of these rosettes is that of the hepatica. Its winter foliage usually withers just as the flowers appear. As the flowers fall, the spring foliage takes their place. This operation is so nicely timed that this plant appears to keep one eye always open. Occasionally one may find the hepatica in full bloom beneath its blanket of autumn leaves, still circled about by its green winter foliage; while in the center, among the flower-stems, appears a little nest of downy things

like caterpillars. These are the curved stems of the new foliage pushing upward, bringing with them to the light and warmth the folded leaves of spring. Thus one will see the culmination of all the graces of this modest little plant in a display which will illustrate the complete cycle of the year.

The direction which I had chosen took me to a forest, as every winter ramble should. Here I found the air fragrant with the exhalations of pine, hemlock, and spruce, and the temperature mollified by their presence. The stillness was so profound that the falling of a needle from a hem-

lock was distinctly audible. The tapping of a tiny nuthatch—

Shrewd little hunter of woods all gray,
Whom I meet on my walk of a winter day—

seemed strangely loud. Pine branches rose above, tier upon tier. They were loaded



WINTER FOLIAGE OF BUTTERCUP

upon the upper side with snow, while the greenish-brown bark beneath appeared intensely dark by contrast with spaces of blue sky between. They extended horizontally from the trunk, supporting great masses of dusky-tasseled needles, as soft as a cloud. From these mysterious masses the cones of several seasons' fruitage gleamed

gradually detached as the valves open. Immediately on falling from the cone, the resistance of the air upon the curved surface imparts to them a rotary motion, and they come whirling down, holding the seeds suspended in their cavities. The gyrations of the shining wings are rapid, but the descent is slow and as beautiful as that of a



WITCH-HAZEL, NOVEMBER 15

like sculptured ornaments. The cones of the year, which hung nearest to the termination of the branches, were of a fresh pinkish green. These had their scales tightly closed, while the mature red-brown cones of preceding years had opened.

The cones are objects of rare beauty. The scales are arranged in spirals with such precision that the spiral form is perfect both from right to left and from left to right. The fruit of the pine requires two, and sometimes three, years in which to ripen. The seed-sowing of the pine, like the development of its seeds, is a very deliberate operation, extending throughout the winter months. The seeds are very small and borne in a depression at the apex of the lining membrane of the scale.

These wing-like membranes become

bird. It is very amusing to drop these scales from the hand and observe their movements.

The reddish-brown trunks of the pines were in strong contrast with the ashy gray of the beech which grew near. Its finely sculptured and sinewy trunk was whiter than in summer, and was beautifully embellished with splashes of emerald and deep-olive lichens. Clinging about the drooping branches near the trunk were golden autumn leaves from the axils of which projected long, slender buds, grown in November, in which lay carefully folded the leaves of the coming spring. These persistent autumn leaves of the beech, like the maroon and golden-brown leaves of the young oaks, which added their touch of autumn coloring to the winter woods,

often cling to the twigs until pushed off by the new growth.

The winter buds of all the early-blooming trees, like the hickory, ash, elm, maple, and tulip, contain not only the leaf, but the flower of spring perfect in all its parts. It lies sleeping, the daintiest, tenderest little creature to be imagined, securely wrapped in warm underclothing, soft furs, and stout overcoat, to be awakened only by the first breath of spring. The catkin-bearing trees, like the hornbeam, the alder, and the birch, have their buds formed in late summer or fall. These also sleep in swaying cradles upon the trees throughout the winter, unharmed by the northers which shake the mother-tree and play upon her rude harp-strings the wild crescendo of the storm.

It is in winter only that the beauty of the sculptured trunks of the deciduous trees is fully revealed, or the unrivaled grace of their branches disclosed, as they stretch outward and upward against the sky their matchless tracery. I know a great oak which I like to observe in winter as though it were a design for a



WILD CLEMATIS



DISSECTED WINTER BLOSSOM-BUD OF THE SASSAFRAS TREE (ENLARGED)

mighty window, with a grand arrangement of branched and diverging mullions every

sweep and curve and angle of which indicates power. I like to study the spaces between the mullions as though sheets of glass were fitted in them, —gray, blue, orange, or violet glass, according to the hour and character of the day. I find these spaces quite as interesting as the mullions. They, too, indicate strength, the angles which they form are not very acute, their width is so well balanced with their length that one feels that if they were fitted with glass it would not be easily broken.

The very great variety of their forms also impresses me, as I cannot find two of the same size or shape. These spaces

are refined by the delicately traced lines of the many branchlets and twigs which diverge from the mullions, and by the myriads of leaf-buds which alternate along these lines, softening them like the bur upon the lines of an etching.

Contrasted with the masculine grandeur of the oak, what could be more fascinating than the birch? Could anything be more charming than the lustrous whiteness of its bark as it stands naked in the snow, its delicate spray of dark-brown twigs clearly defined against the sky? Could anything be more feminine than the naïveté with which, though robbed of its robes, it still wears many jewels? Its staminate aments sit jauntily in the ends of the lateral twigs, waiting their blossom-time; while



BUD OF THE SASSAFRAS TREE (NATURAL SIZE)



HEMLOCK
CINQUEFOIL
SUMMER BLOSSOM OF
THE THISTLE

CATTAIL
RUSH
SEDGE
FERNS CURLED
BY FROST

NORWAY SPRUCE
BLACK ALDER
DANDELION
WINTER ROSETTE OF
THE THISTLE

its myriads of strobiles, or ripened catkins of the previous year, hang light and pendulous, bearing the seeds which are to be scattered widely by the winds of March. I shook a small birch under which I stood, and there rained down upon me such a copious shower of winged seeds as to fill me with amazement at the prodigality of nature.

Under the trees I gathered racemes of the beautifully formed seed-capsules of foxglove, and of the dainty yellow - brown purses of black cohosh, then empty of seeds. I also found there the yellowish - white tufts of thimbleweed, within which the seeds were still wrapped in softest wool.

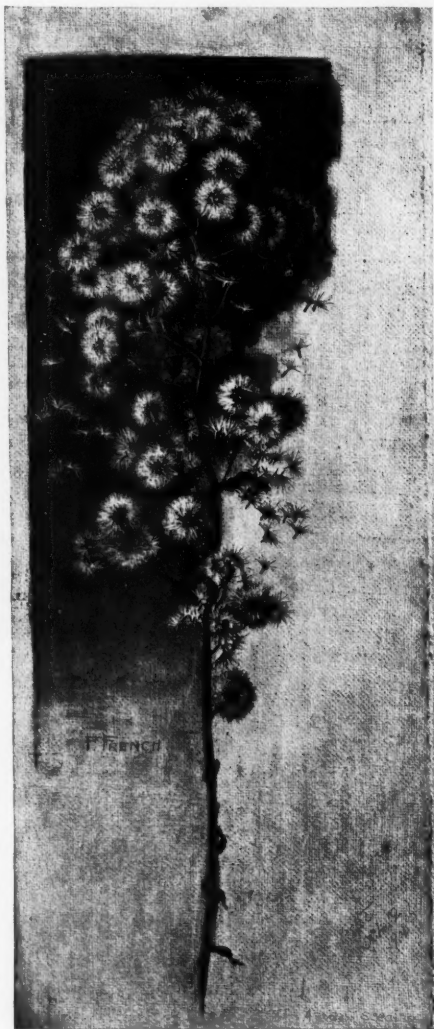
Returned from my ramble, I carefully arranged my specimens, placing them in a jardinière filled with earth. This enabled me to adjust the stems in about the position in which they grew. Behind the mass I placed a background of neutral gray. My winter bouquet was a thing of beauty and had the advantage of permanence. As I observed it day by day, it spoke to me of the continuity of nature's laws and of the infinite complexity of design which provides for the fertilization of the flower and the proper and timely scattering of the seed. After a few days in the warmth of the room, the pods of the

dogbane opened and a crowning glory was revealed. This plant preserves its seeds through the winter, warmly packed in silky fiber, which serves the purpose of sails to

waft the seeds abroad when the pods open in the first warm days of March.

I had cheated the dogbane into a premature disclosure of its hidden treasures. The inner surfaces of the pods were bright orange, as though they had imprisoned some of the warmth of summer. The filmy, silken wings of the seeds expanded in the dry atmosphere, and, lo! there hung about my winter bouquet an aureole of cool, lustrous white. Now and then a draft of air would free one of the winged seeds and send it flashing and soaring about my room like a miniature bird of paradise.

It would be well for one who has never studied vegetation in winter to begin his cold-weather rambles in November. At that season, in sheltered places, an occasional leaf will cling to the stem, furnishing the key to identi-



ASTER SEEDING

fication, if he does not readily recognize his companions of the summer. He will then find the witch-hazel, latest flower of the year, flaunting its belated blossoms in freakish abandon among its sear and yellow leaves; while its mimic artillery bom-

bards the surrounding thicket with polished seeds, the fruit-age of a year ago.

He will find the stone walls decked with clustered whorls of the long, fuzzy seed-tails of wild clematis. Asters will hold up their puffballs of downy seeds by the roadside, inviting the wind to waft them to fresh fields and pastures new. The goldenrod will be shorn of her hoyden yellow tresses and will stand chastened and penitent in tassels and fringes of gray, exhibiting throughout the winter a quality of beauty which she did not possess before.

Even after the blizzards of February have howled over the marshes he will find them fringed with sedges and studded with cattails, still proudly erect. The low-lying thickets will be wreathed with the vine and decked with the bronze-yellow seed-pods of the yam. The dark-blue fruit of the carrion-flower will mingle with the red berries of the black alder. So on to the warm March day when the skunk-cabbage thaws its pathway up through the frozen ground, nature will yield abundant satisfaction to his craving for the wonderful and the beautiful. The pillared aisles of the winter forest will be to him as worthy a temple as the greenwood. Its ever-changing vistas will beckon him on to



AVENS

fresh discoveries, and will stir his being with that vague sentiment of expectation and hope which alone renders life worth living.

On the other hand, he who sits gloomy and sluggish in the ingle-nook, gazing through a frosted window upon his buried garden, feeling that winter is dismal and nature dead, will miss the keenest, most chaste and refined pleasure which the changing seasons hold.



LILY



HICKORY BUD



GOLDENROD



From a photograph by permission of Augustin Rischgitz

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY

CRAYON-DRAWING FROM LIFE BY E. GOODWYN LEWIS

This drawing was done for a member of the Mackworth Praed family, at the sale of whose effects it was sold in June, 1904, and later was acquired by the Kensington Public Library

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY"

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN



LOOKING from the major's deep west window, the patch of park and the avenue beyond shone clear in the orange afterglow of late November; but the study itself already gloomed in tranquil dusk. Here and there the light lingered, caught in the gold of a tarnished binding, glimmering in tiny spectral flames on the crossed swords above the door. The great white Athene shined on the east wall stooped pallid through the gloom. A low fire crackled on the hearth; dim-penciled smoke-wreaths drifted as blue as incense about the rosy portrait throned above it. The room breathed deep with fragrant life; for all its stately order, one who entered felt its welcome like warm, clasping hands.

The major's tired face relaxed as he came slowly up the stairs and entered its soothing calm. He crossed the room to the fire as though he hastened to greet a friend; but his eyes lifted instead to the eyes of the portrait, drawing from them swift, glad assurance. The weariness faded quite out of his face; he moved about briskly, humming a low tune as he put up his books and tossed over the heap of letters on his desk. Presently he turned away to his west window,—“The Well-Beloved,” as Sidney always called it,—and stood looking absently down upon the darkening street.

Despite his eight-and-sixty years, he was a fine figure of a man as he stood there; his spare old frame, erect with the alert and springing grace of soldierly training, cut black and clear against the vivid sky. There was a quaint harmony between his grave and gentle personality and that of this room, his comrade, with its staid, high-shouldered elegance, its formal ornament, its mingled notes of candor and reserve. One felt instinctively that the place revealed him; his loved profession; his

broad and unassuming scholarship; his lofty, gentle faith.

A heavy door crashed in the next room; there was a ring of footsteps across the bare floor; the piano burst into a hurtling prelude. The major's lips tightened; his eyes grew grave. Sidney must be very tired to play like that. She had been tired last night, and the night before—so tired that she could not eat. She had even pushed away the broth that Thomson had carefully prepared for her. She had reproved Thomson, too, for some trifling oversight; but her rebuke had not been a trifling one. The father winced as he recalled her low, stinging words, the servant's frightened stammer of remonstrance. It had hurt Thomson cruelly; the man was trying his utmost to please her. It was not a fault that he was still clumsy in his efforts to satisfy. Sidney should have remembered. But when she was tired, Sidney seldom remembered. And to-night she must be worn to exhaustion. The light was still streaming over the transom of her studio when he had awakened at five that morning and she had scarcely left her work all day. Yes, she would be tired—and worse. Her haggard, absent face at the breakfast-table had betrayed her mood, and now this storm of music proclaimed it in every thunderous chord. Music was Sidney's safety-valve. Sometimes even her hard-worked piano proved an inadequate vent.

The overture stopped abruptly. Sidney switched down the hall with a clatter of staccato heels, and swept into the room. Her black hair clouded about her brows in wild disorder; the sleeves were still pushed back from her thin wrists—it was a cardinal tenet in Sidney's creed that only the Philistine born approached his image with covered arms. The smell of wet clay enveloped her like a cloak; as soft as gray snow an airy powder lay on her

shoulders and masked her straight brows, the very dust of her lofty workshop. She stood leaning against the doorway, breathless. Her clean-cut, stern young face held a curious burnt-out pallor—the whiteness of a spent body, yet a triumphant will.

"It 's finished, dad," she said, with a high, excited little laugh. "Done! I 'm done, too, though that does n't signify. You look pretty well worn out yourself. What was it this afternoon—the S. P. C. A., or the Children's Hospital, or the Fiji Muffler fund?"

"I 'm glad to hear that you 're through with this—this statue," said her father, gravely. "You were making yourself ill at it." He crossed over and kissed her shyly. She took the caress with wooden unconcern. "If you could only limit your hours of work to the daytime, daughter, and have your rest more regularly, I feel sure that it would be better for you. Then your meals—"

Sidney broke in upon his halting protests with a gesture which silenced him like a blow. "I 've told you over and over, seventy times seven, that I do the best I can, dad," she cried hotly. "Try it for yourself, and see how easy it is. It 's a bit different from historical associations and missionary relief—"

"Is it the 'Melpomene' you are working on now?" he put in hastily, to stem the tide. "Or the group—'Charity'?"

"The 'Charity,'" she returned, only half mollified. "I 'd think you 'd remember that I broke up the 'Melpomene' and stuffed her back into the clay heap, where she belonged. Hateful thing! My first sketch was well enough, maybe; but when I came to work it out, the face looked like a gingerbread cat, and the shoulders—gr-r-r! They were worse than mine." She shrugged her angular young back with a grimace. "Grandmother used to make me hickory-nut dolls—the nut for a head, and a twig body, and broom-straw arms. You 'd think I had had one of them for a model!"

"What became of the woman who sat for the group? For the head of 'Charity'?" It was Mrs. Lagorio from the mission, was n't it?"

"Yes. I sent her away on Monday. She was worse than hopeless. Oh, of course I paid her—more than she earned."

"I wish you might have kept her, dear. You know her husband is still in the hospital, and she has two children to support."

"I thought the society was taking care of them."

"Well, it is; but we cannot afford to provide for all the family; and she seems to show no aptitude for anything but posing."

"She has an unrivaled aptitude for ruining a pose by gabbling all the time," snapped Sidney. She sat crouched before the hearth, bathed in the mingling glow of lamp and fire. She was twenty-six years old, and ordinarily she looked thirty; but in this soft luminousness the lines of straining work and eager study were blotted out, and only weariness and youth remained.

Above her smiled the rosy portrait, aloof, serene. It was the likeness of a young girl—younger than herself—dressed with the crude elaboration of the early seventies, yet lovely with a loveliness which triumphed far above the horrors of bungling line and flaunting ornament. She seemed to lean from the portrait, waiting, expectant; her dark eyes shone with happy wonder; her lips curved in joyous, trusting question. She looked down now upon life as she had looked upon it through her dear, fleeting hour; a child upon a balcony, leaning to pelt the maskers with roses and to be pelted in return, seeing only the garlands, the merriment, the light. She had made of life the one petition—the right to give. And her face held all the rapture of a prayer fulfilled.

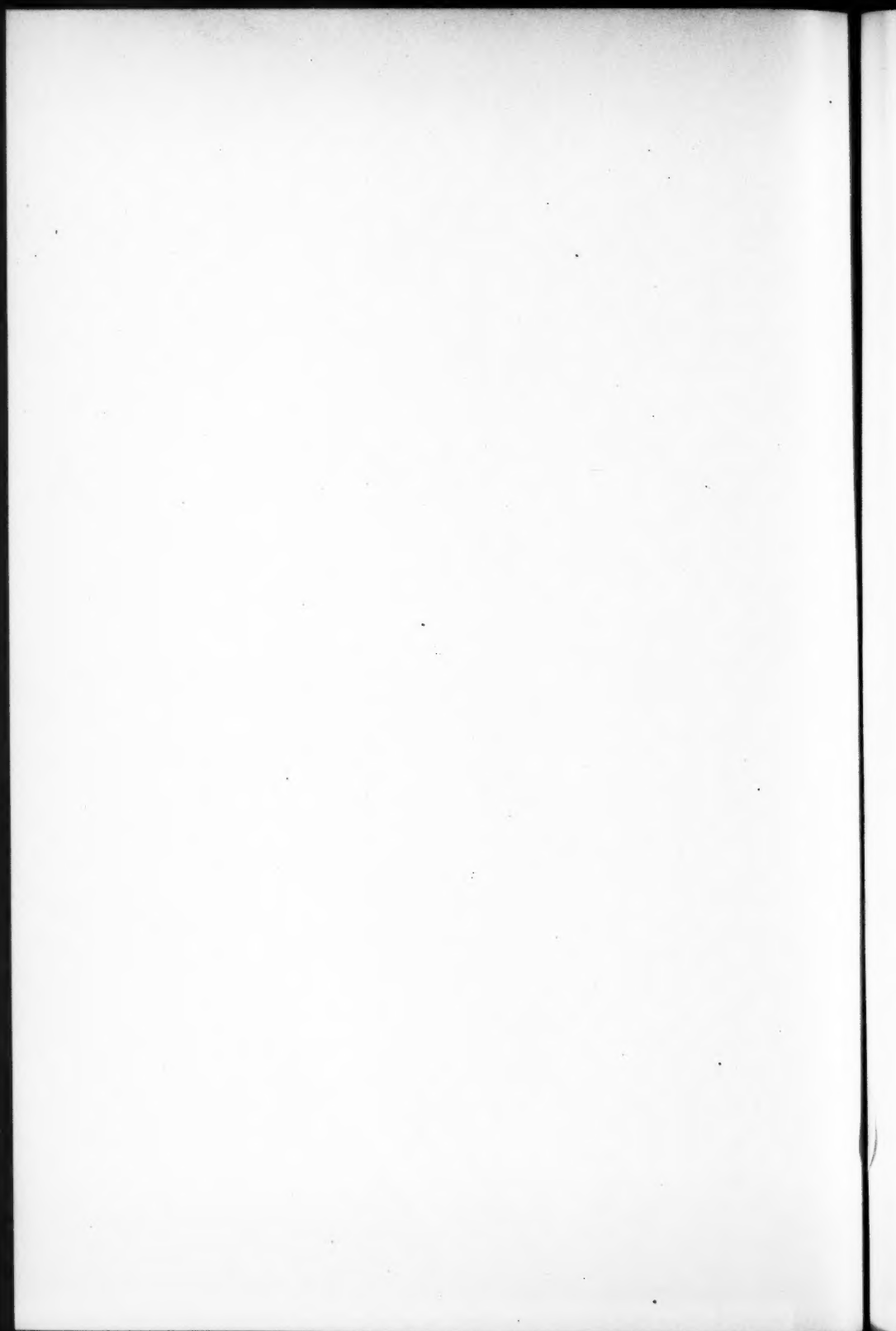
The father glanced up at the portrait; then his eyes fell tenderly upon the girl below. The haunting resemblance between the two stung him afresh with keen, exquisite pain. Her life had been one largess, this beautiful, dead young mother; but for all her royal giving, what had she bequeathed to this, her child? Her beauty, perhaps; the virginal grace of line and poise; the heaped, soft clouding night of hair; the free young limbs; at best, this was but meager heritage against the boundless treasure of her spirit.

Sidney had been defrauded, somehow, poor child. Ah, poor child, indeed! The father looked at her restless eyes, her bitter young mouth, with heartsick



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE FACE OF THE 'CHARITY' SHONE FLAWLESS, A WHITE STAR"



self-reproach. Was it a flaw of her own making, this strange wilfulness which so grieved and daunted him? Or could it be that he himself had marred and blighted, striving with tender, awkward hands to do his best by her, his motherless beloved?

The supreme pang of fatherhood struck at his heart anew. By what right had he given life, when he might not promise the heart of peace, that best that life might bring?

"Oh, I am so tired!" Sidney stood up with a long, quivering sigh. "I could locate every bone in my body. There are two hundred and eight of them, two aches apiece. Come on to dinner, father. I'm starving, perishing. I could eat Thomson, if he were dished up with cream gravy."

After dinner Sidney went back to her piano, playing irresolutely. The major wandered in and listened for a while; but her fatigue was too broadly evident in touch and attitude for the music to give pleasure.

"You'd better get to rest before long, daughter," he said, rising at last. "I believe I shall go over to vestry meeting. You—you will not be lonely?"

It was his invariable gentle question; to-night, for the first time, he realized its grotesque futility. Lonely! Although they might stand within a hand's grasp, they lived as remote as upon alien spheres.

"Certainly. It does n't matter," said Sidney, absently. She stood up, brushing down her shabby skirt; it seemed to occur to her for the first time how untidy she must appear. "I forgot all about dressing for dinner," she said half apologetically. "But I dare say you never noticed; so it does n't matter. You're going upstairs, dad?"

"Yes." He hesitated. "Shall I—would you object if I looked in on the statue? I should like very much to take a peep at it."

"Should you?" Sidney gave him an inscrutable look. Her lips shut tightly; a slow, painful flush mounted to her hair. The major wondered.

"Of course not, if you would rather I waited till another time. But I was going up, anyway, and I thought—"

"Oh, go on. Surely I want you to see. Only—"

She did not finish the sentence. She thrust her hand into the neck of her blouse, and pulled out the studio key. "Lock the door when you come down, will you? I'm not going up again to-night."

The entr'acte of "Carmen" echoed through the halls in noisy jubilation as the major stooped to unlock the door. He entered the long, high, pale-lighted room with the curious trepidation which its gaunt spaces always roused in him. The air felt wet and cold after the fire-lighted comfort of the study. He shivered a little as he lifted the cloths and looked at the fresh-molded image.

The conception was exquisite; the young, gracious figure, clasping her own child to her breast and stooping, thus encumbered, to lift the woman who lay face down, fallen most piteously, at her feet. The work was still in rough draft. The prostrate body was scarcely outlined; the child's form was an armful of half-shaped clay. But the face of the 'Charity' shone flawless, a white star.

The major looked at it with troubled eyes. It was beautiful—beautiful beyond expression. But in its hushed perfection it made a new, pitiless barrier. The wonder of her genius thrust him even farther apart from her. He might love with his whole being; but though he laid down body and soul in love, it would not be given him to understand.

And yet—and yet— He stooped close over the white, lifted face. The room swam and darkened: his strong old hands gripped tense on the heavy key. Slowly he knew, and his heart knelt down before the miracle.

It was not her face. Not even a hand inspired might mold its loveliness. But as clear as dawn light her soul looked up to him, mirrored within the work of this, their child. Her lovely heart of greeting to the world; her shy, wistful fancy; her fathomless tenderness. All her dear beauty, that light the fading of which left his years so dusk and empty, breathed up to him in radiance new-created. All the pity of her torn young life caught at his heart with rapt, unutterable pain.

Ah, she was her mother's child. She was her mother's soul. For of herself she could not know. For of herself she could never soar past these heights; she could

never fathom these depths of holy suffering, of immemorial love.

HE stumbled down the dark, warm stairway, groping blindly, his face uplifted, as one who walks in dreams. The wild, barbaric cry of the dance shrieked up to him like a taunting voice. He did not hear. He pushed on to the music-room. Sidney rose up, startled at his white face.

"What 's the matter, dad? Has anything gone wrong?"

He felt her tremble against his breast. He looked down into her black eyes, aflash with their keen, indomitable spirit, her brave lips, set hard against the tempest of her tears.

"You did n't suppose I had it in me." She spoke evenly, gulping back her sobs. "You did n't know—we never do. But it was there always—yours and hers. Only I was so everlasting obstinate. I could n't tell it. There, now, kiss me, dad. Don't let 's be such—fools."



A RESPONSE

BY JULIA DITTO YOUNG

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."—OWEN GLENDOWER.

FROM a void beyond the sun—
Neither night nor day is there,
Nothing to be lost or won,
Nothing foul and nothing fair,
Neither garlands are, nor scars,
Sense is fled and spirit numb,—
From a desert 'mid the stars,
Since you called me, I have come!

Learn we may not, nor can teach,
Joy we know not, neither fear,
Vacant gaze we each on each,
None is dreaded, none is dear,—
Sight there 's not, nor is there sound,
Save the mighty spheric hum,—
But your cry that thunder drowned,
You have called, and I have come!

Once an age a comet tears
Ruthless through our filmy files,—
Then we shudder, for it bears
Millions off a million miles,
And each further league of space
Adds unto our blankness' sum,—
I was not exiled past grace,—
When you called me, I could come!

Bold were you, and overbold
Thus to jar a soul at peace,—
Know you not the bells were knolled
Cycles since for my release?
What was man is mingling now
With the Mother, crumb by crumb,—
Did you pause to question *how*,
If you called me, I must come?

Oh! it was a fearsome way!
Groan I could not, nor could bleed,
Neither could I weep or pray,
Dizzy with that frightful speed,—
Oh! the pang to mix again
With the gross earth-atmosphere,
With the reek of fog and fen,—
But you called, and I am here!



THE YIDDISH "HAMLET"

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I



HE little poet sat in the East-side café, looking six feet high. Melchitsedek Pinchas had arrived in New York only that very March, and already a crowd of votaries hung upon his lips and paid for all that entered them. Again had the saying been verified that a prophet is nowhere without honor save in his own country. The play that had vainly plucked at the stage-door of the jargon theaters of Europe had already been accepted by the leading Yiddish theater of New York. At least there were several jargon theaters, each claiming this supreme position, but the poet felt that the production of his play at Goldwater's Theater settled the question between them.

"It is the greatest play of the generation," he told the young socialists and free-thinkers who sat around him this Friday evening imbibing chocolate. "It will be translated into every tongue." He had passed with a characteristic bound from satisfaction with the Ghetto triumph into cosmopolitan anticipations. "See," he added, "my initials make M.P.—Master Playwright."

"Also Mud Pusher," murmured from the next table Ostrovsky, the socialist leader, who found himself almost deserted

for the new lion. "Who is this uncombed bunco-steerer?"

"He calls himself the 'sweet singer in Israel,'" contemptuously replied Ostrovsky's remaining parasite.

"But look here, Pinchas," interposed Benjamin Tuch, another of the displaced demigods, a politician, with a delusion that he swayed Presidential elections by his prestige in Brooklyn. "You said the other day that your initials made 'Messianic Poet.'"

"And don't they?" inquired the poet, his Dantesque, if dingy, face flushing spiritedly. "You call yourself a leader, and you don't know your A B C!"

There was a laugh, and Benjamin Tuch scowled.

"They can't stand for everything," he said.

"No—they can't stand for 'Bowery Tough,'" admitted Pinchas; and the table roared again, partly at the rapidity with which this linguistic genius had picked up the local slang. "But as our pious lunatics think there are many meanings in every letter of the Torah," went on the pleased poet, "so there are meanings innumerable in every letter of my name. If I am playwright as well as poet, was not Shakspeare both also?"

"You would n't class yourself with a low-down barn-stormer like Shakspeare," said Tuch, sarcastically.

"My superiority to Shakspeare I leave to others to discover," replied the poet, seriously, and with unexpected modesty. "I discovered it for myself in writing this very play; but I cannot expect the world to admit it till the play is produced."

"How did you come to find it out yourself?" asked Witberg, the young violinist, who was never sure whether he was guying the poet or sitting at his feet.

"It happened most naturally—order me another cup of chocolate, Witberg. You see, when Iselmann was touring with his Yiddish troupe through Galicia, he had the idea of acquainting the Jewish masses with 'Hamlet,' and he asked me to make the Yiddish translation, as one great poet translating another—and some of those almond-cakes, Witberg! Well, I started on the job, and then of course the discovery was inevitable. The play, which I had not read since my youth, and then only in a mediocre Hebrew version, appeared unspeakably childish in places. Take, for example, the Ghost—these almond-cakes are as stale as sermons: command me a cream-tart, Witberg. What was I saying?"

"The Ghost," murmured a dozen voices.

"Ah, yes—now, how can a ghost affect a modern audience which no longer believes in ghosts?"

"That is true." The table was visibly stimulated, as though the chocolate had turned into champagne. The word "modern" stirred the souls of these refugees from the old Ghettos like a trumpet: unbelief, if only in ghosts, was oxygen to the prisoners of a tradition of three thousand years. The poet perceived his moment. He laid a black-nailed finger impressively on the right side of his nose.

"I translated Shakspeare,—yes,—but into modern terms. The Ghost vanished—Hamlet's tragedy remained only the internal incapacity of the thinker for the lower activity of action."

The men of action pricked up their ears.

"The higher activity, you mean," corrected Ostrovsky.

"Thought," said Benjamin Tuch, "has no value till it is translated into action."

"Exactly; you've got to work it up," said Colonel Klopsky, who had large ranching and mining interests out West,

and, with his florid personality, looked entirely out of place in these old haunts of his.

"*Shtuss!* [Nonsense!]" said the poet, disrespectfully. "Acts are only soldiers; thought is the general."

Witberg demurred. "It is n't much use *thinking* about playing the violin, Pinchas."

"My friend," said the poet, "the thinker in music is the man who writes your solos. His thoughts exist, whether you play them or not—and independently of your false notes. But you performers are all alike—I have no doubt the leading man who plays my Hamlet will imagine his is the higher activity. But woe be to those fellows if they change a syllable!"

"Your Hamlet?" sneered Ostrovsky. "Since when?"

"Since I recreated him for the modern world, without tinsel and pasteboard; since I conceived him in fire and bore him in agony; since—even the cream of this tart is sour—since I carried him to and fro in my pocket, as a young kangaroo is carried in the pouch of the mother."

"Then Iselmann did not produce it?"

"Then Iselmann did not produce it?" asked the Heathen Journalist, who haunted the East Side for copy, and pronounced Pinchas, "Pin-cuss."

"No; I changed his name to Eselmann, the Donkey-man. For I had hardly read him ten times before he brayed out, 'Where is the Ghost?' 'The Ghost?' I said, 'I have laid him. He cannot walk on the modern stage.' Eselmann tore his hair. 'But it is for the Ghost I had him translated. Our Yiddish audiences love a ghost.' 'They love your acting, too,' I replied witheringly. 'But I am not here to consider the tastes of the mob.' Oh, I gave the Donkey-man a piece of my mind."

"But he did n't take the piece!" jested Grunbitz, who in Poland had been a *Badchan* (marriage-jester) and was now a Zionist editor.

"Bah! These managers are all men-of-the-earth! Once, in my days of obscurity, I was made to put a besom into the piece, and it swept all my genius off the boards. Ah, the donkey-men! But I am glad Eselmann gave me my 'Hamlet' back, for before giving it to Goldwater I made it even more subtle. No vulgar

nonsense of fencing and poison at the end—a pure mental tragedy, for in life the soul alone counts. No—this cream is just as sour as the other—my play will be the internal tragedy of the thinker."

"The internal tragedy of the thinker is indigestion," laughed the ex-Badchan; "you 'd better be more careful with the cream-tarts."

The Heathen Journalist broke through the laughter. "Strikes me, Pin-cuss, you 're giving us Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark."

"Better than the Prince of Denmark without Hamlet," retorted the poet, cramming cream-tart down his throat in great, ugly mouthfuls; "that is how he is usually played. In my version the Prince of Denmark indeed vanishes, for Hamlet is a Hebrew and the Prince of Palestine."

"You have made him a Hebrew?" cried Mieses, a pimply young poet.

"If he is to be the ideal thinker, let him belong to the nation of thinkers," said Pinchas. "In fact, the play is virtually an autobiography."

"And do you call it 'Hamlet' still?" asked the Heathen Journalist, producing his note-book, for he began to see his way to a Sunday sensation.

"Why not? True, it is virtually a new work. But Shakspeare borrowed his story from an old play called 'Hamlet,' and treated it to suit himself; why, therefore, should I not treat Shakspeare as it suits me? The cat eats the rat, and the dog bites the cat." He laughed his sniggering laugh. "If I were to call it by another name, some learned fool would point out it was stolen from Shakspeare: whereas at present it challenges comparison."

"But you discovered Shakspeare cannot sustain the comparison," said Benjamin Tuch, winking at the company.

"Only as the astronomer of to-day is superior to the medieval astrologer," the poet explained with placid modesty. "The muddle-headedness of Shakspeare's ideas—which, incidentally, is the cause of the muddle of Hamlet's character—has given way to the clear vision of the modern. How could Shakspeare really describe the thinker? The Elizabethans could not think. They were like our rabbis."

The unexpected digression into contemporary satire made the whole café laugh.

Gradually other atoms had drifted toward the new magnet. From the remotest corners eyes strayed and ears were pricked up. Pinchas was indeed a figure of mark, with somebody else's frock-coat on his meager person, his hair flowing like a dark cascade under a broad-brimmed, dusky hat, and his somber face aglow with genius and cocksureness.

"Why should you expect thought from a rabbi?" said Grunbitz. "You don't expect truth from a tradesman. Besides, only youth thinks."

"That is well said," approved Pinchas. "He who is ever thinking never grows old. I shall die young, like all whom the gods love. Waiter, give Mr. Grunbitz a cup of chocolate."

"Thank you—but I don't care for any."

"You cannot refuse—you will pain Witberg," said the poet, simply.

In the great city around them men jumped on and off electric cars, whizzed up and down lifts, hustled through lobbies, hulled through telephones, tore open telegrams, dictated to clacking typists, filled life with sound and flurry, with the bustle of the markets and the chink of the eternal dollar; while here, serenely smoking and sipping, ruffled only by the breezes of argument, leisurely as the philosophers in the colonnades of Athens, the talkers of the Ghetto, earnest as their forefathers before the great folios of the Talmud, made an Oriental oasis amid the simoom-whirl of the Occident. And the Heathen Journalist who had discovered it felt, as so often before, that here alone in this arid, mushroom New York was antiquity, was restfulness, was romanticism; here was the Latin Quarter of the city of the Goths.

Encouraged by the master's good-humor, young Mieses timidly exhibited his new verses. Pinchas read the manuscript aloud, to the confusion of the blushing boy.

"But it is full of genius!" he cried in genuine astonishment. "I might have written it myself, except that it is so unequal, a mixture of diamonds and paste, like all Hebrew literature." He indicated with flawless taste the good lines, not knowing they were one and all unconscious reproductions from the English masterpieces Mieses had borrowed from the library in the Educational Alliance.

The acolytes listened respectfully, and the beardless, blotchy-faced Mieses began to take importance in their eyes and to betray the importance he held in his own.

"Perhaps I, too, shall write a play one day," he said. "My 'M,' too, makes 'Master.'"

"It may be that you are destined to wear my mantle," said Pinchas, graciously.

Mieses looked involuntarily at the ill-fitting frock-coat.

Pinchas rose. "And now, Mieses, you must give me a car-fare. I have to go and talk to the manager about rehearsals. One must superintend the actors one's self—these pumpkin-heads are capable of any crime, even of altering one's best phrases."

Radsikoff smiled. He had sat still in his corner, this most prolific of Ghetto dramatists, his big, furrowed forehead supported on his fist, a huge, odorous cigar in his mouth.

"I suppose Goldwater plays *Hamlet*," he said.

"We have not discussed it yet," said Pinchas, airily.

Radsikoff smiled again. "Oh, he 'll pull through—so long as Mrs. Goldwater does n't play *Ophelia*."

"She play *Ophelia*! She would not dream of such a thing. She is a saucy soubrette; she belongs to vaudeville."

"All right. I have warned you."

"You don't think there is really a danger—" Pinchas was pale and shaking.

"The Yiddish stage is so moral. Husbands and wives, unfortunately, live and play together," said the old dramatist, dryly.

"I 'll drown her truly before I let her play my *Ophelia*," said the poet, venomously.

Radsikoff shrugged his shoulders and dropped into American. "Well, it 's up to you."

"The minx!" Pinchas shook his fist at the air. "But I 'll manage her. If the worst comes to the worst, I 'll make love to her."

The poet's sublime confidence in his charms was too much even for his admirers. The mental juxtaposition of the seedy poet and the piquant actress in her frills and furbelows set the whole café rocking with laughter. Pinchas took it as a tribute to his ingenious method of draw-

ing the soubrette-serpent's fangs. He grinned placidly.

"And when is your play coming on?" asked Radsikoff.

"After Passover," replied Pinchas, beginning to button his frock-coat against the outer cold. If only to oust this *Ophelia*, he must be at the theater instantler.

"Has Goldwater given you a contract?"

"I am a poet, not a lawyer," said Pinchas, proudly. "Parchments are for Philistines; honest men build on the word."

"After all, it comes to the same thing—with Goldwater," said Radsikoff, dryly. "But he 's no worse than the others; I 've never yet found the contract any manager could n't slip out of. I 've never yet met the playwright that the manager could n't dodge." Radsikoff, indeed, divided his time between devising plays and devising contracts. Every experience but suggested fresh clauses. He regarded Pinchas with commiseration rather than jealousy. "I shall come to your first night," he added.

"It will be a tribute which the audience will appreciate," said Pinchas. "I am thinking that if I had one of these aromatic cigars, I too might offer a burnt-offering unto the Lord."

There was general laughter at the blasphemy, for the Sabbath, with its privation of fire, had long since begun.

"Try taking instead of thinking," laughed the playwright, pushing forward his case. "Action is greater than thought."

"No, no, no!" Pinchas protested, as he fumbled for the finest cigar. "Wait till you see my play—you must all come—I will send you all boxes. Then you will learn that thought is greater than action—that thought is the greatest thing in the world."

II

SUCKING voluptuously at Radsikoff's cigar, Pinchas plunged from the steam-heated, cheerful café into the raw, unlovely street, still hummocked with an ancient, uncleared snowfall. He did not take the horse-car which runs in this quarter: he was reserving the five cents for a spirituous nightcap. His journey was slow, for a side street that he had to pass through was, like nearly all the side streets of the great city, an abomination

of desolation, a tempestuous sea of frozen, dirty snow, impassable by all save pedestrians, and scarcely by them. Pinchas was glad of his cane; an alpenstock would not have been superfluous. But the theater, with its brilliantly lighted lobby and flamboyant posters, restored his spirits; the curtain was already up, and a packed mass filled the house from roof to floor. Rebuffed by the janitors, Pinchas haughtily asked for Goldwater. Goldwater was on the stage and could not see him. But nothing could down the poet, whose head seemed to swell till it touched the gallery. This great theater was his, this mighty audience his to melt and fire.

"I will await him in a box," he said.

"There 's no room," said the usher.

Pinchas threw up his head. "I am the author of 'Hamlet'!"

The usher winced as at a blow. All his life he had heard vaguely of "Hamlet"—as a great play that was acted in Broadway. And now here was the author himself! All the instinctive snobbery of the Ghetto toward the grand world was excited. And yet this seedy figure conflicted painfully with his ideas of the uptown type. But perhaps all dramatists were alike. Pinchas was bowed forward.

In another instant the theater was in an uproar. A man in a comfortable fauteuil had been asked to accommodate the distinguished stranger and had refused.

"I pay my dollar—what for shall I go?"

"But it is the author of 'Hamlet'!"

"My money is as good as his."

"But he does n't pay."

"And I shall give my good seat to a *Schnorrer*!"

"Sh! Sh!" from all parts of the house, like water livening, not killing, a flame. From every side came expostulations in Yiddish and American. This was a free republic; the author of "Hamlet" was no better than anybody else. Goldwater, on the stage, glared at the little poet.

At last a compromise was found. A chair was placed at the back of a packed box. American boxes are constructed for publicity, not privacy, but the other dozen occupants bulked between him and the house. He could see, but he could not be seen. Sullen and mortified, he listened contemptuously to the play.

It was, indeed, a strange farrago, this

romantic drama with which the vast audience had replaced the Sabbath pieties, the home-keeping ritual of the Ghetto, in their swift transformation to American life. Confined entirely to Jewish characters, it had borrowed much from the heroes and heroines of the Western world, remaining psychologically true only in its minor characters, which were conceived and rendered with wonderful realism by the gifted actors. And this naturalism was shot through with streaks of pure fantasy, so that kangaroos suddenly bounded on in a masque for the edification of a Russian tyrant. But comedy and fantasy alike were subordinated to horror and tragedy: these refugees from the brutality of Russia and Rumania, these inheritors of the wailing melodies of a persecuted synagogue, craved morbidly for gruesomeness and gore. The "happy endings" of Broadway would have spelled bankruptcy here. Players and audience made a large family party,—the unflinching result of a stable stock company, with the parts always cast in the same mold. And it was almost an impromptu performance: Pinchas, from his proximity to the stage, could hear every word from the prompter's box, which rose in the center of the footlights. The Yiddish prompter did not wait till the players "dried up": it was his rôle to read the whole play ahead of them. "Then you are the woman who murdered my mother," he would gabble. And the actor, hearing, invented immediately the fit attitude and emphasis, spinning out with elocutionary slowness and passion the raw material supplied to him. No mechanical crossing and recrossing the stage, no punctilious tuition by your stage-manager: all was inspiration and fire. But to Pinchas this hearing of the play twice over—once raw and once cooked—was maddening.

"The lazy-bones!" he murmured. "Not thus shall they treat my lines. Every syllable must be engraved upon their hearts—or I forbid the curtain to go up. Not that it matters with this fool-dramatist's words: they are ink-vomit, not literature."

Another feature of the dialogue jarred upon his literary instinct. Incongruously blended with the Yiddish were elementary American expressions—the first the immigrants would pick up. "All right,"

"Sure!" "Yes, sir," "Say, how 's the boss?" "Good-by," "Not got a cent," "Take the elevated," "Yup," "Nup," "Get out!" "Rubber-neck!"—a continuous fusillade of such phrases stimulated and flattered the audience, pleased to find themselves on such easy terms with the new language. But to Pinchas the idea of peppering his pure Yiddish with such locutions was odious. The Prince of Palestine talking with a twang—how could he permit such an outrage upon his Hebrew Hamlet?

Hardly had the curtain fallen on the act than he darted through the iron door that led from the rear of the box to the stage, jostling the cursing carpenters, and pushed aside by the perspiring principals, on whom the curtain was rising and re-rising in a continuous roar. At last he found himself in the little bureau and dressing-room in which Goldwater was angrily changing his trousers. Kloot, the actor-manager's factotum, a big-nosed, insolent youth, sat on the table beside the telephone, a peaked cap on his head, his legs swinging.

"Son of a witch! You come and disturb all my house. What do you want?" cried Goldwater.

"I want to talk to you about rehearsals."

"I told you I would let you know when rehearsals began."

"But you forgot to take my address."

"As if I don't know where to find you!"

Kloot grinned. "Pinchas gets drinks from all the café," he put in.

"They drink to the health of 'Hamlet,'" said Pinchas, proudly.

"All right; Kloot 's got your address. Good evening."

"But when will it be? I must know."

"We can't fix it to a day. There 's plenty of money in this piece yet."

"Money—bah! But merit?"

"You fellows are as jealous as the devil."

"Me jealous of kangaroos! In Central Park you see giraffes—and tortoises, too. Central Park has more talent than this scribbler of yours."

"I doubt if there 's a bigger peacock than here," murmured Goldwater.

"I 'll write you about rehearsals," said Kloot, winking at Goldwater.

"But I must know weeks ahead—I may go lecturing. The great continent calls for me. In Chicago, in Cincinnati—"

"Go, by all means," said Goldwater. "We can do without you."

"Do without me? A nice mess you will make of it! I must teach you how to say every line."

"Teach *me*?" Goldwater could hardly believe his ears.

Pinchas wavered. "I—I mean the company. I will show them the accent—the gesture. I 'm a great stage-manager as well as a great poet. There shall be no more prompter."

"Indeed!" Goldwater raised the eyebrow he was penciling. "And how are you going to get on without a prompter?"

"Very simple—a month's rehearsals."

Goldwater turned an apoplectic hue deeper than his rouge.

Kloot broke in impishly: "It is very good of you to give us a month of your valuable time."

But Goldwater was too irate for irony. "A month!" he gasped at last. "I could put on six melodramas in a month."

"But 'Hamlet' is not a melodrama!" said Pinchas, shocked.

"Quite so; there is not half the scenery. It 's the scenery that takes time rehears-ing, not the scenes."

The poet was now as purple as the player. "You would profane my divine work by gabbling through it with your pack of parrots!"

"Here, just *you* come off your perch!" said Kloot. "You 've written the piece; we do the rest." Kloot, though only nineteen and at a few dollars a week, had a fine, careless equality not only with the whole world, but even with his employer. He was now, to his amaze, confronted by a superior.

"Silence, impudent-face! You are not talking to Radsikoff. I am a Poet, and I demand my rights."

Kloot was silent from sheer surprise.

Goldwater was similarly impressed. "What rights?" he observed more mildly. "You 've had your twenty dollars. And that was too much."

"Too much! Twenty dollars for the masterpiece of the twentieth century!"

"In the twenty-first century you shall have twenty-one dollars," said Kloot, recovering.

"Make mock as you please," replied the poet, superbly. "I shall be living in the fifty-first century, even. Poets never die—though, alas! they have to live. Twenty dollars too much, indeed! It is not a dollar a century for the run of the play."

"Very well," said Goldwater, grimly. "Give them back. We return your play."

This time it was the poet that was disconcerted. "No, no, Goldwater—I must not disappoint my printer. I have promised him the twenty dollars to print my Hebrew 'Selections from Nietzsche.'"

"You take your manuscript and give me my money," said Goldwater, implacably.

"Exchange would be a robbery. I will not rob you. Keep your bargain. See, here is the printer's letter." He dragged from a tail-pocket a mass of motley manuscripts and yellow letters, and laid them beside the telephone, as if to search among them.

Goldwater waved a repudiating hand.

"Be not a fool-man, Goldwater." The poet's carneying forefinger was laid on his nose. "I and you are the only two people in New York who serve the poetic drama—I by writing, you by producing."

Goldwater still shook his head, albeit a whit appeased by the flattery.

Kloot replied for him: "Your manuscript shall be returned to you by the first dust-cart."

Pinchas disregarded the youth. "But I am willing you shall have only a fortnight's rehearsals. I believe in you, Goldwater. I have always said, 'The only genius on the Yiddish stage is Goldwater.' Klostermann—bah! He produces not so badly, but act? My grandmother's hen has a better stage presence. And there is Davidoff—a voice like a frog and a walk like a spider. And these charlatans I only heard of when I came to New York. But you, Goldwater—your fame has blown across the Atlantic, over the Carpathians. I journeyed from Cracow expressly to collaborate with you."

"Then why do you spoil it all?" asked the mollified manager.

"It is my anxiety that Europe shall not be disappointed in you. Let us talk of the cast."

"It is so early yet."

"The early bird catches the worm."

"But all our worms are caught," grinned Kloot. "We keep our talent pinned on the premises."

"I know, I know," said Pinchas, paling. He saw Mrs. Goldwater tripping on saucily as *Ophelia*.

"But we don't give all our talent to one play," the manager reminded him.

"No, of course not," said Pinchas, with a breath of hope.

"We have to use all our people by turns. We divide our forces. With myself as *Hamlet*, you will have a cast that should satisfy any author."

"Do I not know it?" said Pinchas. "Were you but to say your lines, leaving all the others to be read by the prompter, the house would be spellbound, like Moses when he saw the burning bush."

"That being so," said Goldwater, "you could not expect to have my wife in the same cast."

"No, indeed," said Pinchas, enthusiastically. "Two such tragic geniuses would confuse and distract, like the sun and the moon shining together."

Goldwater coughed. "But *Ophelia* is really a small part," he murmured.

"It is," Pinchas acquiesced. "Your wife's tragic powers would only be displayed in 'Hamlet' if, like so many celebrated actresses, she appeared as the Prince of Palestine himself."

"Heaven forbid my wife should so lower herself!" said Goldwater. "A decent Jewish housewife cannot appear in breeches."

"That is what makes it impossible," assented Pinchas. "And there is no other part worthy of Mrs. Goldwater."

"It may be she would sacrifice herself," said the manager, musingly.

"And who am I that I should ask her to sacrifice herself?" replied the poet, modestly.

"Fanny won't sacrifice *Ophelia*," Kloot observed dryly to his chief.

"You hear?" said Goldwater, as quick as lightning. "My wife will not sacrifice *Ophelia* by leaving her to a minor player. She thinks only of the play. It is very noble of her."

"But she has worked so hard," pleaded the poet, desperately, "she needs a rest."

"My wife never spares herself."

Pinchas lost his head. "But she might spare *Ophelia*," he groaned.

"What do you mean?" cried Goldwater, gruffly. "My wife will honor you by playing *Ophelia*. That is ended." He waved the make-up brush in his hand.

"No, it is not ended," said Pinchas, desperately. "Your wife is a comic actress—"

"You just admitted she was tragic—"

"It is heartbreaking to see her in tragedy," said Pinchas, burning his boats. "She skips and jumps. Rather would I give *Ophelia* to one of your kangaroos!"

"You low-down monkey!" Goldwater almost flung his brush into the poet's face. "You compare my wife to a kangaroo! Take your filthy manuscript and begone where the pepper grows."

"Well, Fanny would be rather funny as *Ophelia*," put in Kloot, pacifyingly.

"And to make your wife ridiculous as *Ophelia*," added Pinchas, eagerly, "you would rob the world of your *Hamlet*!"

"I can get plenty of 'Hamlets.' Any scribbler can translate Shakspeare."

"Perhaps; but who can surpass Shakspeare? Who can make him intelligible to the modern soul?"

"Mr. Goldwater," cried the call-boy, with the patness of a reply.

The irate manager bustled out, not sorry to escape with his dignity and so cheap a masterpiece. Kloot was left, with swinging legs, dominating the situation. In idle curiosity and with the simplicity of perfectly bad manners, he took up the poet's papers and letters and perused them. As there were scraps of verse amid the mass, Pinchas let him read on unrebuked.

"You will talk to him, Kloot," he pleaded at last. "You will save *Ophelia*."

The big-nosed youth looked up from his impertinent inquisition. "Rely on me, if I have to play her myself."

"But that will be still worse," said Pinchas, seriously.

Kloot grinned. "How do you know? You've never seen me act."

The poet laid his finger beseechingly on his nose. "You will not spoil my play, will get me a maidenly *Ophelia*? I and you are the only two men in New York who understand how to cast a play."

"You leave it to me," said Kloot; "I have a wife of my own."

"What!" shrieked Pinchas.

"Don't be alarmed—I'll coach her.

She's just the age for the part. Mrs. Goldwater might be her mother."

"But can she make the audience cry?"

"You bet; a regular onion of an *Ophelia*."

"But I must see her rehearse; then I can decide."

"Of course."

"And you will seek me in the café when rehearsals begin?"

"That goes without saying."

The poet looked cunning. "But don't you say without going."

"How can we rehearse without you? You should n't have worried the boss. We'll call you, even if it's the middle of the night."

The poet jumped at Kloot's hand and kissed it.

"Protector of poets!" he cried ecstatically. "And you will see that they do not mutilate my play; you will not suffer a single hair of my poesy to be harmed?"

"Not a hair shall be cut," said Kloot, solemnly.

Pinchas kissed his hand again. "Ah, I and you are the only two men in New York who understand how to treat poesy."

"Sure!" Kloot snatched his hand away. "Good-by!"

Pinchas lingered, gathering up his papers. "And you will see they do not adulterate it with American. In Zion they do not say, 'Sure,' or 'Lend me a nickel.'"

"I guess not," said Kloot. "Good-by."

"All the same, you might lend me a nickel for car-fare."

Kloot thought his departure cheap at five cents. He handed it over.

The poet went. An instant afterward the door reopened and his head reappeared, the nose adorned with a pleading forefinger.

"You promise me all this?"

"Have n't I promised?"

"But swear to me."

"Will you go—if I swear?"

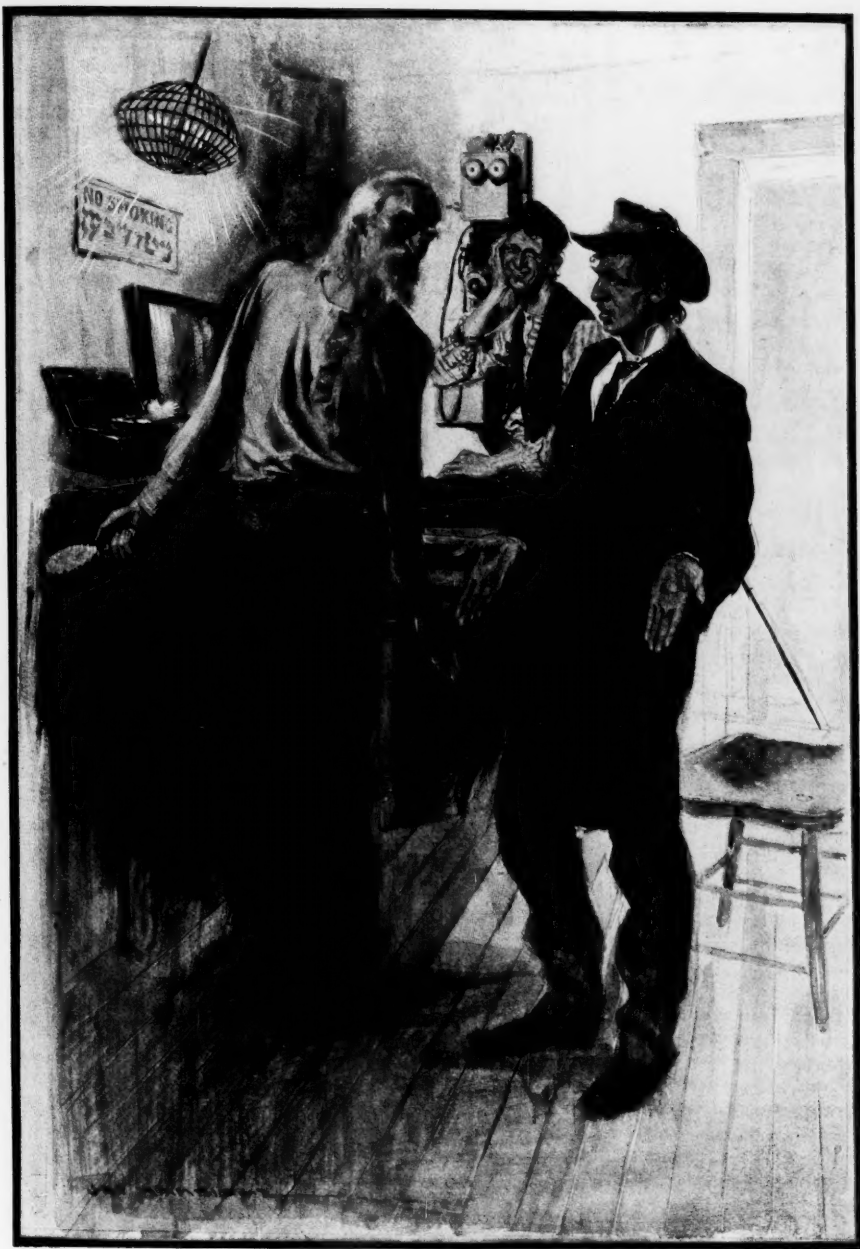
"Yup," said Pinchas, airing his American.

"And you won't come back till rehearsals begin?"

"Nup."

"Then I swear—on my father's and mother's life!"

Pinchas departed gleefully, not knowing that Kloot was an orphan.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MY WIFE WILL HONOR YOU BY PLAYING OPHELIA"

III

ON the very verge of Passover, Pinchas, lying in bed at noon with a cigarette in his mouth, was reading his morning paper by candle-light; for he tenanted one of those innumerable dark rooms which should make New York the photographer's paradise. The yellow glow illumined his prophetic and unshaven countenance, agitated by grimaces and sniffs, as he critically perused the paragraphs whose Hebrew letters served as the channel for the mongrel Yiddish and American dialect, in which "congressman," "sweater," and such-like crudities of to-day had all the outer Oriental robing of the Old Testament. Suddenly a strange gurgle spluttered through the cigarette smoke. He read the announcement again.

The Yiddish "Hamlet" was to be the Passover production at Goldwater's Theater. The author was the world-renowned poet, Melchitsedek Pinchas, and the music was by Ignatz Levitsky, the world-famous composer.

"World-famous composer, indeed!" cried Pinchas to his garret walls. "Who ever heard of Ignatz Levitsky? And who wants his music? The tragedy of a thinker needs no caterwauling of violins. Does Goldwater imagine I have written a melodrama? At most will I permit an overture—or the cymbals shall clash as I take my call."

He leaped out of bed. Even greater than his irritation at this intrusion of Levitsky was his joyful indignation at the imminence of his play. The dogs! The liars! The first night was almost at hand, and no sign had been vouchsafed to him. He had been true to his promise: he had kept away from the theater. But Goldwater! But Kloot! Ah, the godless gambler with his parents' lives! With such ghouls hovering around the Hebrew "Hamlet," who could say how the masterpiece had been mangled? Line upon line had probably been cut: nay, who knew that a whole scene had not been shorn away, perhaps to give more time for that miserable music!

He flung himself into his clothes and, taking his cane, hurried off to the theater, breathless and breakfastless. Orchestral music vibrated through the lobby and almost killed his pleasure in the placards

of the Yiddish "Hamlet." He gave but a moment to absorbing the great capital letters of his name; a dash at a swinging-door, and he faced a glowing, crowded stage at the end of a gloomy hall. Goldwater, limelit, occupied the center of the boards. Hamlet trod the battlements of the tower of David and gazed on the cupolas and minarets of Jerusalem.

With a raucous cry, half anger, half ecstasy, Pinchas galloped toward the fiddling and banging orchestra. A harmless sweeper in his path was herself swept aside. But her fallen broom tripped up the runner. He fell with an echoing clamor, to which his clattering cane contributed, and clouds of dust arose and gathered where erst had stood a poet.

Goldwater stopped dead. "Can't you sweep quietly?" he thundered terribly through the music.

Ignatz Levitsky tapped his baton and the orchestra paused.

"It is I, the author!" said Pinchas, struggling up through clouds like some pagan deity.

Hamlet's face grew as inky as his cloak. "And what do you want?"

"What do I want?" repeated Pinchas, in sheer amaze.

Kloot, in his peaked cap, emerged from the wings, munching a sandwich.

"Sure, there 's Shakspeare!" he said. "I 've just been round to the café to find you. Got this sandwich there."

"But this—this is n't the first rehearsal," stammered Pinchas, a jot appeased.

"The first dress-rehearsal," Kloot replied reassuringly. "We don't trouble authors with the rough work. They stroll in and put on the polish. Won't you come on the stage?"

Unable to repress a grin of happiness, Pinchas stumbled through the dim parterre, barking his shins at almost every step. Arrived at the orchestra, he found himself confronted by a chasm. He wheeled to the left, to where the stage-box, shrouded in brown holland, loomed ghostly.

"No," said Kloot, "that door 's got stuck. You must come round by the stage-door."

Pinchas retraced his footsteps, barking the smooth remainder of his shins. He allowed himself a palpitating pause be-

fore the lobby posters. His blood chilled. Not only was Ignatz Levitsky starred in equal type, but another name stood out larger than either:

Ophelia . . . Fanny Goldwater.

His wrath rekindling, he hurried round to the stage-door. He pushed it open, but a gruff voice inquired his business and a burly figure blocked his way.

"I am the author," he said with quiet dignity.

"Authors ain't admitted," was the simple reply.

"But Goldwater awaits me," the poet protested.

"I guess not. Mr. Kloot's orders. Can't have authors monkeying around here." As he spoke Goldwater's voice rose from the neighboring stage in an operatic melody, and reduced Pinchas's brain to chaos. A despairing sense of strange plots and treasons swept over him. He ran back to the lobby. The doors had been bolted. He beat against them with his cane and his fists and his toes till a tall policeman persuaded him that home was better than a martyr's cell.

Life remained an unintelligible nightmare for poor Pinchas till the first night—and the third act—of the Yiddish "Hamlet." He had reconciled himself to his extrusion from rehearsals. "They fear I fire *Ophelia*," he told the café.

But a final blow awaited him. No ticket reached him for the première; the boxes he had promised the café did not materialize, and the necessity of avoiding that haunt of the invited cost him several meals. But that he himself should be refused when he tried to pass in "on his face,"—that authors should be admitted neither at the stage-door nor at the public door,—this had not occurred to him as within the possibilities of even theatrical humanity.

"Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!" he shrieked into the box-office. "You and Goldwater and Kloot! Pigs! Pigs! Pigs! I have indeed cast my pearls before swine. But I will not be beholden to them—I will buy a ticket."

"We're sold out," said the box-office man, adding recklessly, "Get a move on you; other people want to buy seats."

"You can't keep me out! It's con-

spiracy!" He darted within, but was hustled as rapidly without. He ran back to the stage-door and hurled himself against the burly figure. He rebounded from it into the sidewalk, and the stage-door closed upon his humiliation. He was left cursing in choice Hebrew. It was like the maledictions in Deuteronomy, only brought up to date by dynamite explosions and automobile accidents. Wearying of the waste of an extensive vocabulary upon a blank door, Pinchas returned to the front. The lobby was deserted save for a few strangers: his play had begun. And he—he, the god who moved all this machinery—he, whose divine fire was warming all that great house, must pace out here in the cold and dark, not even permitted to loiter in the corridors! But for the rumblings of applause that reached him, he could hardly have endured the situation.

Suddenly an idea struck him. He hied to the nearest drug-store, and entering the telephone cabinet, rang up Goldwater.

"Hello, there!" came the voice of Kloot. "Who are you?"

Pinchas had a vivid vision of the big-nosed youth, in his peaked cap, sitting on the table by the telephone, swinging his legs; but he replied craftily, in a disguised voice, "You, Goldwater?"

"No; Goldwater's on the stage."

Pinchas groaned. But at that very instant Goldwater's voice returned to the bureau, ejaculating complacently: "They're loving it, Kloot; they're swallowing it like ice-cream soda."

Pinchas tingled with pleasure, but all Kloot replied was, "You're wanted on the 'phone."

"Hello!" called Goldwater.

"Hello!" replied Pinchas, in his natural voice. "May a sudden death smite you! May the curtain fall on a gibbering epileptic!"

"Can't hear!" said Goldwater. "Speak plainer."

"I will speak plainer, swine-head! Never shall a work of mine defile itself in your dirty dollar-factory. I spit on you!" He spat viciously into the telephone disk. "Your father was a *Meshumomad* [apostate], and your mother—"

But Goldwater had cut off the connection. Pinchas finished for his own satisfaction: "An Irish fire-woman."

"That was worth ten cents," he muttered, as he strode out into the night. And patrolling the front of the theater again, or leaning on his cane as on a sword, he was warmed by the thought that his venom had pierced through all the actor-manager's defenses.

At last a change came over the nightmare. Striding from the envied, illuminated within appeared the Heathen Journalist, note-book in hand. At sight of the author he shied. "Must skedaddle, Pin-cuss," he said apologetically, "if we're to get anything into to-morrow's paper. Your people are so durned slow—nearly eleven, and only two acts over. You'll have to brisk 'em up a bit. Good-by."

He shook the poet's hand and was off. With an inspiration Pinchas gave chase. He caught the Journalist just boarding a car.

"Got your theater ticket?" he panted.

"What for?"

"Give it me."

The Journalist fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and threw him a crumpled fragment. "What in thunder—" he began. And then, to Pinchas's relief, the car removed the querist.

For the moment the poet was feeling only the indignity of the position, and the Heathen Journalist as trumpeter of his wrongs and avenger of the Muses had not occurred to him. He smoothed out the magic scrap and was inside the suffocating, close-packed theater before the disconcerted janitor could meet the new situation. Pinchas found the vacated journalistic chair in the stage-box; he was installed therein before the managerial minions arrived, on ejection bent.

"This is *my* house!" screamed Pinchas. "I stay here! Let me be—swine, serpents, Behemoth!"

"Sh!" came in a shower from every quarter. "Sit down there! Turn him out!" The curtain was going up; Pinchas was saved. But only for more gruesome torture. The third act began. *Hamlet* colloqued with the *Queen*. The poet pricked up his ears. Whose language was this? Certainly not Shakspeare's or his superior's. Angels and ministers of grace defend him! this was only the illiterate jargon of the hack playwright, with its peppering of the phrases of Hester street.

"You have too many dead flies on you," *Hamlet's* mother told him. "You'll get left." But the nightmare thickened. *Hamlet* and his mother opened their mouths and sang. Their songs were light and gay, and held encore verses to reward the enthusiastic. The actors, like the audience, were leisurely; here midnight and the closure were not synonymous. When there were no more encore verses, Ignatz Levitsky would turn to the audience and bow in acknowledgment of the compliment. Pinchas's eyes were orbs straining at their sockets; froth gathered on his lips.

Mrs. Goldwater bounded on, fantastically mad, her songs set to comic airs. The great house received her in the same comic spirit. Instead of rue and rosemary she carried a rustling green *lulov*—the palm-branch of the Feast of Tabernacles—and shook it piously toward every corner of the compass. At each shake the audience rolled about in spasms of merriment. A moment later a white, gliding figure, moving to the measure of the cake-walk, keyed up the laughter to hysteria. It was the *Ghost* appearing to frighten *Ophelia*. His sepulchral bass notes mingled with her terror-stricken soprano.

This was the last straw. The *Ghost*—the *Ghost* that he had laid forever, the *Ghost* that made melodrama of this tragedy of the thinker—was risen again, and cake-walking!

Unperceived in the general convulsion and cachinnation, Pinchas leaped to his feet and, seeing scarlet, bounded through the iron door and made for the stage. But a hand was extended in the nick of time,—the hand he had kissed,—and Pinchas was drawn back by the collar.

"You don't take your call yet," said the unruffled Kloot.

"Let me go! I must speak to the people. They must learn the truth. They think *me*, Melchisedek Pinchas, guilty of this *tohu-bohu*! My sun will set. I shall be laughed at from the Hudson to the Jordan."

"Hush! Hush! You are interrupting the poesy."

"Who has drawn and quartered my play? Speak!"

"I've only arranged it for the stage," said Kloot, unabashed.

"You!" gasped the poet.

"You said I and you are the only two men who understand how to treat poesy."

"You understand push-carts, not poesy!" hissed the poet. "You conspire to keep me out of the theater—I will summons you!"

"We had to keep all authors out. Suppose Shakspeare had turned up and complained of you."

"Shakspeare would have been only too grateful."

"Hush! The boss is going on."

From the opposite wing *Hamlet* was indeed advancing. Pinchas made a wild plunge forward, but Kloot's grasp on his collar was still carefully firm.

"Who's mutilating the poesy now?" Kloot frowned angrily from under his peaked cap. "You'll spoil the scene."

"Peace, liar! You promised me your wife for *Ophelia*."

Kloot's frown relaxed into a smile. "Sure! The first wife I get, you shall have."

Pinchas gnashed his teeth. Goldwater's voice rose in a joyous roulade.

"I think you owe me a car-fare," said Kloot, soothingly.

Pinchas waved the rejoinder aside with his cane. "Why does *Hamlet* sing?" he demanded fiercely.

"Because it's Passover," said Kloot. "You are a 'greener' in New York, otherwise you would know that it is a tradition to have musical plays on Passover. Our audiences would n't stand for any other. You're such an unreasonable cuss! Why else did we take your 'Hamlet' for a Passover play?"

"But 'Hamlet' is n't a musical play."

"Yes, it is! How about *Ophelia's* songs? That was what decided us. Of course they needed eking out."

"But 'Hamlet' is a tragedy!" gasped Pinchas.

"Sure!" said Kloot, cheerfully. "They all die at the end. Our audiences would go away miserable if they did n't. You wait till they're dead, then you shall take your call."

"Take my call, for *your* play!"

"There's quite a lot of your lines left, if you listen carefully. Only you don't understand stage technic. Oh, I'm not grumbling; we're quite satisfied. The idea of adapting 'Hamlet' for the Yid-

dish stage is yours, and it's worth every cent we paid."

A storm of applause gave point to the speaker's words and removed the last partition between the poet's great mind and momentary madness. What! here was that ape of a Goldwater positively wallowing in admiration, while he, the mighty poet, had been cast into outer darkness and his work mocked and crucified! He put forth all his might, like Samson in the hall of the Philistines, and leaving his coat-collar in Kloot's hand, he plunged into the circle of light. Goldwater's amazed face turned to meet him.

"Cutter of lines!" The poet's cane slashed across *Hamlet's* right cheek. "Perverter of poesy!" It slashed across the left cheek.

The Prince of Palestine received each swish with a yell of pain and fear, and the ever-ready Kloot dropped the curtain on the tragic scene.

Such hubbub and hullabaloo as rose on both sides of the curtain! Yet in the end the poet escaped scot-free. Goldwater was a coward, Kloot a sage. The same prudence that had led Kloot to exclude authors saved him from magnifying their importance by police squabbles. Besides, a clever lawyer might prove the exclusion illegal. What was done was done. The dignity of the hero of a hundred dramas was best served by private beefsteaks and a rumored version, irrefutable save in a court of law. It was bad enough that the *Heathen Journalist* should supply so graphic a picture of the midnight melodrama, colored even more highly than Goldwater's eyes. Kloot had been glad that the *Journalist* had left before the episode; but when he saw the account he wished the scribe had stayed.

"He won't play *Hamlet* with that pair of shiners," Pinchas prophesied early the next morning to the supping café.

Radsikoff beamed and refilled Pinchas's glass with champagne. He had carried out his promise of assisting at the première, and was now paying for the poet's supper.

"You're the first playwright Goldwater has n't managed to dodge," he chuckled.

"Ah!" said the poet meditatively. "Action is greater than Thought. Action is the greatest thing in the world."



THE TURNING

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

THE blinds were undrawn across the square window; he had wished it so, and now his slightest wish was law. Outside the gathering twilight of a winter's day stooped to meet the whiteness of the half-deserted street, along which a cab rolled sullenly from time to time, while great flakes of snow fell and fell with a relentless gentleness that seemed to draw a veil over the dying day.

It was all so pitilessly appropriate, she thought, as she sat there by the bed, with an enveloping sense of something closing in upon her as surely as the outer darkness. He had a chance, a faint one, the doctor had said; "but"—that was all. No one could do anything, not even she, but wait. He had spoken only once in the last three hours, that once when he had asked her not to shut out the day. She had longed so for some personal word, something that should be hers; but he had said nothing more and, closing his eyes like a tired child, had sunk back again into unconsciousness. As she sat there, turning his words over and over mechanically in her mind, a thought burned itself into her brain. Could there have been a hidden meaning in that simple request, anything—? She steadied herself on the edge of the mattress. Did he *want* to die?

She searched the six years of their mar-

ried life feverishly, but they had been happy, really very happy, as couples go. Yet something in the tone of his voice haunted her, as if he had feared she might refuse. Refuse him, now—ah! That was it; now everything was different. With a rush it all came over her—the unconscious selfishness on her part that had bred a mutual habit of six years standing; she remembered now, so acutely that it hurt, though she had been proud of it before, that he had never once told her to do anything, but had merely asked, respecting her imperious claim to leadership. It was strange, she thought, as her grasp on the mattress-edge tightened and a shiver ran through the long tense fingers, that she had been so blind; for now her frightened, driven memory retraced bit by bit every step of the slow, disintegrating effect she had had on her husband's life. It had all begun so gradually, so as a matter of course. Her personality, essentially dominant, had rushed forth to meet each new situation with the spontaneity of a young geyser springing from mother earth, and the warm torrent of her nature had swamped alike all sense of selfishness on her part, and all impulse to resistance, at first, on his. Later, when he might have cared to have it otherwise, use had already bred a habit which shackled him. Besides, his nature was different: strong, perhaps

stronger than hers, to bear, and to love, and, above all, to be content, more delicately flexible of mold, the fitting sacrifice on which the happiness of their union had been built. For they *had* been happy, in a way: if she had swamped him, all the tides of her being had set only to him. That was why she wondered so now, wondered at her blindness.

An hour passed. The doctor had come and gone again, but beyond that everything was unchanged in the room. The sick man lay there, still wrapped in that deadly torpor that she longed, and yet dreaded, to see broken; for the first movement would mean virtually life or death. If he regained consciousness, the doctor had said, sufficiently to know her, it would denote such a change for the better that they might reasonably hope for his recovery; otherwise— She dared not face the alternative.

Outside the snow fell whiter and whiter, but the room was almost dark, save for a flickering glare from the open fire. She leaned aside to let this play upon his face and searched the still features as if to coax some sign. Was he really tired of it all? A sobbing breath broke from her, and she leaned her face close to his, and put her arms about him, lest he slip from her before she knew. Oh, if he would only stay, everything should be so different! She tried to pray, but her brain seemed to beat against her temples, while her thoughts spun round and round in endless circles, and she tried in vain to catch them. Then she remembered how, as a child, the spoken word had fixed the wandering idea, and she tried to pray aloud; but her dry lips refused to formulate. She looked at him again; the firelight had caught his closed eyes, and they were strangely gray; for a moment her heart stood still while she bent over him and felt for his—yes, it still beat, though so faintly that even in that tense silence she could scarcely hear it. A mouse scuttled across the floor and made her shiver—shiver at the isolation of her utter helplessness.

They say that when the soul of the dying is called out of the depths to face the final issue, man lives all his past life again in one brief moment; but perhaps really it is those others, those who are left behind, who make this vital retrospect. Our own passing matters so very little,

compared with the loss of those we love, that it is when they stand face to face with eternity that we tremble and are afraid. Between them and us there is such a great gulf fixed that the poor human heart, in an instinctive effort to span it, rushes back and gathers up the past, to help bridge the unknown future of separation.

So to her, as she watched, the present faded: the falling snow against the cold glass pane; the sick-room, with its heavy shadows and flickering gleams of firelight, drifted into the background, and she seemed to be in an apple orchard on a far hillside, where it was spring. Clouds of pink and white blossom weighted the branches, robins nested in the tree-tops, and great waves of perfume shot like heart-beats through the fresh, warm air. It was there that he had come to her that first day that was the beginning of all that lay between. She wished she could sit on there always in the cool grass under the apple-trees, her hands clasped on her knee, while his strong fingers held them fast, her heart singing high harmonies with the wind-swept sky. Now reality tugged at her skirts and she was in the darkened room again.

A clock on the mantel struck seven, slowly, deliberately, as if its maddening philosophy were measuring out the limits of a life. He was very white now. She slipped to her knees by the bed, to get closer; every minute he seemed to be drifting farther away from her, and she could not follow. The warm glow from the fire, the monotonous ticking of the clock, the muffled street sounds filtering in through the snow-shrouded window, lulled her, rocked her; the physical fatigue of hours of watching began to make itself felt, and a drowsiness crept into her veins and spread soothingly over her tired senses. She fought against it, tried to rouse herself; but the scent of sleep was in her nostrils, and slowly, irresistibly, her head drooped forward till it rested on the counterpane.

How long she slept she knew not. At first strange dream fantasies, grotesque medleys of the real and the unreal, possessed her. Then everything was vague and luminous for a while, till she seemed to be swinging through space on bounding circles of light that grew in brilliancy and power till they culminated in a blinding flash that swept across her line of vision. Then the radiance faded and she was back

by the bedside again, where a still white figure was looking at her with wide eyes. She choked back a cry as she bent over him. It had come at last, the moment she had waited for, and now—

His eyes were open, but as she held her breath and waited, it seemed as if his gaze distended till he looked clear through her eyes, as through a window, at something in the dim distance of the shadow beyond. She called to him, crooned to him, but his lips were closed, and, even as she looked, the light in his eyes faded and she knew that he was dying. Her ear was close to his face now, alert to catch any sound. Oh, for some word, she prayed. He was hers, hers, hers; it seemed as if the very passion of her longing must hold him. She raised her head an instant, startled by a shifting of the embers on the hearth, and even as she did so, a faint, scarcely perceptible tremor ran through the recumbent figure on the bed; then all was still and, with a smothered cry, "Forgive!" she fell forward on her face across his body.

It was a long time she had been lying there, she knew, when something roused her. The room was shrouded in almost perfect darkness; even the whiteness outside had merged itself into the enveloping night. She was afraid, desperately afraid, afraid to stir, to look, alone there with the still figure on the bed.

Suddenly she was aware of something on her arm, something touching her that had been there all along, and she started; as she did so, a coal from the dying fire tumbled down into the ashes, and for a moment a faint glow suffused the room and struck across the bed. Then she saw. Her husband's hand lay across her arm, just as it had fallen when he waked her, and he was smiling at her with a tender smile in his eyes, as she heard his old familiar voice saying: "Wake up, dear; you have been saying such strange things in your dreams."

Along the path of dreams, and thro' the valley of the outer blackness, He pointed out the Way to those who had lost it.—From the Pali.



JOHN HAY

REMINISCENT OF HIS SONNET IN THE CENTURY, JUNE, 1904:

THANATOS ATHANATOS

[DEATHLESS DEATH]

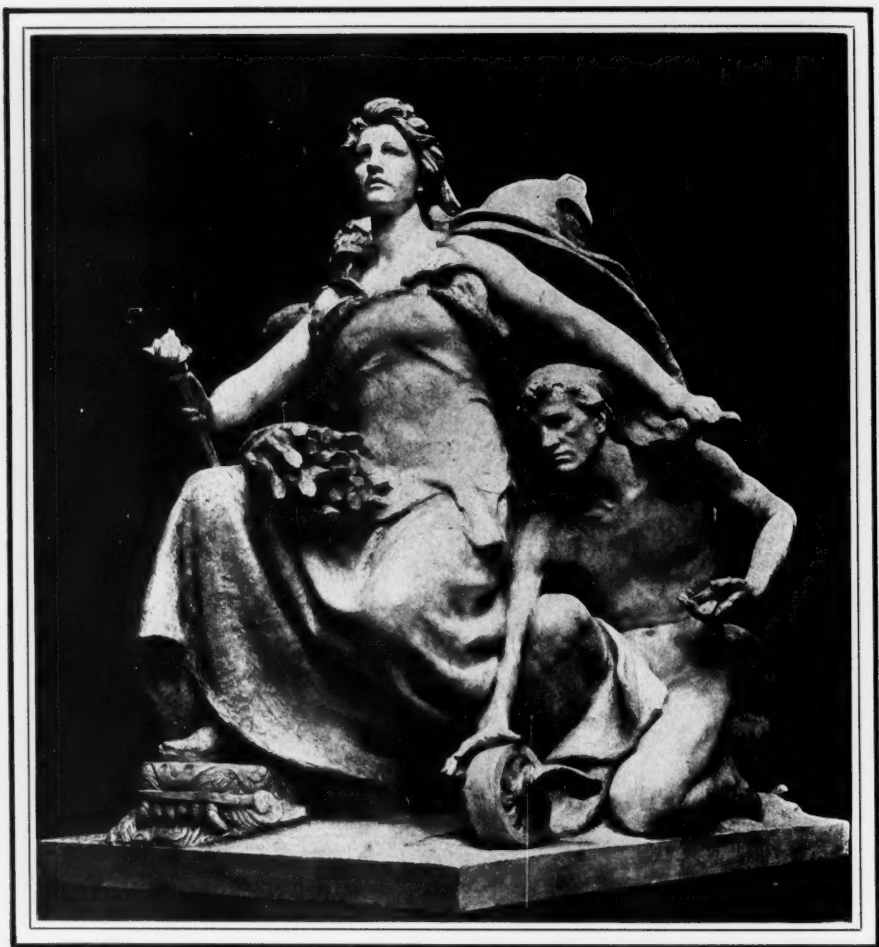
BY JOHN HAY

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips.

BY MARY CATHERINE CALLAN

HE whom we mourn late hymned the youthful dead;
His deed crowned length of days he left unsung.
Our heritage, those years so nobly sped;
And life is richer that he died not young.





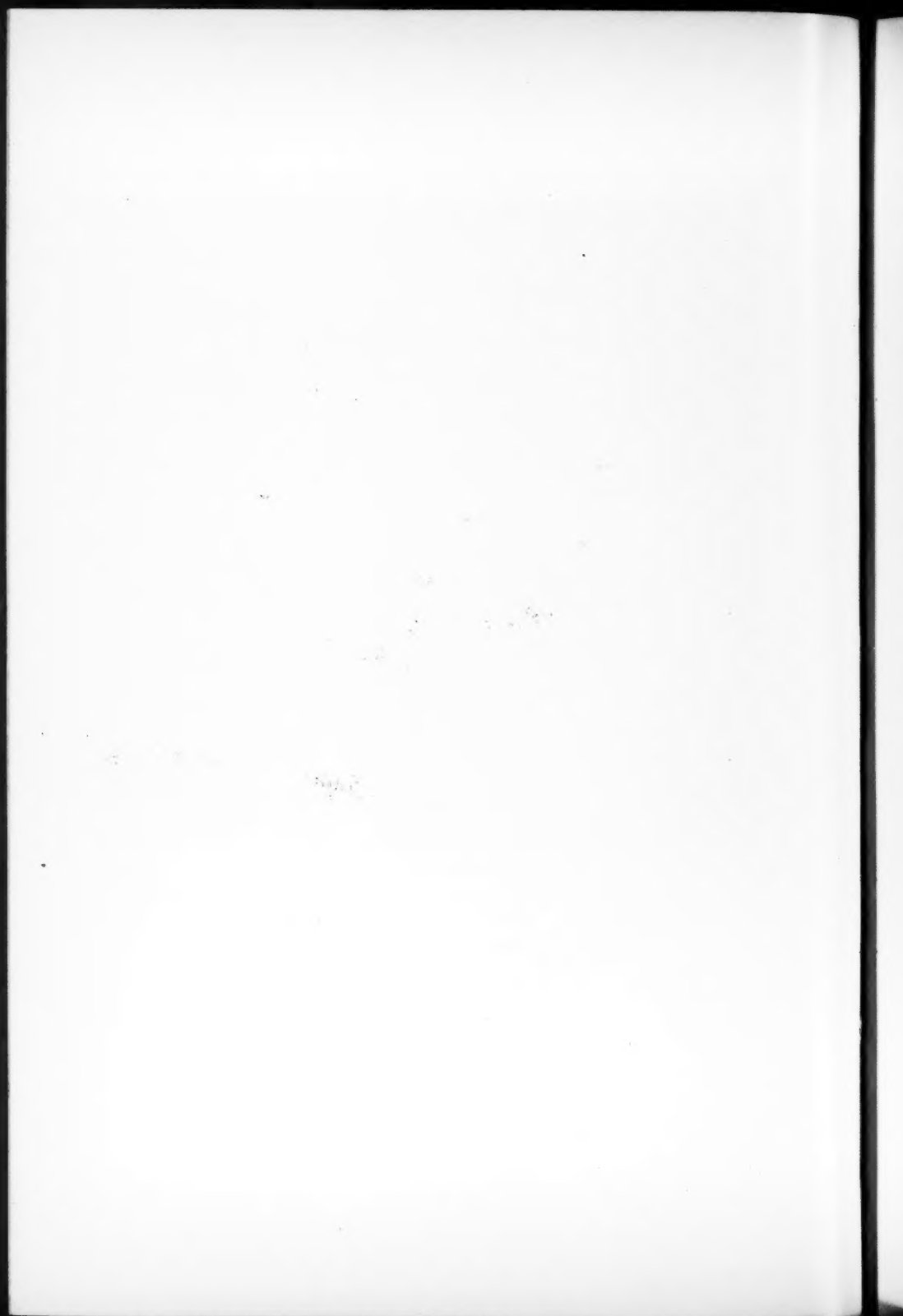
AMERICA
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH



EUROPE
BY
DANIEL
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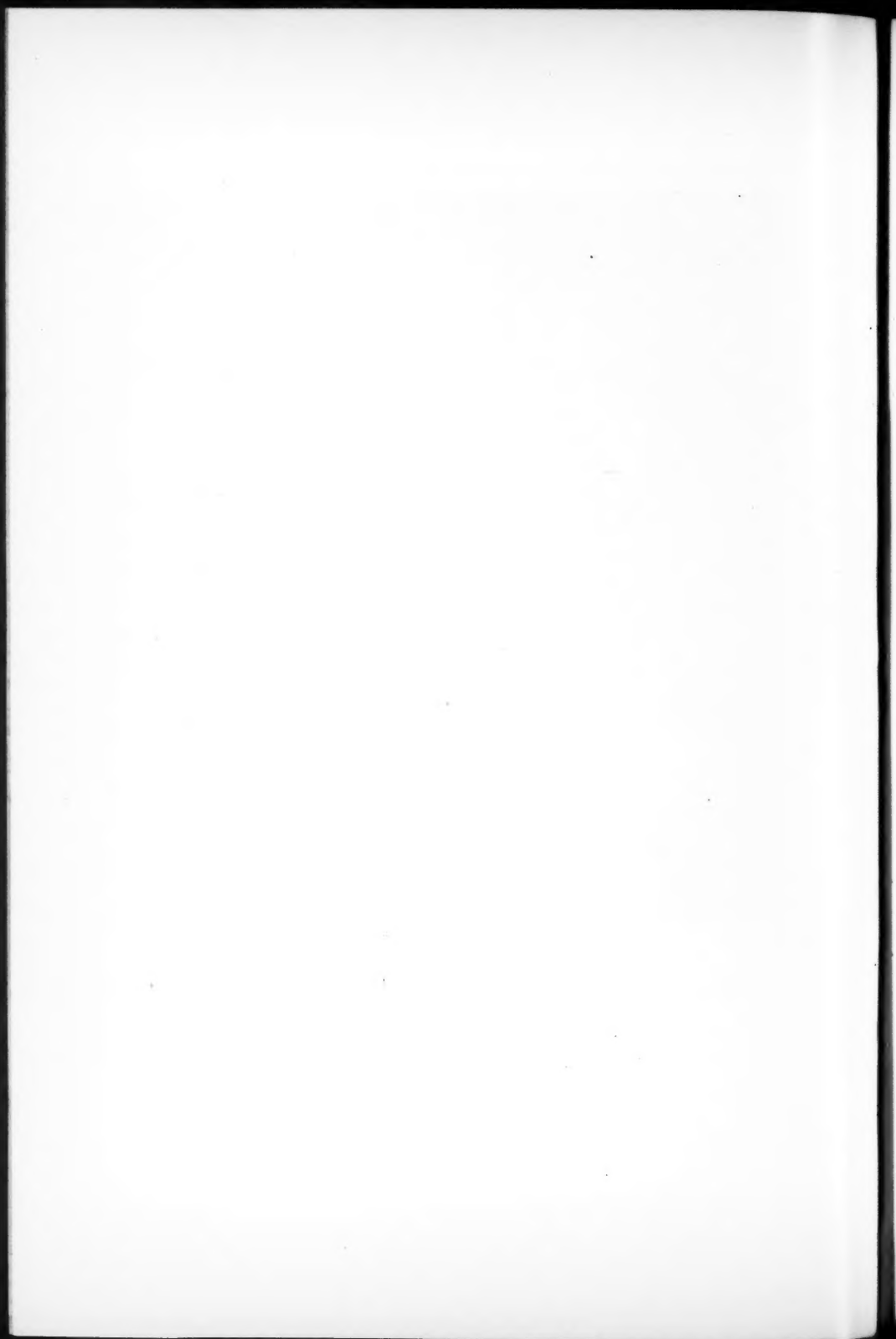


AFRICA
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH





ASIA
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH



FRENCH'S GROUPS OF THE CONTINENTS

THE FOUR MARBLE GROUPS BY DANIEL CHESTER
FRENCH, DESIGNED FOR THE MAIN FRONT OF
THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE IN NEW YORK

BY CHARLES DE KAY

IF one pores over a chart of the oceans, grilled with curving lines that mark the main pathways of commerce, one sees a skein of threads mingling together off the port of New York. Here focus the hopes of merchant, sailor, and immigrant; hither converge Teuton and Celt, Russ and Greek, Syrian and Armenian, Lascar and Hindu, Chinaman and Japanese. Among four hundred arrivals in one vessel, this autumn, twenty-two different languages were counted.

And here those who are to remain must pass the Caudine Forks of barge office and Ellis Island before a jealous government admits them to residence and eventual citizenship. Even innocent articles of commerce must submit to a more than medieval censorship in that edifice on Bowling Green and Battery Park which rises over the site of the old fort, once the sole defense of Manhattan from corsair and predaceous merchant and from the old navies filled with a greed for land.

As decorations of the new custom-house which will meet the eye first when one approaches the building, what more natural than personifications of the continents, in view of New York's place with regard to the currents of commerce round the globe?

Other figures will speak of races and nations, but their places are in closer connection with the building. As the dominant groups of the approach, Europe and

America, the pushing, strenuous continents of the Western hemisphere, will stand on broad, rectangular pedestals well in front of the façade and at the sides of the central stairway. Asia and Africa, the brooding, half-awakened continents, will hold similar somewhat elevated posts near the outer corners of the front. The four groups will form an advanced line of statuary which will set the pace for the figures that enliven the building at higher levels.

The new custom-house, designed by Cass Gilbert, will stand in marked distinction, through its wealth of statuary, from most American architecture, even that of Gothic style. Usually our buildings are sparing of sculpture to a degree that suggests penury of pocket or meagerness of the imagination. These four groups are the fine imagings of Daniel Chester French. They are the ground-notes of the chorus sounded by the leader of many other artists employed to embellish the building.

Not the army of officials alone who defend the sacred tariff within the walls of our custom-houses from those desperate bandits the importers, not alone the bands of honest brokers who act as peace-makers, will fall under the sweet influences of French's groups. The citizen also, poor man! who has dared to import old paintings under the impression that his country is civilized, will pass these groups with beating heart, persuaded that, unwittingly



AMERICA

and in some obscure way, he has done his own land wrong and may be fined heavily therefor. Wretched soul! he thought, perchance, that works of ancient art or foreign would instruct, form, and elevate? He finds that some Congress of his fellow-men has known better. So he pays his tax and slinks away, wondering, perhaps, whether darkest Africa would be guilty of the follies and crimes against fair play enacted at the national capital.

Seen from all sides in broad daylight, where Bowling Green looks so strangely small among the towering piles of iron, brick, and stone, these groups offer some of the most difficult problems a sculptor has to solve. There is no escape from an all-round examination, no favor from a sheltering niche. The material used will be Tennessee marble, which is found in various light colors that harmonize with the grayish stone of the custom-house.

At one step Mr. French has moved forward to a new feeling, an original method in dealing with abstract ideas in sculpture. He has treated the groups as if, originally, each had been carved from a conical mass of stone in such a way that the main and tallest figure should be a seated woman representing a continent.

Beside and behind her are other figures in due subordination, to carry out the symbolism, but also to present, from each of three sides at least, some object interesting enough in attitude, curve, and mass to induce one to pause and turn and follow the group about in order to explore its meaning point by point.

Although varied in composition, observe that each group has a general contour pyramidal in outline; and though its masses will offer pleasing contrast to the upward and transverse heavier lines of architecture behind, each has a sense of breadth and weight that suits the somewhat low and powerful structure. The problem here is very different from that offered for the other figures, which will stand on higher levels, forming closer union with the building itself.

Taking the group for the extreme left near the corner of Whitehall street,—that of Asia,—note that the fine, sinuous line of back and neck in the tiger rounds inward toward the head of the main figure. This female genius represents Asia in her function as the mother of religion. Tiara on hair, and with eyelids closed, she sits in a trance suggestive of aloofness from the world of change, recalling that doctrine



EUROPE

of introspection which finds its poetic completion in Nirvana. The rapt, ecstatic mood is further told by the Buddhist statuette on her lap, a figure of Gautama Buddha in contemplation, and also by the placing of her hands, one of which holds a lotus-flower with a serpent rolled round the stem. Active religious fervor is shown by the youth prostrate in adoration to her left and by the nearly nude elderly man in closer contact, who half kneels, half runs, in anxious prayer, his hands bound by superstition behind his back; also by the young mother, quite undraped, carrying her child, who thrusts herself between him and the seated figure in a ghostly panic of fear. Asia's footstool is upheld by skulls, perhaps in token of the cruelties which have marked the march of religions over the earth. The cross and sunburst at her back refer to that religion which bulks largest in modern times so far as power is concerned.

Africa is on the extreme right, near the Battery Park. As a dark and unexplored continent, the genius, whose lower limbs are covered with a robe, has her head bent in a somber dream. Eyes, mouth, and hands hint of lassitude and discouragement. She rests one elbow on the head of

a lion, with the hand clenched on her knee, knuckles downward, while the other arm rests loosely on the granite sphinx of Egypt. Behind her crouches, deeply enveloped in a mantle, a figure that expresses the mystery of the deserts and the unexplored recesses of Africa's primeval forests.

It is as if the sculptor, an early admirer and portraitist of the sage of Concord, had meant to suggest that Africa, not awake, but on the eve of change, still struggles with a troublous vision. Were bits from one of Emerson's finest poems floating through his mind?

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled.
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
Who 'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept.

Near the main central portal, to right and left, are the pedestals for Europe and America. The genius of America has her head raised, and in her uplifted eyes there is a look of one seeing a vision. Her right hand holds the torch of liberty, and on



ASIA

her lap lies a sheaf of maize. One of her attendants is the plumed Indian crouched at her back. The American past is further symbolized by the head of a serpent carved of stone in the Mexican style, with a curl for a feather. It is the character used for the rain and culture god Quetzalcoatl, and forms her foot-rest. By her side kneels a nude youth with a winged wheel before him to signify the inventive genius of modern America and her industrial enterprise.

If Africa has the sphinx, the drowsy attitude, the look of disconsolateness, then America recalls, by her poise and look of inspiration, that other stanza in Emerson's poem:

Uprose the merry Sphinx
And crouched no more in stone,
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon.
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnock's head.

The billowy movement of the mantle at the back of America emphasizes the mental movement and inspiration by which the sculptor wishes to indicate the lively genius of the Americans and to separate this group sharply from the others.

Europe looks straight forward with the

gaze of conscious power. She is the teacher of letters and the arts. With corselet over her Grecian gown, she sits her throne in a proud attitude, like Cybele of the crown edged with battlements—Cybele the great mother of the gods. But she is more the marine than the land goddess, and so her right arm lies on the prow of an antique galley, while her left is propped on a big book which lies on a globe of the earth. For Europe has conquered the seas and pushed her sciences, arts, and letters into the remotest corners of the earth. The side of her marble throne is enriched with figures from the frieze of the Parthenon. Behind her head stands the eagle, that "dog of Zeus" and symbol of the sun, a favorite also on the standards of Roman legions.

Turning from the darker continents of twilight and night,—from Asia and Africa toward America and Europe, those children of the day and ocean,—one may murmur:

Twice I have molded an image
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day and one of night
And one of the salt sea sand.

Behind Europe is the figure of History in the form of an old woman, heavily draped, who studies a scroll as she holds

in her right hand a skull that rests in a wreath of laurel. At her feet are the crowns of dynasties long leveled to the dust.

Only an artist can realize what it means in mental strain and hard labor to compose and carry through their various stages four groups on this scale, having a common motif, but varied so that each emerges distinctive, each representing a series of ideas different from the other. Can a layman understand what studies must precede even a single group of this sort? And is he likely to appreciate how few sculptors there are who can master such a task? Surely congratulations are due to the genius and profound skill which have combined to produce such results.

These groups differ radically from any previous work by Daniel French, and mark a stride forward in his career. They are cast in a larger, more masculine mold than any hitherto, and show a richer vein of imagination, as indeed befits the task of expressing through large group-sculpture large elemental ideas by the channel of human and other forms.

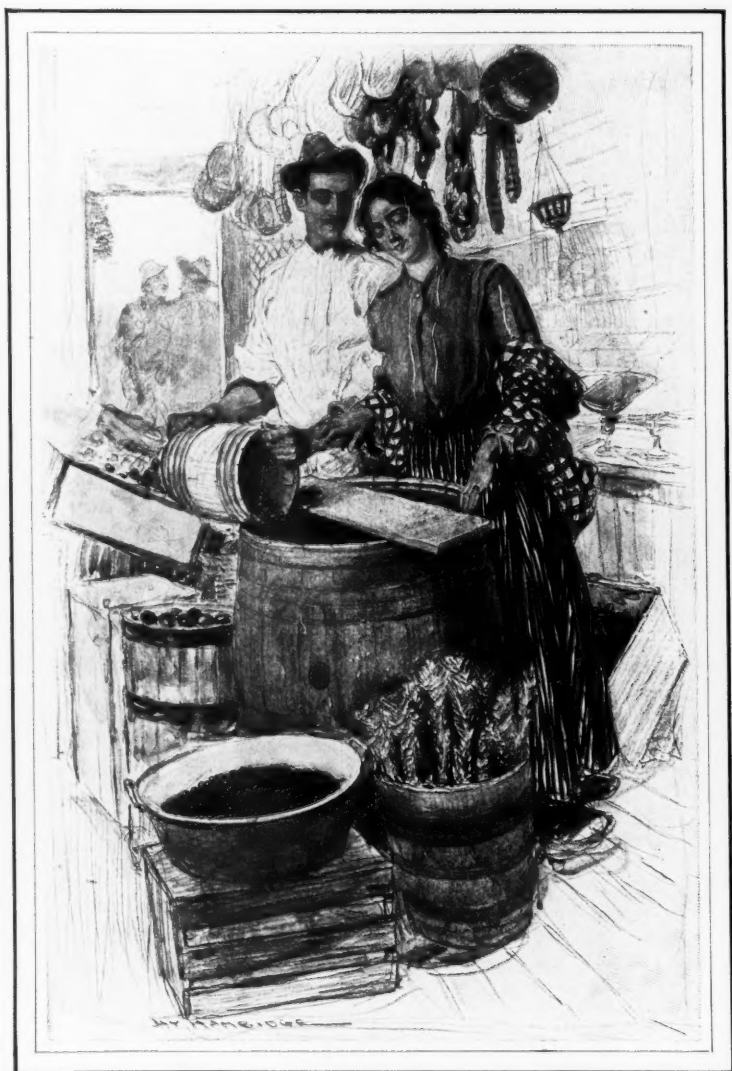
Nowadays the realist no longer monopolizes the attention in art. There is room once more for ideal and symbolical scul-

ture, as one may see in some of the figures of Rodin, Paul Dubois, Barrias, and Meunier, of Saint Gaudens and such earlier but less grandiose groups from French as the Milmore tomb and the monument to John Boyle O'Reilly.

In the groups here shown the sculptor has held a middle path between realism and extreme symbolism. One observer may object that the faces of Asia and her attendants are not types of East Indians, another may not like even so much attention to Oriental figures and accessories as the group shows. One critic may call for a Berber, Abyssinian, or negro type or touch in the features and form of Africa, while another resents such obvious symbols as sphinx and lion. The sculptor, however, has steered a course that suits him and will suit those whose appreciation is worth while. When the last touches are given to the façade, though much excellent other work is to be there, it is more than likely that the four groups by French will be the most admired of all the statuary, not because of their size and prominent place, but for their intrinsic dignity and beauty. Certainly they are worthy of prolonged study. They are the strongest work of one of our greatest sculptors.



AFRICA



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"NESTLING UP TO HIM LIKE A KITTEN"—"THE OLIVE-VENDER"

THE OLIVE-VENDER

BY BEATRICE E. RICE

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PIUS BODESTA, he of the lofty mien and beetling brows, hauled the small green tub containing the octopus sold him by Casimir Galbrina, the Smyrnian, into a more conspicuous position in the little shop; then he regarded doubtfully the pinky, soft mass of pulp reposing amid tendrils of crisp seaweed. It was evidently no setting for so great a delicacy. With an eye to improvement, he glanced critically at a generous bushel of Savoy cabbages lying in a purple heap back of the keg of herring, exclaimed, "*Si, si*, it is good!" and proceeded with renewed energy to elevate the tub to the top of the herring-keg and pile the cabbages at its base. Still the arrangement failed to please. He rubbed his hands downward on his blue jeans apron and delved head first into a barrel of apples, drawing forth several small samples of fruit arsenical green as to color and as hard as the heart of Pharaoh. These he tucked neatly in among the cabbages. Even the last attempt at decoration did not bring into due prominence the latest innovation in Mulberry street; for the purchase of the octopus had been a venture on the part of Pius Bodesta, keeper of the delicatessen-shop, and he felt the uncertainty of his position as an introducer of a novelty.

A varied assortment of viands were displayed in the windows of the little shop. Big, round Italian cheeses were ranged side by side, and strings of spaghetti, garlic, and glossy-red peppers were festooned in loops from wooden pegs driven into the woodwork inclosing the glass panes. On the walls of the interior were pasted portraits in vivid coloring of the King and Queen, of Garibaldi, a remarkable chromo of Washington crossing the Delaware, and

the latest poster of the plump prima donna of the Italian theater. The shelves of the shop were filled with numerous canned and bottled articles; on the counter, holding the scales and measures, was a glass case filled with sweet biscuit and *taralucci* generously sprinkled with aniseed. Kegs of herring and salt-water pickles, with barrels of vegetables, stood about on the sawdust-covered floor. Near the door a half-cask of olives was placed, a wire sieve covering the top, lest the shoppers of the district should take sly tastes of the oily fruit. Pius Bodesta, be it understood, was not stingy by nature, but he had a disinclination to having many fingers dip into his olive-cask. To be sure, on top of the sieve was the wooden noggin for measuring, placed within easy reach of all; but his customers, especially that Mariana de Jaraimelo, would persist upon diving in with fat be-ringed fingers.

"Ah, Mr. Bodesta," Mariana would remark as she munched upon an olive and afterward tucked the stone in her cheek-pouch like a saucy monkey—"ah, Mr. Bodesta, why then do you look so ill-favored to-day? Is it because you are not well?" Then again she would lift the sieve and dip in that pudgy hand to fish for another olive. The octopus, thank Heaven! was certainly *ben trovato*, for Mariana would assuredly not attempt to tweak off one of its rosy tentacles to taste, and yet—she might. Who could say? Pius sighed and drew his heavy eyebrows together above his aquiline nose as he thought bitterly of the delinquencies of Mariana's manners.

"Holloa! Olive-a! juicy olive-a! fat olive-a!" A voice, musical and gay, awakened him from his unpleasant reverie. He rose from his stooping posture near the

Savoy cabbages and went to the open door.

"Come here," he called in his mother-tongue; "come here, Giuseppe, you happy

graceful build, seemed the very embodiment of joy. His laughing eyes had caught and held in their brown depths the sunlight of Naples. When he smiled,



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE TWO MEN WENT OUTSIDE TO INSPECT THE RESULT"

rascal, and fill my olive-cask." His face cleared and his voice rang a whole-toned welcome, as he stretched out his big hand, which was quickly and warmly clasped in two strong brown ones.

Giuseppe Figure, tall, slender, and of

which was frequently, two deep and most unmanly dimples played at the corners of his mouth, giving him the innocent look of a child; and his glistening teeth were the envy and admiration of his elder brother, who, having set up a dental es-

tablishment in the Bowery, desired above all things that Giuseppe should stand at the door and hand out cards and smiles to advertise the business. He had even offered to clothe and board him, paying beside a salary of two dollars per week; but Giuseppe only laughed aloud in his face and frankly admitted that the position of olive-vender suited his taste better. Tiring of that, he would, he declared, become a priest; and, with that end in view, still attended a Catholic parochial school, where he was beloved alike by pupils and masters.

Perhaps it was because of their dissimilar dispositions, or perhaps—and more likely—Pius Bodega was a keen discernor of human nature; but certainly it is safe to say that in all his life Pius was never so agreeably disposed as when Giuseppe Ligure dropped into his shop for a chat and to fill his olive-cask, as in the present instance.

"You are not happy, Pius. What then makes you heavy of heart?" Giuseppe spoke in Italian, but Pius answered in rapid and uncertain English:

"Eh, I have-a invest-a unfortunate-a."

"*Chi non s'arrischia, non guadagna* [Nothing venture, nothing have]," answered Giuseppe, cheerfully, as he hoisted a small keg of olives on his shoulder and entered the shop preparatory to filling the cask.

"What have you here?" he exclaimed, with surprise, as he peered down into the green tub containing the octopus, and then looked up at Pius and grinned with delight. "Not since I left home have I seen one. Where got you it, and why do you so hide it from sight?"

"Bought-a eem from my frien' Casimir Galbrina. You-a know-a Casimir Galbrina? He keep four alive in a cask of water until-a he come in on de sheep de otha day; then-a he bring eem here, and I have-a de pickle for eem like-a in Napoli. Eh, you unstan'? De pipples in Amerik not like-a de pipples in Napoli." Pius spoke uninterestedly, and Giuseppe saw at a glance that something failed to please him.

"You should place it where it may be seen. Let me one window fix for you, Pius, and soon—vary soon—you will have a crowd." He did not wait to be bidden, but ran out of the door, anchored his

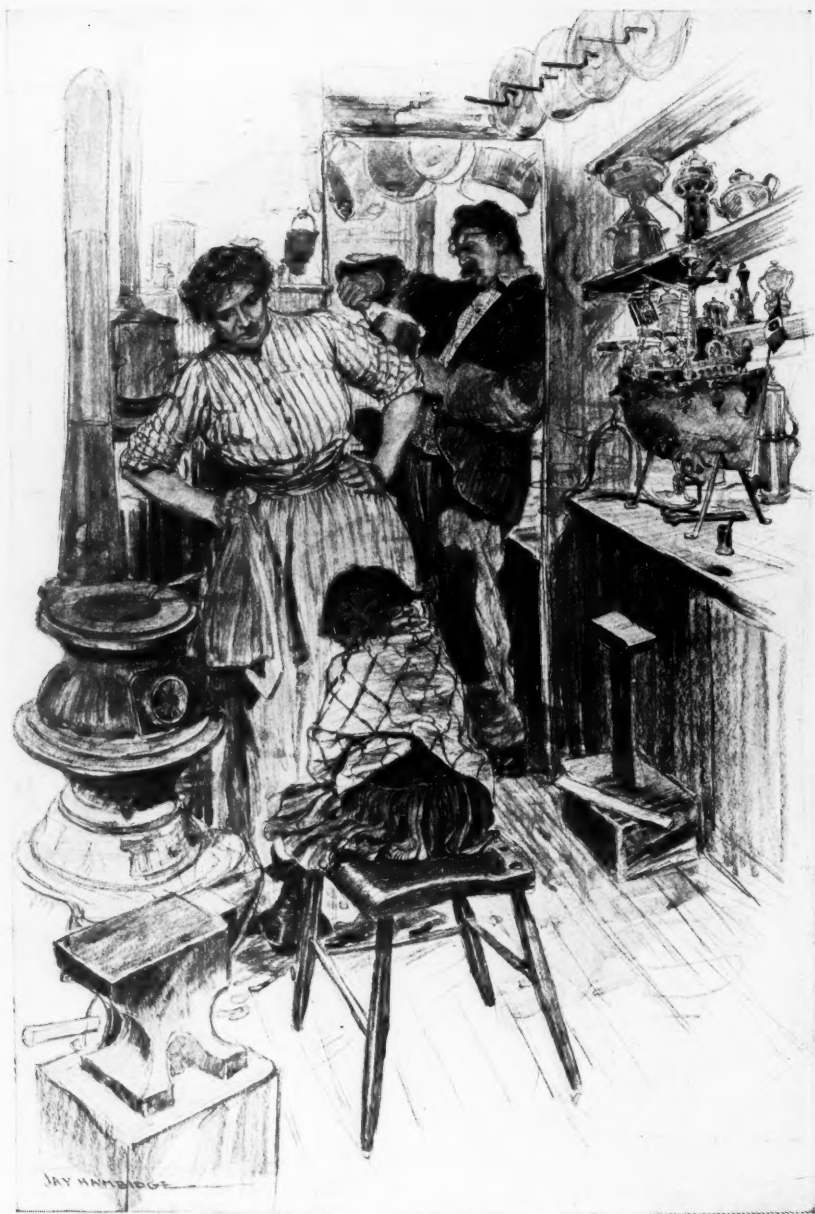
hand-cart by placing a stone under the front wheels and a stick beneath the handle, and was back again in the shop. It seemed to Pius that it took his visitor but a minute to divest the window of cheese and peppers and to redress it with draperies of kelp and small, compact piles of ripe tomatoes and cucumbers. "This tub it is too deep," he exclaimed. "Have you no plate, my Pius, to expose the fish upon?" Having received a large wooden dish, he arranged the octopus thereon and placed it in a nest of seaweed. "Now come outside and look, after I have put dishes filled with olives on each side." But Pius strenuously objected to the latter arrangement, giving as his reason that Mariana de Jaraimelo would shortly be in for some *taralucci* for dinner.

All being ready, the two men went outside to inspect the result, and Pius found it in his heart to smile grimly; for Giuseppe had caused the window to appear as that of a prosperous restaurateur, and the poult, which before had looked rather soft and uninviting, seemed quite good enough to eat as it now appeared.

"Let us go inside, and I will fill the cask while we watch for that which must happen." Giuseppe seized Pius by the arm and skipped as lightly as his companion's bulk would permit back into the shop, where he at once busied himself replenishing the olive-barrel. He had been at work several minutes when the light in the shop lessened perceptibly, and, glancing at the window, he motioned Pius to look and laughed silently; for outside stood half a dozen or more customers of Neapolitan nationality, jabbering and whispering in singsong tone as they gazed with delight upon the principal object in the window decoration. A few moments more, and they had entered the shop and were rapidly and volubly bargaining for so much and so much of the novel edible.

Then came Lucia Pacini, daughter of Paolo Pacini, who kept the *pizze cavui* shop in Mott street. She wore about her shoulders a gaily colored silk shawl and glanced coquettishly beneath the fringe of her long black eyelashes toward Giuseppe, who, to all intents and purposes, seemed bent upon ripping the very splinters from the inside of the cask, so busily was he cleaning it.

"I have come for some cheese," mur-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. W. Chadwick

"'SHE HAV-A DE FEVAH,' SIGHED MRS. BARBAREL"

mured Lucia, with downcast eyes, as she tendered Pius a small silver piece. "And let it be as much for the money as you can make it, for summer is not a good time for *pizze* cakes and business is poor with us." She lifted her eyes and smiled up into Pius Bodesta's face. The smile sank deep into the heart of her middle-aged admirer, and he proceeded to slice off a generous piece of Roman cheese, which he wrapped carefully in several layers of paper before handing it to his fair customer.

Giuseppe, from his citadel, the olive-cask, watched the changing expressions on the face of Pius, then he looked at Lucia and wondered at the feeling of ecstasy that filled his very being; but glancing from Lucia to Pius and back again, the ecstatic sensation changed to one of dismay, for the usually dull countenance of his friend appeared as if illumined, and he saw two sinewy hands close caressingly over two small brown ones as the package was transferred from one to the other.

Giuseppe left the shop hurriedly, under pretense of bringing in another keg of olives from his cart. Once on the street, he looked about him in bewilderment, as though the world had suddenly become new and strange to him; then his eyes sought the blue of the skies. "*Chi trace acconsente* [Silence gives consent]," he muttered. "She will marry him. And I—I alone am sad." He struck his breast fiercely with his open hand.

Within a month the courtship of Pius Bodesta and Lucia had progressed to the extent that Paolo Pacini, the prospective father-in-law of Pius, had decided to retire from business that he might end his days in peace—although they bid fair to be many—at the expense of his dutiful son-in-law, and in the rooms above the delicatessen-store. Already a sign, "To Let," adorned the front door of the *pizzi cavui* shop.

In the autumn the wedding took place with much ceremony, and so numerous were the friends of the happy pair, of necessity a hall was hired that all might be entertained; for to slight a friend in Mulberry street may be productive of a "pointed" discourtesy later on.

Giuseppe, attending the merrymaking, was the light, the life, and sparkle, of that

company. He quieted an uprising between Philemon Dansigh and Lazarus Zadek, the Polish partners in the clothing-trade who had supplied Pius with an astonishing wedding outfit; danced the tarantella with the bride *all' alba*; then raising a glass of the red wine of Tuscany to his lips, he kissed the rim, crying gaily, "*Alla vostra salute*," looked once into the eyes of Lucia, and was gone, with an ache at his heart that he could not quiet and a knowledge that he had loyally loved Pius Bodesta and therefore must not disloyally love his wife. His feelings toward Lucia were a constant source of anxiety to him, and he felt that the day must come when he would throw discretion to the winds and tell her openly why his visits to the little shop must be discontinued.

It was certain, he thought, that Lucia had not divined his state of heart, for she persisted in nestling up to him like a kitten whenever he came to fill the olive-cask, and with her satin-smooth little hands would caress his face, look deeply into his eyes, and ask in her musical language, "Do you love me, Giuseppe?" Then he would resolutely put her from him. "You are a wife now, and not a child," he would answer seriously, so that the dimples might not betray him. Then would Lucia stamp her foot and scold. "You are not a Neapolitan at all, Giuseppe Ligure. You are an impostor, else why have you the laughing face and eyes that look warm brown when your heart is cold? Bah to you! You are a feesh like that which Casimir Galbrina peddles." And having stormed herself into a flood of tears, Lucia would rush from the shop, only to return with soft blandishments when Giuseppe came again to fill the cask.

But there came a time when weeks passed and the olive-vender did not appear, then months, and finally a whole year. Another voice, gruff and nasal, cried, "Olive-a! sweet olive-a! fat olive-a!" A rumor went the rounds of Little Italy that Giuseppe Ligure was passing his novitiate at the priest-house preparatory to taking the final vows.

Lucia Bodesta laughed knowingly when she heard the news, and joked with Mariana de Jaraimelo about the handsome "father" he would make; while Pius exclaimed musingly, "Eh, well, one-a de-

sire-a, one-a receive-a, an' one-a is disappoint'." He looked thoughtfully at Lucia and shook his head slowly. "It is well-a, maybe, he did-a no' marry."

Lucia shot an arch glance at him from beneath her half-lowered eyelids. "Giuseppe loved, but was not loved," she answered shortly.

"Then-a it was that woman seek-a de gold and not-a de heart." Unwittingly Pius had reached a correct solution, and Lucia, deeming further conversation superfluous, turned her attention to a customer and her back upon her husband.

Now in the neighborhood of the delicatessen-shop there lived one extremely youthful descendant of the Barbarels, about as large in point of size as the fat, iron-rusted tea-kettle which hung from the sign advertising her father's profession as that of a tinsmith. Perhaps it would have been as well—and safer—if, like the kettle, the young Barbarel had also been secured to the sign and thus prevented from taking numerous and adventurous journeys of discovery; but, being an inhabitant of a free country, she was given her entire liberty, and took advantage of it to form several international attachments which were better detached, inasmuch as she returned to her home one day, after a prolonged absence, with hot, flushed face and brilliant eyes.

"She have-a de fevah," sighed Mrs. Barbarel, regarding the child's heightened color with suspicion as she bundled her in a shawl and seated her before the red-hot pot-bellied little stove to burn out the ailment. More red of face became the small sufferer, and her high-pitched voice mingled shrill and strange with the noise of her father's hammer in the next room, where he mended the boiler belonging to Mrs. O'Flarity.

"Her mine it ees seem-a effec'," said Mrs. Barbarel—otherwise Sophia—to her husband; "and you mus' go for a priest. It ees on you she have nevah receive-a the baptize; and eef she would die—"

"Eh! eh! eh!" answered Pietro Barbarel, enigmatically, emphasizing each exclamation with a sharp note on the boiler; then he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and looked wonderingly at his wife.

"Doan' you un'stan', stoop-id!" demanded Mrs. Barbarel, shaking him by

the arm. "She have-a no receive the baptize, and it ees on you. You say, 'Wait, wait, wait,' an' I wait, but no more I do." She wagged her head determinedly.

"She ain' goin' die." Pietro was skeptical regarding the demise of his offspring; for with the cutting of each tooth she had threatened to relinquish her feeble hold upon life.

"But maybe she can-a no help, an' you mus' do as I say." Sophia suddenly, and without further argument, clapped his hat upon his head and hurried him into his coat and out of the house before his sluggishly working brain discovered her intention.

For weeks and months Father Giovanni had worked unceasingly among the people given into his care. The winter had been a hard one, and in his special colony sickness vied with want, physician and priest alike being called into constant requisition. To each new demand upon his strength and charity Father Giovanni responded with his usual buoyant energy, giving to the ailing ones renewed courage and shriving the dying until they passed in peace.

Upon hearing of the illness in the Barbarel family, he had expressed, substantially, his sympathy; but also his satisfaction had been apparent when summoned to baptize the child, who had been, so to speak, one of the stray lambs of his flock—made so by her father's eccentricity. Therefore Father Giovanni rejoiced exceedingly when Pietro himself came to make the urgent request, and not waiting to don his outdoor habiliments, he gathered up the articles necessary to the occasion, and hurriedly followed Pietro Barbarel into the storm of the night.

Once in the warm confines of the tin-shop, the cold which had penetrated his clothing and chilled his warm young blood was a thing to be forgotten; and having persuaded the excited Sophia to forego her rapidly formed intention of making an occasion of the christening, he washed his hands, and vesting himself in his white stole, began the ceremony, with the little wanderer smiling up into his sunlit eyes and nestling in the hollow of his arm to receive the rites of the church.

"Francesca Pintelli Barbarel, *quid petis ab ecclesia Dei?* [what dost thou ask of the church of God?]" Clear and sweet,

his voice rang out in the stillness of the room.

"Faith," answered Pietro and Sophia in unison for the child, who nestled closer in the strong arms.

"*Fides quid tibi præstat?* [What doth faith bring thee to?]"

"Life everlasting." Even Pietro's dimming eyes shone with a happy light.

Then followed the rest of the service, and at the ending of it Father Giovanni bent his head to imprint a kiss upon the child's forehead. Her eyes were closed in sleep, and she breathed almost peacefully.

"She will be not long sick," he said, turning a smiling face upon the mother; "but I will speak a doctor of her on my way back; and if I am more to you of use, speak, and I will come."

"So handsome an' so young to be a priest," sighed Sophia, drawing down the window-shade reluctantly, for it gave her pleasure to watch the broad-shouldered form of the young "father" disappearing in the distance, minding not at all the storm of sleet that beat against him.

"He would-a no' be so handsome eef the age have-a heem," muttered her elderly husband, holding the boiler between himself and the light from the small lamp, so that his near-sighted eyes might better discover the thoroughness of his work. "Hees face ees no' so fine."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Sophia, with dancing eyes. "You have-a the jealousy here-a." She touched the brilliantly colored handkerchief above her heart lightly, and, still laughing at the sour expression of her husband's face, returned to her child.

A FORTNIGHT later, Mariana de Jaraimelo precipitously entered the shop of Pius Bodesta. Her eyes were wide and bright, and her mouth described an oval of feigned horror. At a glance it could be seen that Mariana de Jaraimelo was inflated with news.

"Did you hear," she exclaimed, shaking the rain-drops from the shawl she had thrown over her head—"did you hear that Giuseppe Ligure—Father Giovanni—died last night?"

"*Si, si,*" murmured Lucia Bodesta, with a pretended yawn. "Casimir Galbrina and Pius were with him. Casimir says he caught the sickness—"

"Umoni-a," corrected Mariana, learnedly. "With a 'p' it is written."

"—the night he went to that Barbarel house," continued Lucia, paying no attention to the interruption.

"And again that Francesca is well and in the streets." Mariana held up her fat hands in disgust for the delinquencies of the youthful Barbarel, and also to show a new and astonishing collection of rings.

"*A cader va chi troppo alto* [He goes to fall who climbs too high]. Giuseppe should have remained a vender of olives. As a priest he did not prosper." Lucia rocked the baby on her breast back and forth, singing, "La-la-la," in a sleepy monotone.

"If you mean did not live, say as much. He was more fitted to be a priest than any man I ever knew," hoarsely answered Pius Bodesta in Italian, as he dived in the brine-tub to conceal his feelings. "Nor would I make confession to naught but a man like him." He rubbed the sleeve of his brown jumper across his eyes and failed to chide Mariana de Jaraimelo, who was making furtive dives into the olive-cask, covering her theft by bemoaning the fate of Giuseppe.

"Shall you go to his funeral?" she asked of Lucia.

"Na, na! Why should I go? He was nothing to me." The woman answered pettishly, jolting her knee to quiet the fretting child as she stirred the coals in the brazier that stood near by. Mariana ascribed her suddenly heightened color to the flame that danced like heat-lightning above the embers.

"Lucia not know-a a good man when she meet-a eem," growled Pius, returning to his broken English. "She alway' hard upon dat Giusep' and try-a to make-a me fight weeth-a eem."

"La-la-la," sang Lucia, softly, cuddling the little head against her heart.

In the dim light of the quiet church, the features of Giuseppe assumed the cold, fine look of chiseled marble, though the mouth, as in life, retained its gentle beauty of outline, giving to the face a look of childlike innocence and peace. Lighted wax tapers surrounded the casket, their light casting pale-golden rays above the waving hair, and delineating every fold of

the vestments inwrapping the graceful form—the cassock, indicating the cuirass of the armor of Christ; the cincture of linen girding his waist, symbolizing purity of heart; and the maniple, the rope by which Christ was led to the cross. In his hands was placed a crucifix of olive-wood.

All was still within the little sanctuary, for the funeral obsequies would not take place for half an hour. A side door leading from one of the confessionals to the chancel was softly opened, just wide enough to permit a woman to enter, unobserved by the young priest muttering, "*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison, Pater Noster* [Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us, Our Father]," at the altar. The woman knelt for a moment beside the bier, her small, sleek head bent meekly above her folded hands, and her silken lashes lowered so that they cast dark shadows on the smooth oval of her

cheek. Presently she arose to her feet, glanced furtively about her, and then looked down upon the sleeping figure.

"You loved me, Giuseppe, though you would not speak it," she murmured, gazing fixedly into the calm face as she held her rosary of ebony beads against her breast to still the rapid beating of her heart. For a moment she listened, as if half expecting a denial; then very slowly a look of triumph crept into the depths of her dark eyes. "*Chi trace confessa* [He who is silent confesses]," she whispered, and pressed her lips to those of the dead; but they responded not, and were as ice.

As she left the church she met Mariana de Jaraimelo wending her way indolently across town.

"You said you were not going to the funeral, Lucia," said Mariana, eying the wife of Pius Bodesta with suspicion.

"Nor am I," answered Lucia; "I have been to confession," and she passed on toward her home.



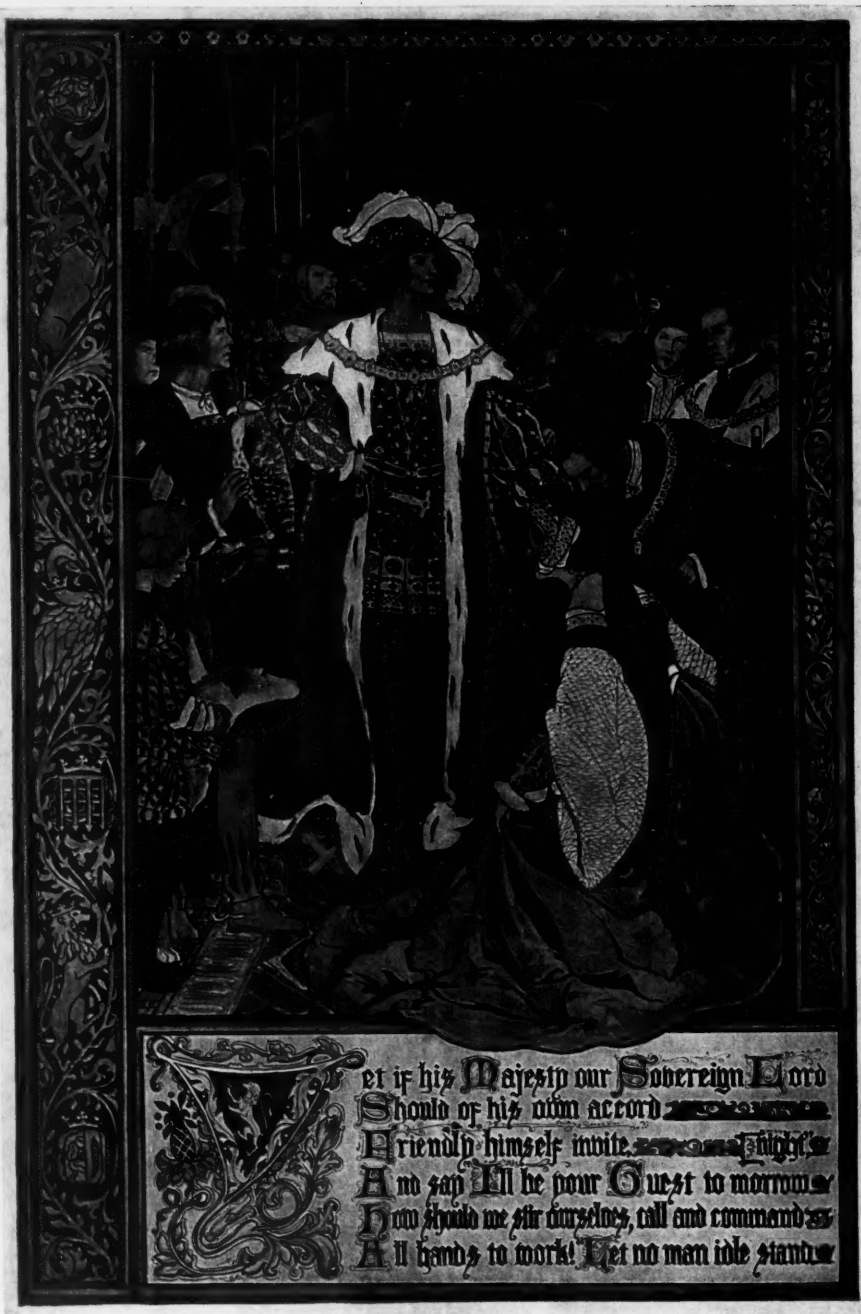
EVENFALL

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

COME, heap the logs, and send the blaze up higher,
And make good cheer about the roaring fire—
Nay, but the bluebird 's here! Or, stay, I think
I heard the laughing of the bobolink!
Was that the ash upon a coal took shape,
Or is 't the blue bloom of a pulpy grape?
Within my chimney-corner's happy gleam
A cloud of wizard sprites the seasons seem,
And all the year a many-colored dream!

Can I mistake, or was 't but yester-eve
I saw the firefly-dance the fairies weave?
Was it this morn that from his sphere of flame
Love stooped, deific, uttering my name?
Surely no music or of flute or bird
Like the child's voice this afternoon I heard!
Through what meridians of light you fare,
Oh, lovely Life, and through what stress you bear
My wondering soul to this serener air!





Vet if his Majestie our Soveraign Lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite
And say I'll be your Guest to morrow
How should we stir ourselves, call and commend
All hands to work! Yet no man idle stande



Let me five Spanish Tables in the Hall
 See they be fitted all;
 Let there be room to eat,
 And order taken that there want no Meat.
 See every Sconce and Candelstick made bright,
 That without Tapers they may give a Light.
 Look to the Presence: are the Carpets spread,
 The Dais o'er the Head,
 The Cushions in the Chairs,
 And all the Candles lighted on the Stairs?
 Perfume the Chambers, and in any case
 Let each Man give attendance in his Place.
 Thus if the King were coming would we do,
 And were good Reason too;
 For 'tis a Dureous thing
 To show all Honour to an earthly King,
 And after all our Mire and our Dust,
 So he be pleased, to think no Labour lost.
 But at the coming of the King of Heaven
 All set at Six and Seven:
 We wallow in our Sin
 Christ cannot find a Chamber in the Inn.
 We entertain Him always like a Stranger,
 And as at first will lodge Him in a Manger.



THE POWER OF ANCESTORS

BY FLORIDA PIER



"YOU know, Lucy, every time I sit at the front window I feel real satisfied with the whole house."

"Yes; I guess there 's nothing much that we miss. You at your window and me at mine, atween us we see 'most everything."

"And since those Thorntons bought the old Fisher place and fixed it up, I never know what 's coming next. I 've counted six different kinds of vehicles this week, and every one of them theirs."

"Goodness, Harriet! 't don't seem possible!"

"I know it don't," and Miss Harriet's voice trailed off into an exasperated little gasp as the threading of her needle became less likely; when she was safely started on the hem of her tea-towel she said: "This is the way I 've figured it out. They 've got two sets of good strong wheels, or maybe only one,—because, you know, they 're all red,—then they have a lot of attachments, jes like sewing-machines and those new cook-stoves, and they screw 'em on when they feel they want a change."

"Most likely thing in the world," agreed Miss Lucy. "An' when we see 'em with all them wicker baskets strapped on, it 's because they think they may want to change while they 're out."

She was delighted to have these questions finally settled, and, with her eyes on the road, Miss Lucy knitted blindly but busily at a marvelous affair that was sure to be gracefully given, gracefully received, and then to continue its existence neatly folded in a bureau drawer until some sensible mouse chewed off the fringe and so saved a tasteless maiden from wearing it.

Miss Harriet, who had never been known to miss a real excitement, saw a high dog-cart come rolling down the vil-

lage street and exclaimed! "Lucy, look at this! They 've actually split their set of wheels!"

"Well, I do declare, something must be loose, the thing 's jogging so. Harriet, they 've stopped here. Hide them tea-towels and get right into your black silk. Goodness! I feel kind of frightened."

"Now, Lucy, don't be silly. Remember you 're a Barker. I think it 's real nice and neighborly of them not to wait for us to call."

Miss Harriet and Miss Lucy dressed hurriedly while the little maid-servant showed Mrs. Phillips Thornton and her sister into the delightful old parlor. They walked from the Sherraton table to the Chippendale cupboard with loud exclamations of pleasure, and were examining a mahogany desk when Miss Harriet and her sister rustled into the room, their lace caps fluttering with hospitality.

"This is Miss Harriet Barker, I 'm sure. I am Mrs. Thornton, and this is my sister Pussy White. Oh, how do you do, Miss Lucy? So glad to know you! We 've heard so much about your lovely old antique furniture, and so to-day we 've come to see. You know I 'm collecting it. Oh, I 've spent a great deal of money—Pussy, do look at this ducky little tea-table," and the two callers rushed off to the other end of the room.

"Why, Harriet, I don't think they 're polite," whispered Miss Lucy.

"Now it 's real nice and frank of them; they know we 're proud of Grandmother Forbes's furniture; they just want to be pleasant, Lucy."

"Oh, Miss Harriet, you have n't a Chippendale desk. I 'm so sorry!"

"Why, thank you, Mrs. Thornton; it 's real kind of you. I 've often thought I would like one to match the chairs."

"Yes, they would sell better as a set,"

replied Mrs. Thornton; and rapping sharply on the back of a chair, she murmured, "You know, Pussy, good judges of furniture always keep hitting the things they want to buy."

"Harriet, what did she mean by 'sell'?" whispered Miss Lucy again.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Lucy. Do fetch some of the blackberry wine, and a slice for each and one extra—that's five; cut five pieces of the cup-cake." Miss Lucy left the room, and Miss Harriet said pleasantly: "Won't you be seated, ladies? This warm weather's been real pleasant, has n't it?"

"I simply can't sit down until I've seen all your lovely things—and books, too. Do you sell them? My husband will be so interested."

Fortunately Mrs. Thornton did not wait for an answer, but fluttered about the room, calling her sister's attention to many things, while Miss Harriet sat in her straight-backed chair, puzzled and a little dazed. A new problem had been presented to her. Twice these ladies had mentioned her selling her things. This was new and odd; but Mrs. Thornton was greatly admired by every one,—Miss Harriet had never questioned why,—so it must be correct and kind. Ah, of course! To imply that a thing could be sold meant that it was valuable, and to remark that one had valuable possessions was a modern compliment. She understood perfectly now: simply to admire a friend's things was no longer genteel; up-to-date people said, "This is good enough to sell." Very well, she might be a bit awkward at first, but she would try to be modern.

"I am sure, Mrs. Thornton, that the tasty diamond pin you have on would sell very well." Miss Harriet received no answer to her remark, as her guest had turned a chair upside down and was examining the bottom closely. Such interest was really flattering. She must try again. Before another question had occurred to her, Miss Lucy returned, carefully watching the small servant as she carried a silver tray on which tinkled the frailest of glass and china.

"Now, Mrs. Thornton and Miss White, won't you sit down and let me serve you with a little wine and cake?"

"Oh, Miss Harriet, how sweet of you! This really is too charming; but what a

lovely old tray! It just matches one I got in Deerfield. Oh, yes; I went all through Deerfield. I did that place thoroughly—got a great many things. I wonder if I'll have money left for that love of a tray. I hope so. Now, I'll tell you what I've decided on: the table of course, and those four straight-backed chairs. They are not sold, are they?"

Miss Lucy was aghast, but her sister, with her best manner, said: "No—oh, no; and your watch, I hope that is not sold, Mrs. Thornton?"

The would-be purchaser was puzzled, but her sister thought she understood, so dropping her bag and clanking chatelaine and allowing Miss Harriet and Miss Lucy to pick them up, she whispered to Mrs. Thornton: "We've made a mistake. They're as rich as Cæsus. She meant she could buy us out."

"Rot! They're putting on airs—seen better days—you know they always have. I'll manage them. Now, Miss Harriet, how much are you going to charge me for the lot?"

Poor Miss Harriet did not know what reply to make to this; so, like many a better diplomat, she trusted to non-committal politeness, and with the famous Barker smile passed the cake.

There was a strained silence, of which each woman tried to look unaware. All nibbled cake and marveled at the blankness of their own minds.

"Miss Harriet, may I ask how old that beautiful mahogany desk is?" Miss White wished to be polite, but was unable to completely change the subject.

"I do not know, ma'am. It has always belonged to the head of our family. Every Barker has made his will at that desk, the marriage settlements have been written there—challenges, proposals, everything of importance; and my grandfather's grandfather died at that desk."

There was silence in the room for a moment, then Mrs. Thornton said solemnly: "You are so intimate with your ancestors, it's no wonder you don't require a large circle of acquaintances." And she added: "We have n't got a thing that's been in our family more than five years."

The small servant was making violent signals from the doorway, and as Miss Harriet rose to go to her, Mrs. Thornton whispered to her sister: "I'm cheap be-

side her; she's the rare Miss Harriet. Pussy, I've had everything else at my dinners; now I'm going to have a gentlewoman."

When Miss Harriet had assured the young servant that the visitors were not going to stay for dinner and that there was no need for her packing her trunk and leaving, she returned to her guests and smiled sweetly when Mrs. Thornton said, "We really must say good-by now, but I've enjoyed—" here Mrs. Thornton paused, then continued bravely—"every moment of my call, and I want you to promise me that you and your sister will dine with us on Wednesday."

Miss Harriet bowed graciously and,

glancing at Miss Lucy, replied, "My sister and I accept with much pleasure, Mrs. Thornton."

"Then that's all settled. Come, Pussy, we must go. So glad to have met you, Miss Lucy"; and bowing cordially, but with nervous smiles, they left. As they walked down the path it was noticeable that there was a meekness about their aspect and that they went with bowed heads.

Miss Harriet was standing before the mirror. "Lucy," she said, "I wonder if I dare wear a feather in my hair—a short one," she added quickly.

"Harriet Barker," scolded Miss Lucy, "if you wear a thing on your head but your best lace cap, I'll know the reason why."



FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

BY JOHN HAY

By a strange fortune, just as the nation is preparing to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin, we are enabled to present to our readers an account and estimate of the work of the most distinguished and successful of the early American diplomats by the most distinguished and successful of American diplomats of our time,—the late Secretary Hay. The address was, as stated by his secretary, prepared several years ago, for delivery in Chicago, but owing to Mr. Hay's ill-health was laid aside.—THE EDITOR.



WHEN the men of the Revolution threw into the game of war their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, they meant to stand by their solemn professions. They intended to fight the battle out—to stand or fall with the principles they had announced. They were ready for death and defeat, but they were resolved on life and victory. They held success to be their immediate duty. They were not greedy of glory; they wanted liberty. And they were anxious to gain this inestimable good in the quickest possible way. They cast their eyes over-seas to search for what help

might come from abroad. If there was among the nations of Europe a sense of wrong, a jealousy, or an antipathy to England which might be useful to their cause, a motive of interest, a spirit of gain, which might be caught and set to work for the new and struggling freedom, they were ready to use them. The gnomes working for the heroes was a well-worn myth. They knew they were fighting the battle of the human race. Let the human race lend a hand, if it would.

So, one of the early acts of the Continental Congress was to form a secret committee to correspond with friends abroad.

It was composed of five members, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Thomas Johnson, John Dickinson, and Benjamin Harrison—names we all recognize yet. The committee was a strong one. Franklin was the most skilled diplomatist in the colonies, by natural aptness and by technical experience. So the bulk of the work naturally devolved upon him. He began correspondence with British Liberals, Dutch lawyers, French doctors, and Spanish princes. It took at least six months to exchange letters between Paris and Philadelphia. We can now scarcely imagine the sickening weariness of hope deferred in those days.

To France, as the traditional enemy of England, all eyes were naturally turned. Mr. Jay relates a singular incident, which powerfully impressed many minds, of an old gentleman who arrived in Philadelphia in 1775, and offered to the Congress then in session, in good Parisian English, the assistance of the King of France, in stores, arms, ammunition, and money. Being asked for his name, credentials, and other ambassadorial baggage, he drew his hand across his throat and said politely but positively, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." No tombstone was ever more discreet than this old gentleman. He disappeared the next day from Philadelphia, and took such good care of his head that the keenest-scented annalists have never discovered a trace of him. If we were inclined to be superstitious, the only two circumstances we know of him—his Parisian accent and his tender care of his head—might induce us to take him for St. Denis. This and other incidents made men think and talk much of France. No letters came from Franklin's correspondents. The committee resolved to send an ambassador to France; and a candidate turned up the moment he was wanted—Silas Deane of Connecticut.

It is a curious fact, and one which shows how our nation sprang at once fully developed into being, that our first foreign minister was a defeated member of Congress. A quiet legation is the stuffed mattress which the political acrobat wants always to see ready under him in case of a slip.

Silas Deane sailed to France and soon set on foot very extensive business operations for the assistance of the colonies.

With the aid of that strange mixture of charlatanry and genius, Caron de Beaumarchais, he sent a large quantity of valuable stores to America, and a small quantity of worthless officers. He had the favor and the secret assistance of the court. The virtuous and far-seeing Turgot, who knew there was much to lose and little to gain by the American alliance, after protesting in vain against the Beaumarchais interest, had been dismissed the cabinet. The Comte de Vergennes assisted the colonies privately with one hand, and with the other dexterously stroked the right way the fur of the irritated British lion.

It was thought best, however, that stronger hands should take charge of this business. On September 26, 1776, Congress elected an embassy to France, consisting of its two most illustrious names. The choice of Franklin and Jefferson shows how vital the French alliance had come to be considered. Jefferson declined. Congress elected in his place Arthur Lee of Virginia. Mr. Deane was also retained in the embassy.

When Franklin was elected in secret session he turned to Dr. Rush and said in shopman's phrase, "I am an old remnant—you may have me for what you please." He was seventy years old and the most famous American of that day. He sailed in the swift sloop of war *Reprisal*, Captain Wickes, which captured two prizes on the way; and about six weeks later he descended at the Hotel de Hambourg, in the Latin Quarter. I dined there once, for Franklin's sake. I hope the kitchen was better in his day.

It was a wonderful France that he found. The old dispensation was drawing nigh its end, and no one dreamed it. The new delight was dawning and the darkness comprehended it not. The best King of his race was sitting on his thorny throne, doing, according to his feeble lights, his best for the people who should one day slay him. Over his weak head were gathering the storms that had been brewing for centuries. His ancestors had eaten the sour grapes of tyranny, and his innocent teeth were set on edge.

Through long ages of wrong and rapine and murder this great, patient France had submitted to its masters. These are not phrases. The kings and

great lords robbed and killed their vassals with no thought of accountability. It was not a hundred years since the young Prince Charolais invented that humorous amusement of shooting tilers on the roofs of houses and seeing them roll and tumble into the street—from mere gaiety of heart, says the chronicler. Still in many parts of France that odious right of *seigneurie* was retained, which made peasant husbands loathe the face of their first-born. And everywhere there was no right of the poor that the rich man greatly respected. There was no feeling of the plebeian which the noble thought worth caring for. The monarchy was still the most splendid of Europe. The court was more brilliant than anything the world will ever see again. There was an appearance of wealth and movement in the great cities. But in the fields there was gaunt famine and dull hopeless misery. D'Argenson says that in 1738, an era cited as one of peace and prosperity, "men died thick as flies, in poverty and eating the grass of the fields." Rank had prepared its own destruction by its crimes. Its part in the play was over. The groans of suffering humanity were not yet heard, but of God. He would take care of his little ones in due time.

This vast French monarchy was undermined. The enormous power, built up with labor and pain by a long line of kings from Charlemagne to Louis le Grand, was gone: not the less utterly gone that no one saw it go, and no one had as yet marked its absence. It had grown by fitful though continual advances through the English wars of the Charleses, plucking always prerogative from the bloody fields of disaster. It had grown stout and plethoric, fed with blood and nourished with crimes by that quaint and pious knave, Louis XI. Before he died it was out of its monage, and it flourished on without much effort on the part of the subsequent kings. In the reign of Louis XIV it reached its acme. So great a king as Louis never lived. Yet he was the most commonplace of men, were he not king. His reign was glorious, people say. That is, a great army and able generals, whom he let alone, fought frightful and useless battles which impoverished France and gained nothing. He encouraged arts and literature, by giving to Molière and Ra-

cine, and the rest of those Titans, about the same distinction and favor which he would have given to a clever dancing-master. He built Versailles. This is the masterpiece, the outward manifestation of the consummate bloom, of European kingcraft. This stupendous work was the last great effort of the royal prerogative—the last great enterprise which a king has undertaken without at least attempting to persuade the people that it was for their benefit. But this vast pile and these lordly pleasure-grounds say cynically to the world, "The King is the State." Monarchy has never recovered from the strain of that effort. It is the infallible symptom of decadence in a man or a government when they undertake works which cannot pay expenses. The Pharaohs perished when their Pyramids were finished. Napoleon went to Moscow to meet his evil genius. Every country town in America has the ruins of a fine house called "Somebody's Folly."

This great King Louis died in a miserable old age, and they carted him off to St. Denis with small ceremony, and his great grandson, Louis XV, reigned in his stead. But the Regent of Orléans ruled over France in the babyhood of the King. We know what this candid prince thought of his own rule. He said one day to the Abbé Du Bois, his prime minister, "A devil of a kingdom this—governed by a sot and a pander!" A good-natured man, this Duke of Orléans, thoroughly corrupt, with good intentions that were never fulfilled, with amiable qualities that led to nothing but shames and crimes. Breathing a poisoned air from his birth, moral health was impossible to him. He meant well to the people, but his vampires drew their blood and coined it to supply those mad revels of the Palais Royal that our decent age refuses to describe. His reign served to grade the passage from the Fourteenth to the Fifteenth Louis.

And here the last word of the monarchy is indeed said. When a king like Louis XV becomes possible, then the world begins to ask whether it may not get on without kings. The life of this unspeakably mean creature seems meant to show us how questionable is any system that may sometime give to utter depravity a practical omnipotence of mischief. There may have been others as licentious, as cow-

ardly, as cruel, as false, as avaricious as he. But no other man could set these sordid vices up in the sight of the world, and by the accursed alchemy of power turn them to graces and examples to be praised and followed by all who were weakly loyal or meanly servile. This was the work of Louis the Well-beloved. He rolled in the garbage of vice so that the purple could hardly be clean again. He depraved and corrupted the court, so that from the courtier class nothing more was to be hoped. You would not pardon me if I should give you a catalogue of his enormous and cowardly crimes. One who reads attentively the memoirs of those times comes back as from a visit to a charnel-house. The tone of levity in which these horrors are recorded is the most saddening thing. This man was so flattered and fawned upon that his conscience went to sleep disgusted, and he really thought he was rather a good sort of fellow.

That he might play out his part to the end he was granted robust health and long life. His last sin found him out, and he crowned a despicable life by a loathsome death. He was riding in the park and he saw a peasant's funeral go by. He rode up and asked who was dead. He turned pale at the answer—it was the name of his last victim. But some dreadful fascination induced him to question again. What did she die of? "Smallpox, sire!" Gasping for horror, he dashed away to the palace and lay down to die. Carlyle has drawn with the un pitying hand of an avenging angel the scenes of that unedifying death-bed. The polluted soul broke loose at last, and sped away to its own place. The church blessed the parting. We will try to be charitable, too; but we are irresistibly reminded of one of the few bitter things that Franklin ever said: "If such souls escape, it is not worth while to keep a devil."

The courtiers rushed to congratulate Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette on their accession to the throne. But they fell on their knees and said: "Help us, O God! We are too young to govern."

It was a true presentiment that saddened for the youthful and virtuous monarch this first moment of power. He did not see, as we do, the full extent of the monstrous debt that monarchy owed to the moral equilibrium. He did not fully ap-

preciate the deplorable state of his realm, in finance, in agriculture, in every incident of national life. Least of all did he understand the mighty power of public opinion, which had been stealthily gaining ground through the last two reigns. A power had grown up never contemplated by earlier kings.

A race of audacious thinkers had arisen—a modern growth for France. Under the great Louis, literature was encouraged, as cooking was, as music was, as tailoring was, to add to the splendor of the court. But under the Regency the new spirit came to light. The Regent loved letters for their own sake. He had a sentimental love for freedom, even; and if he had not been a Bourbon he might himself have been a patriot. Under him began that powerful impulse of research and philosophical speculation that continued amid neglect or impotent, fitful persecution under the reign of Louis XV and reached its lordly stature and attained its predestined purpose in the wreck and chaos of the Revolution.

The first conspicuous name among those who led the van of this great intellectual movement was Montesquieu, who began at twenty by writing an argument against the eternal damnation of the heathen, and through a long and busy life sent forth, in rapid succession, those bold and brilliant disquisitions that opened to the mind of France a vastly wider horizon of political speculation than ever had been dreamed of before. His "Spirit of Laws" alone ranks him with those great original geniuses that clasp hands in spirit across the gulf of ages. He was the earliest of the philosophers. He shines almost sole in his generation, clear as the morning star, unconscious of the red tumult of the coming dawn. Then came Voltaire, who ran with that lightning-flash of intuition through the whole cycle of letters and science and politics, finding nothing good or venerable, touching with the Ithuriel spear of wit and logic every department of human affairs, and discovering everywhere only hopeless disease—as the wild humor caught him, now mocking like a fiend, now weeping like a pitying angel; and Diderot, with his great genius and incomplete character, his gigantic schemes and his little life, his mighty collaborators in the Encyclopedia, d'Alembert, de

Prades, Dumarsais, and the incomparable Turgot, whose genius and virtue shine together, a beacon in those dark days—all these, working confusedly without plan, were building up that vast edifice of public opinion which was to harbor and protect the free thought of the century.

Never before had there been seen such activity in the natural sciences. Buffon and Malesherbes were busy plucking its mystery out from the heart of nature.

In the world of metaphysics there was a vast and restless energy, with results always more disheartening. Condillac deduced all moral and mental phenomena from sensation. Helvetius, adopting the theories of Condillac, went mercilessly through to atheism and pure selfishness. The age was so corrupt, they cynically hailed this theory of absolute selfishness as the new gospel and cried, "This man has told everybody's secret." (*"C'est un homme qui a dit le secret de tout le monde."*)

The mind of the world seemed dropping into mere materialism when a shabby fellow came to Paris and spoke a word that the world was vaguely waiting for. This was Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, weak, wicked, half mad as he was, demonstrated the impotence and barrenness of this materialist philosophy, and prepared, more than any other, the minds of men for the reception of the wild evangel of the Revolution. There was never a shabbier prophet sent on earth, but the lesson he taught was simple and necessary. He recalled to the world what the wits had forgotten—that there are such facts as God, and love, and liberty.

Floating at random in the writings of that century, we find scraps of prophecy not half understood by their authors and not at all by the world. Leibnitz said in 1704 that a revolution was coming by which the great would lose and the world profit. Chesterfield said (1753), "Before the end of this century the trades of king and priest will lose half their value." D'Argenson in 1739, in his great treatise on decentralization, practically eliminated the aristocracy,—aristocrat though he was,—calling them the drones of the hive, and enunciated the sublime doctrine that, though equality was impossible, it should be the aim of all governments to attain it. Voltaire said in 1764, with the dim regret

of an old prophet who should not see the coming of the rosy footsteps on the mountains of the future, "Young men are lucky—they will see fine things." But Diderot came nearest the true spirit of the Pytho-ness possessed when he said in 1774, "The public execution of a king will change the spirit of a nation forever."

These utterances sound startlingly clear and distinct to us after the fact. But then they were voices crying in the wilderness, and the world, if it heard them at all, smiled indulgently and tapped its wise forehead. Countless vague and indistinct systems of government had been shaped in philosophic garrets. But of late young men had begun to study constitutions—the Greek, the Roman, the English, and, later, those almost perfect specimens of statecraft afforded by the constitutions of the American Colonies, which were styled by Tom Paine the grammar of politics. They were to liberty what grammar is to language, defining its parts of speech and practically constructing them into syntax. The tempest in America was manifestly shaping the current of free thought in France. Thus did our nation, even in its godlike babyhood, teach the doctors in the temple of liberty.

I have delayed you some time with this résumé of the state of thought and opinion in France at the arrival of Franklin, but I think you would pardon me if you knew how much I had rejected. It seemed necessary to say this much to explain in some measure the immediate and enormous popularity that greeted the American envoy. The world of pomp and glitter and tradition had in reality passed away. The age of ideas had dawned. To the sight of the world Franklin came as the agent of certain revolted colonies of England to seek material aid to sustain the hard-pushed rebellion. But to the enlightened eye of history he is an envoy from the New World to the Old, addressing to its half-awakened heart and conscience the soul-stirring invitation to be free. No fitter choice was ever made by any nation in any age. There was too heavy a sea running to have any incompetence on the quarter-deck.

An interest which we can scarcely comprehend was taken in that day in natural science. Franklin was, by universal consent, the greatest natural philosopher of

his time. He was hailed as the confidant of nature—the playmate of the lightning, a Prometheus unpunished. The brightest constructive and critical energies of the best minds were devoted to the solution of political problems. And here, they said, was a man who had founded many states upon the principles of abstract justice, and had consolidated them at last into a superb model republic. For this hasty generalization had seized the foreign mind, always too apt to regard leaders instead of masses, and it was long before the millions of Americans got their due abroad.

Thus it came that the great heart of liberal France went out at once in a quick rush of welcome to Franklin. He was the point that attracted the overcharged electricity of that vast and stormy mass of active thought. He became the talk of the town. They made songs about him. They published more than one hundred and fifty engravings of him, so that his fur cap and spectacles became as familiar as the face of the King on the louis d'or. The pit rose when he entered a theater. These are not trivial details. Those spontaneous honors, paid to an alien citizen by a people so long the victims of degrading tutelage, showed the progress they had made toward liberty. In honoring him they honored themselves. They vaguely felt he was fighting their battle. They read in his serene and noble countenance the promise of better times.

He lived in free and generous style, in a fine house in Passy, to your right as you may have stood in Exhibition years on the ramp of the Trocadéro and looked over the flashing Seine at the Festival of Peace in the Field of Mars. The company one met there was the best in France—the true elite; that is to say, elect. I will give you a few of their names: La Rochefoucauld, Morellet, Buffon, Turgot, Malesherbes, d'Alembert, Condorcet, d'Holbach, Cabanis, Necker, Mirabeau. I utter only names, yet how each starts a spirit! These men, princes all by intellect and many of them by birth, were proud of the friendship of Franklin. I must mention one curiously characteristic expression of Ralph Izard, who was taken by Congress from the bosom of one of the first families of South Carolina, and sent as minister to Tuscany. He accepted the mission as readily as did in our times a defeated

Western senator who, on receiving a despatch from an old public functionary whose name has escaped everybody's memory,—“Will you accept the mission to Bogota?”—replied in five minutes by lightning, “Of course I will. Where the capital D is Bogota?” Mr. Izard never found out where Tuscany was, but spent some years in Paris in geographical studies. He was at Franklin's, one evening, in the company I have mentioned, and said sneeringly, “Why could n't we have some of the *gentlemen* of France?” What a faithful forerunner of Preston Brooks!—except that slavery had seventy-five years longer to elaborate Brooks, and so produced a more finished work.

It is needless to say that the adulation which Franklin received did not injure him. Honest praise never hurt any one. It is only men who are meanly flattered that are ruined by it. He went energetically about his work. For a year his position as envoy was unrecognized by the court, but none the less the French government paid the greatest deference to his representations. Frequent flittings to and from Versailles to Passy; numerous mysterious interviews in Franklin's library with M. Gérard of the Foreign Office (afterward minister to the United States), usually ending in a fresh shipment of arms to America by the sympathetic firm of Hortalez & Co., or a replenishing of the exhausted exchequer of the colonies. The mystery which hung about the firm of Hortalez & Co. has never been wholly cleared; though now it appears that Beaumarchais—the immortal creator of *Figaro*—was Hortalez, Beaumarchais was the company and the shareholders and the board of directors of that public-spirited firm. The French government seems to have been the rock from which, on Franklin's periodical smiting, gushed forth the streams that kept the mill of Hortalez in motion. But the secrecy necessary to throw dust in the wide-awake eyes of the English ambassador was in the end the cause of woes unnumbered to Beaumarchais. He lived to appreciate in bankruptcy and ruin the serpent-toothed ingratitude of two republics.

The French government, true to the ruinous policy of that day, omitted no effort to cripple England by secretly aiding the colonies; but while the issue of

the war remained doubtful they held aloof from open alliance. The position of our diplomacy abroad seemed almost hopeless at one moment, when Lord Howe was in Philadelphia and a clever young officer named André was quartered in Franklin's house, amusing himself with the philosopher's electrical apparatus, and contenting himself, for all loot on departing, with the sage's picture.

It may amuse some of you who were made merry by Mr. Seward's famous sixty days' reprieves to our late rebellion, to know that Franklin used in Paris a thousand times the same expressions as those by which the sage of Auburn quieted from time to time the semi-rebel diplomatic corps at Washington. He never lost heart, however gloomy the situation. He called our disasters blessings in disguise, and when asked one day if Howe had really captured Philadelphia, he answered, "No. Philadelphia has captured Howe."

This was the dark hour. But it passed, and the first streak of day was the news of the surrender of General Burgoyne. The war was not half over, but its issue was certain from that day. Only the blind obstinacy of the King of England could have protracted it to such brutal and bloody lengths. The French Jupiter saw that the Yankee wagoner was himself getting out of the mire, and so concluded to give him a serious lift. The treaties of alliance and of amity and commerce between France and the United States were signed on February 6, 1778.

It was the sunburst to the colonies after a troubled dawn. The tattered and frost-bitten soldiers of Valley Forge were paraded to receive the joyful news, and the army of the republic shouted, "Long live the King of France!" Washington issued a general order saying it had "pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and by finally raising up a powerful friend among the nations of the earth to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation." The act of France gave us a standing abroad which we had hitherto lacked. A man's character is made by himself; his reputation exists in the minds of others. Our Declaration asserted our independence, the French alliance proved it. Even before 1776 we were a nation; but

until our treaties with France the world regarded us as a rebellion.

This first great act of our diplomacy was as dignified in form as it was valuable in substance. The struggling transatlantic revolt met the proudest monarchy of Europe on terms of absolute equality. By a strange equation of prophecy, the negotiators seemed to recognize the possibilities of the crescent republic and the waning dynasty. "There shall be a firm, inviolable, and universal peace and a true and sincere friendship between the Most Christian King, his heirs and successors, and the United States of America." There is no note of patronage or subservience in these words, nor in these: "If war should break out between France and Great Britain during the continuance of the present war between the United States and England, his Majesty and the said United States shall make it a common cause, and aid each other mutually with their good offices, their counsels, and their forces, according to the exigence of conjunctures, as becomes good and faithful allies. . . . Neither of the two parties shall conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain without the formal consent of the other first obtained; and they mutually engage not to lay down their arms until the independence of the United States shall have been formally or tacitly assured by the treaty or treaties that shall terminate the war."

The effect of the treaty was immediate and most important. Even before it was made public, the rumor of it powerfully affected the courts of the world. Lord North introduced into the House of Commons proposals for conciliation which, if they had been presented in time, would have been gladly accepted by the colonies; but the water had passed by the mill. The American Congress promptly rejected these belated propositions. The British ambassador quitted Paris in justifiable anger; war ensued between England and France. On February 13, 1778, in the harbor of Brest, Paul Jones, in the *Ranger*, had the satisfaction of seeing the American flag saluted for the first time by the guns of a foreign power. The American navy was born and entered at once on its career of glory. The battle under the starlight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* set a standard of heroism

which may always be emulated but never excelled. In the summer of July, 1778, a stately fleet, under Count d'Estaing, brought to America the first French minister and four thousand troops. Spain joined France against England, through no sympathy with the colonies, but in pursuance of her European policy. And the final harvest of the French alliance was gathered in the crowning victory at Yorktown.

More than a year before, Franklin had been received with joyous enthusiasm by the people of France—for the French people had already come into existence. Now the court was to have the privilege of knowing him. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, he was presented at Versailles and took the palace by storm. One of those trifling chroniclers so dear to the readers of history tells us that he went without the flowing wig required by the full dress of those days. It was not an act of audacity, but a lucky accident. There was not a wig in Paris large enough to harbor the great brain of the philosopher. A *perruquier* had brought him a wig on that memorable morning, and, after repeated efforts to put it on, dashed it angrily to the floor. "Is the wig too small?" asked the placid doctor. "No, monsieur; your head is too big!" roared the disgusted artist. So it came that Franklin went to court in the majesty of his own silver hair.

Franklin wore, when presented to the most brilliant court of Christendom, a full suit of plain black velvet, white ruffles at wrist and bosom, white-silk stockings, and silver buckles—the dress that the world is familiar with in Stuart's great revolutionary portraits. This was perhaps the first time, since heralds first went on embassies, that an envoy approached a sovereign in his own every-day garb.

Franklin was received in the dressing-room of the King. The monarch "had his hair, undressed, hanging down on his shoulders—no appearance of preparation to receive the Americans, no ceremony in doing it." There have not been, since embassies and alliances and wars were invented, many more important interviews than this, and a man must have the soul of a milliner if he thinks that the simplicity of this international greeting detracts anything from its dignity. For my part, I

am pleased to think of this fine tableau of the perfect Pallas birth of American diplomacy displayed in the strong light of that historic day: the contrasted figures of the good, weak Louis and the great, wise Benjamin, greeting so simply, where the Republican paid conventional homage to the King, but where in reality the dying Past stood in the large presence of the great free Future.

Franklin became the fashion of the season. For the court itself dabbled a little in liberal ideas. So powerful was the vast impulse of free thought that then influenced the mind of France,—that susceptible French mind that always answers like the wind-harp to the breath of every true human aspiration,—that even the highest classes had caught the infection of liberalism. They handled the momentous words Liberty and Human Rights in their dainty way, as if they were only a new game for their amusement, not knowing what was to them the terrible import of those words. It became very much the accepted thing at court to rave about Franklin. The young and lovely Queen, Marie-Antoinette, was most winning and gracious toward him. The languid courtiers crammed natural science to talk with him. The small wits who knew a little Greek called him Solon and Aristides and Phocion. It is sad to think of the utter unconsciousness of these amiable aristocrats. They never dreamed that this man Franklin was a portent and a prophet of ruin to them. He was incarnate Democracy, and they petted him! They never imagined that in showering their good-natured homage upon this austere republican they were sowing the wind which would ripen in an awful harvest of whirlwinds. Later, when the whirlwinds had hardly got beyond the frisky stage of their development, the Queen lamented bitterly the folly of these ovations to the great democrat. There was one sagacious head that was wisely shaken over these indiscretions while they lasted. Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, brother to the Queen, who was in Paris on his travels, and who was as much of a democrat himself as an emperor can be, when his sister rebuked his coolness on the American question, replied, "Madam, the trade I live by is that of a royalist."

Court incense could not turn the philo-

sophic head any more than the loud acclaim of the people. When Franklin found himself the honored guest of royalty, his thoughts reverted to those far-away days of boyhood when his father used to quote to him, in the old candle-shop at Boston, the words of the wise man, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." The old sage heard the echo of that paternal voice resounding over half a century, and a new and strange light, as of prophecy fulfilled, illumined the immortal words. Surely no man ever lived more diligent in his business. Surely no man ever stood, with more of the innate dignity of upright manhood, before kings.

It was in this year of 1778 that Voltaire returned to Paris after an exile of thirty-seven years. It was like a visit to posterity. The France he had left existed no more. A new France, with a people and a public opinion, had come into the world, as bright, as critical, as aspiring as his own turbulent youth had been. The old man coming from the tranquil shades of Ferney, where he had dwelt for many years still as his shadow, was dazed and bewildered by this fresh and vivid life, by this quick intellectual movement, this fervid homage of an intelligent people who had been born since he was young. He had lived so long that he had gained the unquestioning reverence due to the consecrated past. He breathed the sweet but deadly incense of posthumous fame. He was smothered under immortelles.

But before his frail life went out in the gale of popular adoration, he and Franklin met several times. At the first interview he laid his shadowy hands upon the head of Franklin's grandson and blessed him in the name of God and liberty. They met again on the platform of the French Academy. The crowd caught sight of the two patriarchs and clamorously roared that they should embrace, "à la Française." The two venerable men rose, approached, and kissed each other, to the wild delight of the entire vast assembly. Rarely has a stranger contrast been seen in the world than when these two great geniuses clasped hands and kissed before that shouting people. They were both old men. But Voltaire belonged to a world that was passing away, and Franklin to a world just coming into being.

Voltaire stood in the evening of his days, weary with conflict, glad of the coming rest, his work all behind him forever. Born in the foulest days of the monarchy, his alert and vivid intelligence had gone forth like the raven from the ark and had flown over the whole wide waste of earth and had found no green or healthful thing in church, or state, or society. Everywhere unpitied suffering and unpunished crime, the cry of the desolate going up forever unheard. Whatever was, was wrong, and he armed his spirit for indiscriminate war. The work of his marvelously laborious life was therefore almost purely destructive. The ruins of the systems he had helped demolish were his only monument. To what better destinies was Franklin born! He came to the light among the stern, God-fearing Puritans. He grew up in a society whose virtues, say what you will, are as yet unequaled in history, and whose faults were those of earnest men. In dewy freshness and freedom as of the primeval morning, he and his great coadjutors began their beneficent work. They had nothing to destroy. Their godlike mission was to create. A struggle with outside resistance, and the mighty work was accomplished. Each effort of Franklin's life for the advancement of freedom and science had been founded on faith in God, from which springs belief in the innate goodness of man, and perfection of nature. God is good. His works are good. Doing good is doing his will, and is best. So, as he saw the shadows of the coming night grow long about his path, he could hope that though he might pass away, his work would never perish. The torch he had lighted would pass from hand to hand down the ages. His labor would not be in vain as long as the lightning lived in the cloud or the thought of freedom in the mind of man.

This is the lesson we draw from this strange greeting of Franklin and Voltaire: to teach is better than to deny, to love and trust is wiser than to hate and doubt, to create is nobler than to destroy.

I have spared you many details of the diplomatic work of Franklin in these eventful years. You care only for results, and those you all know. Franklin, by the mere force of his personal character, obtained such influence with the French gov-

ernment that he rarely asked for anything that was not readily granted. He obtained from France the fleet of De Grasse and the army of Rochambeau. But, what was of vastly more importance, he obtained those timely grants of money from Versailles that saved us and helped "to bleed the French monarchy to death." And he kept the hands of the government from the heroic Paul Jones, and enabled him to inaugurate our naval history with a burst of glory amid which his dandy figure already stands half mythical in the light of his apparently impossible exploits. And finally he lent his masterly hand to the framing of the Treaty of Paris, by which drums were silenced and flags furled over the globe, and the United States took "the place among the nations of the earth to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them."

His work abroad was over, and he begged to be permitted to return to the land he had so nobly served. But it was only in the spring of 1785 that Congress passed their resolution allowing the Hon. B. Franklin, Esq., to return to America and appointing the Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Esq., in his stead.

Franklin's journey from Paris to the sea-shore was one long festival. At the considerable towns which he passed the authorities received him with public honors and the great nobles disputed the privilege of entertaining him at their châteaux. It was not a republican demonstration. The old régime honored itself in its last days in nothing more than in its cordial appreciation of this artisan-philosopher.

This may have been one reason why Franklin, one of the most sagacious observers that ever lived, had apparently no clear perception of the tremendous change that was imminent in France. He heard in the court circles dilettante ideas of liberty discussed. The King was trying to redress in his inefficient way the deep-rooted wrongs of ages. There was a kind of false philanthropy in fashion. There was a specious show of revival of trade and commerce. There were two men at court—an old and a young man—who represented the new time, the vast and earnest future, but Franklin never seemed to recognize the significance of their attitude. For one of these men was himself

and the other was Lafayette. He had returned from America matured by varied experience, educated by intercourse with the immortal rebels, perfectly attuned to the strange and swelling music of the age. He stood alone, calm and severe amid the gay crowd of courtiers, a chivalrous stoic among the amiable epicures of the decadence, at once a protest and a prophecy. While Franklin lived in Paris the personages of the dreadful scenes of '93 were scattered quietly over France, waiting for destiny to give their cue. Mirabeau he often entertained at Passy, for the wild young rake always loved letters and felt at home with philosophers. Danton was a broad-shouldered, briefless barrister, unknown out of the Latin Quarter. Robespierre was copying briefs at Arras, a dreamy enthusiast who fainted at the sight of blood. Marat came to Franklin one day, looking dirty and disreputable, with the smell of the Count d'Artois's stables about him, and with a scheme to destroy the British with elementary fire; and Charlotte Corday was a sweet little girl, the light of a quiet household in Normandy. And down in an Italian island, wearing out the seat of his trousers on a Corsican school-bench, was a moody, olive-complexioned boy named Buonaparte, who was to inspire the superb free France with so blind and mysterious a passion that she would follow him with unflinching adoration through slaughter and outrage to the gates of ruin.

All unconscious of these vivid colors scattered as yet unrecognizable in the loom of fate, Franklin sailed home to receive a welcome full of love and reverence, to be seized after scanty repose and put again in harness, to cooperate greatly in framing the Constitution—"work not unworthy men who strove with gods." Two of the last incidents of his life are lovingly remembered. It was he who introduced the motion in the Constitutional Convention to open their meetings with prayer. His last Public act was to indite from his death-bed, as president of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, a noble and touching appeal "for those unhappy men who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection," in which the warm heart of the aged philanthropist seems united to the unerring conscience of the glorified saint.



Drawn by C. N. Cochlin, 1777
Engraved on steel by A. H. Ritchie

Benjamin Franklin

"His fur cap and spectacles became as familiar as the face
of the King on the louis d'or." JOHN HAY.

It is fitting that this beneficent and symmetrical life should be closed with this large utterance of humanity. Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, in their mature age, scorning the dictates of a vulgar prudence, deliberately put on record their detestation of this growing crime. They at least believed in the words which make the Declaration immortal: "All men are created equal." I am glad to remember, too, that Lincoln, not many days before he went to join the august assembly of just men made perfect, said to me, "A man who denies to other men equality of rights is hardly worthy of freedom; but I would give *even to him* all the rights which I claim for myself." A plain phrase, but all the law and the prophets is in it.

Franklin died in the night of the 17th of April, 1790. It is related that his last glance fell upon a picture of Christ on the cross.

It was the first great sorrow of the young nation. The people mourned for him. Madison made a speech of five minutes, and Congress wore mourning for a month—extraordinary honors in those

days, from which we have somewhat worn the gloss since then.

The news reached France in June. The titanic games had begun. The mighty throes by which a nation was born were darting through the convulsed frame of society. The unchained Revolution, on which many had built absurd and fantastic hopes, was nearing that stage where many sank into equally absurd and fantastic despairs. Mirabeau was then the rugged and sparkling crest of the topmost wave. It was his clarion voice that announced to the National Assembly the death of the statesman and philosopher of two worlds, and sank into the wailing notes of a dirge as he recounted his virtues and glory. The delicate and sympathetic heart of France responded in a demonstration unique in the world's history. The Assembly and the nation turned for a time from their stupendous work to pay due honors to this alien tradesman. The hurricane stopped short in mid-career to waft a breath of tender regret to the grave of a citizen, growing green in the dewy hush of sunset a thousand leagues away.

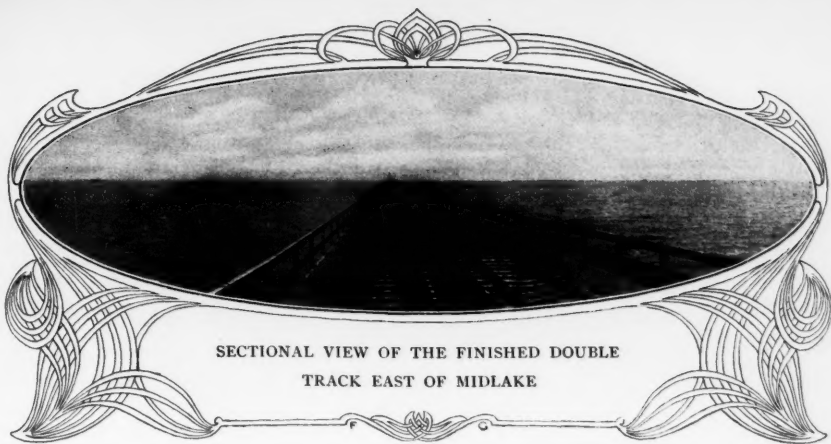
EXIT—SIR HENRY IRVING

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

LIFE'S act is o'er; Westminster rings;
No more he 'll play the numbered kings
Deposed by Death, exacting:
For there where Albion's kings are made,
Now buried with the kings he played,
Is Henry, king of acting.

He played them well, each in his part;
The Abbey's dead lived in his art,
Restored unto the throne;
And now his myriad self he brings
Where all the silent, coffined kings
Receive him as their own.

Time gave his cue, he dropped the rôle,
And cast the semblance from his soul:
He is himself at last;
And 'neath the Abbey's sculptured stage
He 's conned of life the final page
With players of the past.



THE LUCIN CUT-OFF

A REMARKABLE FEAT OF ENGINEERING

ACROSS THE GREAT SALT LAKE ON EMBANKMENT
AND TRESTLE

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS



WHEN the first survey of the Union Pacific Railroad came out of the mouth of Weber Cañon, a little southeast of the present city of Ogden, it found the Great Salt Lake lying across its path westward to a junction with the Central Pacific. Even at that early date some idea of the possibilities of the later-day triumphs of railroad construction seems to have occurred to the engineers of the survey, for they discussed a little, though perhaps more jocularly than seriously, the feasibility of driving straight across the lake, or at least across its eastern arm. Of course they gave it up. The idea then was almost chimerical. There was neither the genius in finance bold enough to undertake such a stupendous work, nor the traffic to warrant such an expenditure. It may be doubted, too, if there was engineering faith equal to the task. So the line was built up through the hills around the north end of the lake.

But that light talk of the early sixties was not without its fruit. The idea re-

mained the dream, the hope, the faith, of one of the young men employed in building the Central Pacific. William Hood was of that company of "across the isthmus" pioneers who have made their mark and their fame in the development of California and the Pacific slope. As he worked his way up to the responsible post of chief engineer of the Southern Pacific system, owner of the old Central Pacific, he never lost sight of the possibility of that line across Salt Lake. Collis P. Huntington, the master of the Pacific railroads, was inclined to think that it might be done; but the time was not yet ripe, the traffic was not heavy enough to justify the expense, and such enterprises were not easy to finance. But after Mr. Huntington's death there came to the head of Southern Pacific affairs a man whose financial ability and boldness matched the engineering skill and pluck of Mr. Hood. In Edward H. Harriman Mr. Hood found a man who sympathized with and believed in his plans, and who was able and willing to provide the money.

The times had changed. The day of great and bold enterprises had come. The old era of pinching and often false economy, that let road-bed and rolling-stock run down in order to squeeze out an unjustified dividend, was ended. The condition had been reached where it was only necessary for the engineer to show how the interest on the investment could be made to be told to go ahead. Traffic had increased to such a point that operation over the steep and crooked old line was becoming constantly more and more vexatious and difficult. Relief must be had. Financier agreed with engineer as to how it could be obtained, and the result is the "Lucin Cut-Off," as it is called, the line that runs from Ogden straight over Great Salt Lake, which it crosses on a trestle nearly twelve miles long and on twenty miles of "fill," and over the desert flats, one hundred and two miles in all, to Lucin, where it rejoins the old road. It is a "cut-off" indeed [see map, page 466]. Forty-three miles in distance are lopped off, heart-breaking grades avoided, curves eliminated, hours of time in transit saved, and untold worry and vexation prevented, at the same time that expenses of operation are reduced more than enough to pay interest on the whole cost twice over.

The line around the north end of the lake had two stretches especially difficult to operate, one about Promontory, where it crossed the range of that name, and the other near Kelton, where it traversed a spur of the Hogup Mountains. At one the rise was seven hundred feet in a little more than eleven miles, at the other five hundred feet in five and a half miles. As you look at it on the map the Great Salt Lake appears something like a base-ball catcher's left-hand glove, back up. Thumb and fingers are separated by the southern extension of the Promontory Mountains. Bear River flows into the eastern, or thumb, arm at its northern end. A line along the northern shore was out of the question, because of the extreme irregularity of the land. The first survey had discussed the proposition of building across the eastern arm to Promontory Point and then following the north-shore line around the western arm; but that, too, had been rejected as not feasible, owing to the character of the country to be traversed. As soon as there was talk of rectification

of the old line, both these propositions found new advocates, and at the same time the people of Salt Lake City, who had always felt a little aggrieved that the road went to Ogden instead of to their town, came forward with a proposition for a line around the southern end of the lake.

Long before the decision was made to build the Lucin Cut-Off, Mr. Hood had satisfied himself as to the conditions which would have to be met. He had considered all the other plans, as well as that of a line straight across. The old objections to the northern proposals still held good. The southern route would meet many of the obstacles of the cut-off and would increase the mileage instead of shortening it. The more he studied the whole situation the more firmly convinced he became of the feasibility and advisability of the straight line. He made repeated examinations of the bottom of the lake, by borings and soundings, and sometimes by driving pipes which brought up a core showing exactly what there was under the heavy salt water.

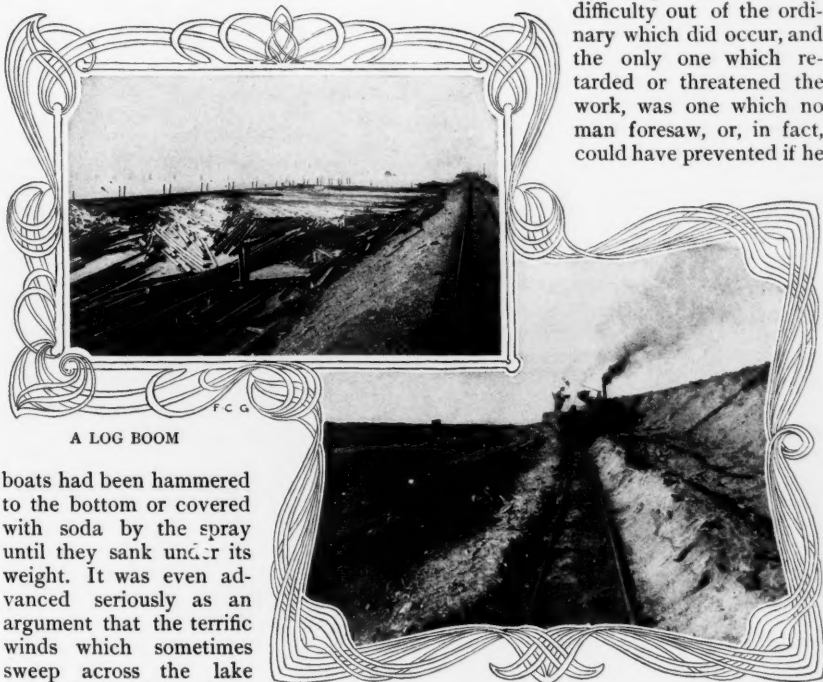
It was found that there was a crust of salt, soda, and gypsum overlying the mud. The layers of these different salts varied in thickness and evenness, but in general the crust seemed strong enough to withstand the strain to be put upon it. Moreover, it was steadily increasing through the regular precipitation which takes place during cold weather. It has been observed that in summer the percentage of these salts held in solution in the lake runs up to twenty-three; but with each winter there is a precipitation which reduces the percentage by spring to nineteen or eighteen.

Pending the acceptance of Mr. Hood's plans, several examinations of the bottom of Salt Lake, and of the general conditions, were made by other experts. But the fact that most of their reports were adverse, on the ground that the difficulties of construction were too great, did not convince him that he was wrong. In fact, the lively opposition that developed seemed only to strengthen his conviction. The experts were not the only ones who were against him. Railroad men, especially in the operating department, declared that the plan was not practical. There was the likelihood of blocks on the track to be considered, and the danger of accidents, of wrecks which might seriously damage

or even destroy part of the work. Salt Lake is at times subject to very severe storms. Its water is extremely heavy. The waves rise to a considerable height and pound with great force. It was urged that they would seriously endanger the stability of trestles, and be certain to cause heavy damage to fills by washing away the material of the embankment. The tradition of the natives was against the plan. They shook their heads and told stories of how

two stations in the hundred and two miles, each with more than a mile of side-track—make blocks impossible. Strict regulations as to speed limit, keeping trains always under full control, and careful inspection of cars before taking the cut-off, minimize the liability to wreck, and virtually eliminate the danger of serious accident. Not a prophesied mishap has occurred, perhaps because to be prophesied meant that it could be foreseen and provided against.

The only difficulty out of the ordinary which did occur, and the only one which retarded or threatened the work, was one which no man foresaw, or, in fact, could have prevented if he



A LOG BOOM

boats had been hammered to the bottom or covered with soda by the spray until they sank under its weight. It was even advanced seriously as an argument that the terrific winds which sometimes sweep across the lake would be liable to blow trains bodily from the track into the water.

In the long list of objections, serious and trivial, there were many things to give pause to a man who was contemplating, as was Mr. Harriman, the expenditure of the millions the cut-off would cost. But it is a curious fact that of all these arguments not one has been justified by the event. There has been no damage to trestles by waves, and only a slight wash on the embankment—never large enough to cause anxiety. Winds blow and blow without causing a tremor in the cars. Frequent and long sidings—there are twenty-

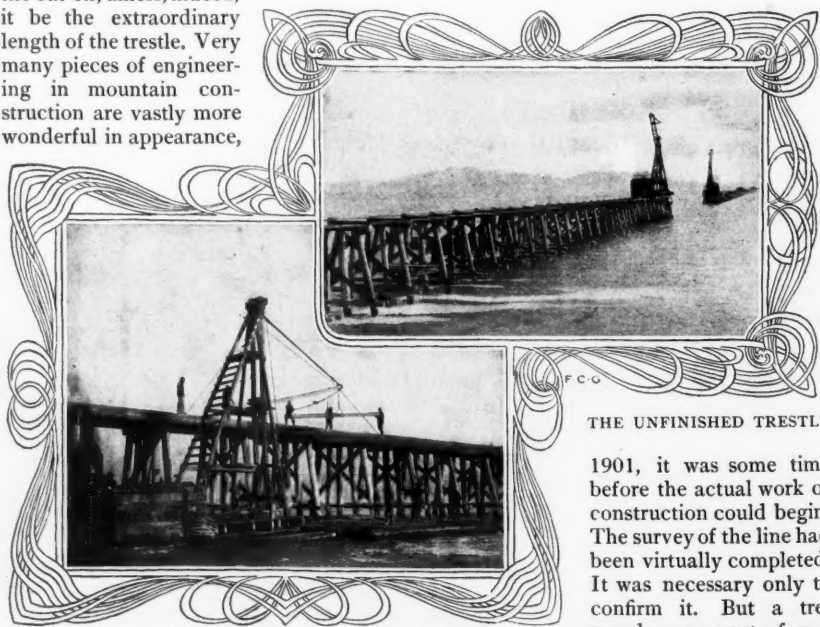
had foreseen. It was big enough to make up for the absence of all the others, but it was that very one which made the construction of the cut-off the remarkable work that it is, which brought out a wonderful demonstration of Anglo-Saxon grit and persistency, and which at length put the feather in the cap of the successful engineers. That difficulty was the tendency of the bottom of the lake to leave its abiding-place of centuries and seek a lower level, to the disastrous undoing of the plans and labor of the builders.

The air-line of the cut-off crosses the alluvial bottom west of Ogden to Weber River and the salt mud-flats to the lake, skirts the tip of Promontory Point, passes between Strong's Knob and the northern spur of the Lakeside Mountains on the western side of the lake, and then strikes across the dreary levels of the Great Salt Lake Desert, passing between the Hogup Mountains on the north and the Newfoundland Mountains on the south. From shore to shore of the lake it is thirty-two miles. Nothing like this cut-off had ever been undertaken by railroad-builders, and Mr. Hood had no precedents for guides. It is true that there are long fills on some of the Pacific-coast lines of the Southern Pacific, notably in the swampy stretch between Suisun and Benicia, and there are long trestles in the bayous of Louisiana, but in neither case are the conditions like those met at Salt Lake. Mr. Hood proposed to construct the cut-off by fill as far as possible, making an embankment which should give a permanent, solid way. Through the deepest part of the lake he planned to trestle. Both operations are in themselves comparatively simple. There is nothing spectacular about the cut-off, unless, indeed, it be the extraordinary length of the trestle. Very many pieces of engineering in mountain construction are vastly more wonderful in appearance,

though probably much less difficult to accomplish.

In the latter part of 1901 a general rectification of the line of the Central Pacific from Ogden to Reno, Nevada, was determined upon to cut out distance, reduce grades, and eliminate curves. The Lucin Cut-Off was by far the greater part of that undertaking. From the nature of the work it had to be done by company forces. No contractor had the knowledge upon which to bid, or the equipment to do the work if he had known exactly what he would meet. Nor would it have paid a contractor to purchase the equipment. Certain parts of the grading, from Ogden westward to near the lake shore, and from Lucin eastward across the desert, were let to contractors, but there were parts even of this which the company had to take in hand itself.

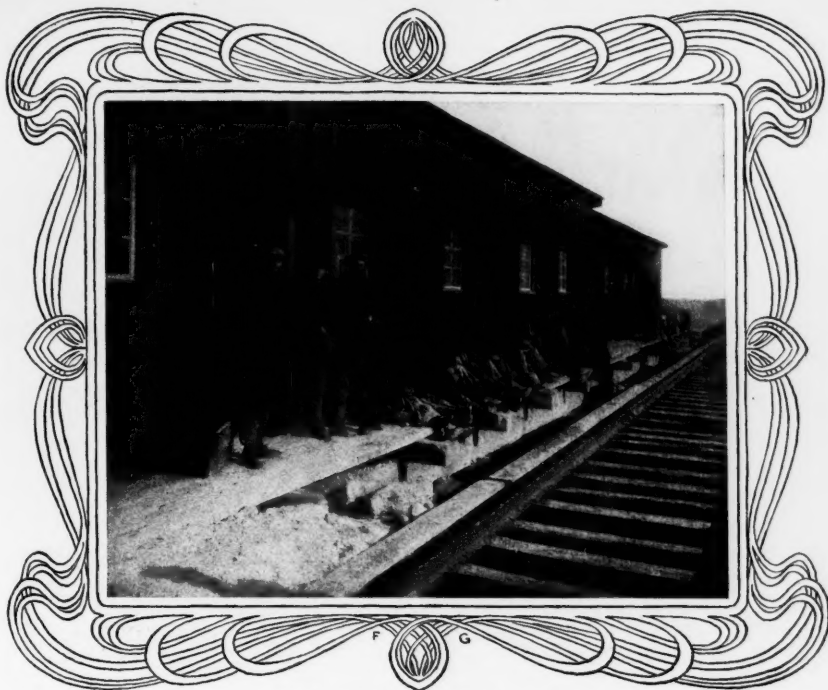
Before the authorization to go ahead with the cut-off was given, a vast amount of preliminary work had been accomplished in Mr. Hood's office in the way of estimates of material and equipment necessary for the undertaking, and after the word was finally given, on November 22,



LANDING STRINGERS FROM A RAFT NEAR THE EAST END OF THE PERMANENT TRESTLE

THE UNFINISHED TRESTLE

1901, it was some time before the actual work of construction could begin. The survey of the line had been virtually completed. It was necessary only to confirm it. But a tremendous amount of material had to be collected.



THE LUNCH HOUR AT CAMP 31

The plans provided for a permanent trestle about eleven miles long—it is nearly twelve as completed—across the western arm of the lake, over water averaging about thirty feet in depth. In the construction of that trestle, piling one hundred and twenty-five feet long was to be used. In the main roadway bents were to be of five piles, at sidings of nine. These bents are fifteen feet apart, so that something like twenty-five thousand of these huge piles had to be obtained. They were mostly Oregon fir, and cost, delivered at the lakeside, about sixty dollars apiece. But there was also a temporary trestle to be built—many miles of it. In constructing the fill, a trestle was first made, on which a track was laid. Over this track trains loaded with rock and gravel for the fill were run out and dumped. In the shallower places this temporary trestle was of forty-foot piles, but in the deeper water approaching the permanent trestle seventy-foot piles were used. In the temporary trestle only four piles were driven in a bent, but the bents were the same distance apart as in the permanent trestle. Thus for the two trestles a perfect forest of piles was

needed. The agents of the Southern Pacific scoured the great timber districts of the country, and train-load after train-load of the huge timbers was headed toward the Great Salt Lake.

And piling was far from all. There were the big stringers and caps for both permanent and temporary trestles, and besides all the rest, though a bagatelle compared with it, timber for stations, boarding-houses, and sidings, guard-rails, and even a steamboat. For the construction of the Lucin Cut-Off developed a new rule of railroad-building—first get your steamer.

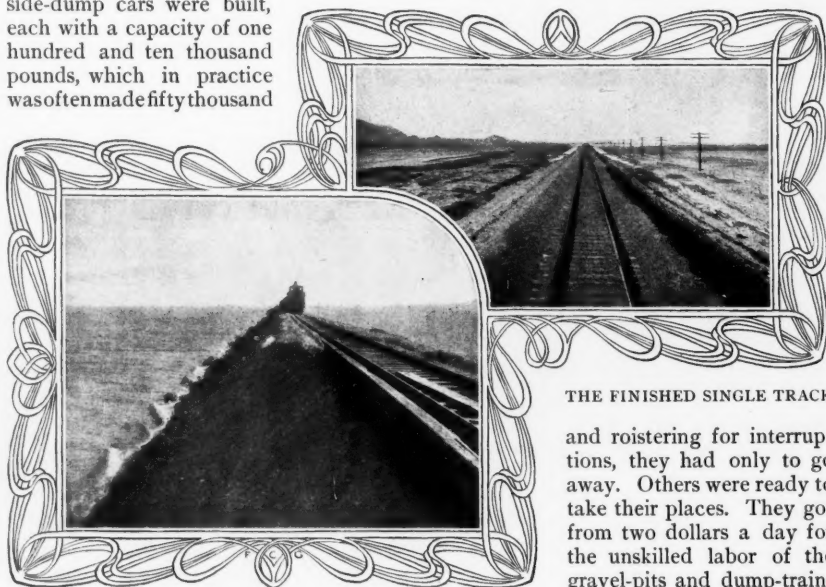
To place all these piles in position there must be drivers, and since the work was to be put through with all speed, they must be numerous. So while the tall, straight trunks were falling in the forests of Oregon, Michigan, and Texas, or trundling on their long journey to Salt Lake, twenty-five huge pile-drivers were building in San Francisco, at a cost of several thousand dollars each, for the same destination. As fast as they were ready they were shipped out, in sections, to Ogden, whence, as soon as the temporary track to the lake

was completed, they were hauled out and put up. Each hammer weighed thirty-two hundred pounds.

Material for the fill was everywhere at hand. At Little Mountain, on the eastern shore of the lake, at Promontory Point, at Lakeside, on the western bank, and at Hogup, the southern end of the Hogup Mountains, gravel-pits and quarries were opened, whence rock and gravel enough to turn Salt Lake into a stone-yard were easily obtainable. To transport this material to the point where it was to be used, four hundred great steel side-dump cars were built, each with a capacity of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, which in practice was often made fifty thousand

tons of rock and gravel. Eight great steam-shovels, with dippers of five cubic yards capacity, were provided at a cost of more than ten thousand dollars each, to dig the material out of the banks and to load it into the dump-cars.

To handle all this equipment, a small army of men was required. They were gathered from the four quarters of the country, attracted by the prospect of long, steady work at good wages. If some of them found it longer and steadier than they had expected, with less amusement



THE TEMPORARY TRESTLE NEARLY FILLED

THE FINISHED SINGLE TRACK

pounds greater, and each at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. But these were not enough. All the dump-cars belonging to the company that possibly could be spared from other work were brought to the task, and every road in the country that had such equipment was called on to lend or sell to the Southern Pacific. Even ordinary flat-cars were used, and when all were at length collected, they numbered between eight hundred and a thousand. Eighty locomotives, great and small, furnished the motive power to handle them, and it takes a powerful engine to haul a train of twenty or twenty-five of those great steel cars, each loaded with from sixty to seventy

and roistering for interruptions, they had only to go away. Others were ready to take their places. They got from two dollars a day for the unskilled labor of the gravel-pits and dump-trains to four and four and a half for the skilled mechanics, carpenters, bridge-workers, and engineers.

In February, 1902, the contractors began their grading across the flats at the east and west ends of the cut-off. Material was already pouring in, and by March the company forces took hold. The first thing was to get a track out to the lake from Ogden. Salt Lake is not as big as it used to be. In the last twelve years the water has receded eight or ten feet, and there is talk that it is drying up. There are those, however, who believe that it will rise again, and, in fact, that is what it does after a winter of particularly heavy snowfall or a very wet spring. The possibility that it would do that and submerge embankment

and trestle was one of the arguments against the cut-off. The recession of the last ten years has left a strip of mud nearly three miles wide along the eastern shore, and when the contractors struck that they gave up. They could not grade over it. It is ten feet or more thick, and is covered with a crust of salt. The company force that took hold laid down long planks on this mud and covered them with hundred-pound bags of sand. On these heavy cross-timbers were laid, over which stringers were placed which carried a temporary track. On this the material-trains were run out, the cars loaded with rock and shale, and thus the permanent way was built up.

As soon as the temporary track reached the water, the first of the pile-drivers was sent out and put up. The very first work it did was to drive the piles for a steam-boat slip and landing, and the building of the steamer *Promontory* was begun, a vessel one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and only eighteen inches draft. She was to be the general tender for all the work in the lake, to take stores and water to the different stations, and to fetch and carry wherever useful, the indispensable auxiliary always. While this supply-vessel was building, the rest of the pile-drivers were set up, and piles were brought out and dumped into the lake. Booms were constructed to hold them at different places, whence they could be towed by launches to the spot where they were needed. As fast as the pile-drivers were ready, they were set to work. A station was erected at each mile-end of the projected road. There two pile-drivers went to work back to back, driving away from each other. Five bents of five piles each, or seventy-five feet in all, was a good day's work. At each station a boarding-house was built on a platform raised on piles well out of the way of storm-waves. There the men lived until their work was finished. The company furnished supplies and cooks, and the men paid four dollars a week for their board. They worked in ten-hour shifts, day and night, Sundays and holidays.

It was not a very exciting life, but it was frugal and thrifty. There was not much to do but work and sleep, and there was no place to spend money. No liquor was allowed. All stores and all packages coming out to workmen were carefully

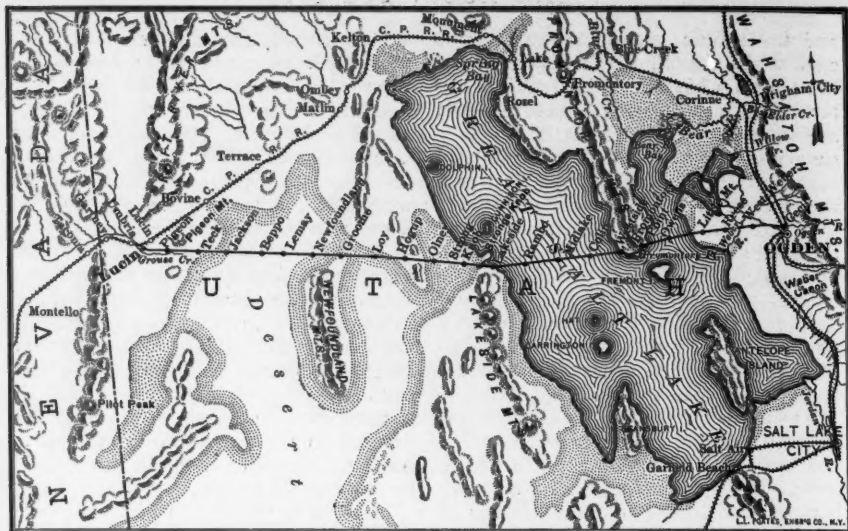
searched, and any liquor found was promptly confiscated. From first to last two car-loads were taken in this way. The company was in a hurry, and it could not afford to have the work interrupted by drunkenness or sprees, to say nothing of the rows and fights inevitable if liquor were in camp. It was not so easy to keep it out on the fills as on the trestles. Two or three times squatters came down on government land adjoining parts of the right of way and set up groggeries. Usually it was not much trouble to drive them away, but one fellow who set up shop near Hogup determined to brazen it out. However, when one of the engineers took a gang of men to his place and began to drill holes under his shanty preparatory to blowing it up with giant-powder, his courage oozed, and he fled.

"He surely would have been blown up," said one of the engineers in telling about it.

Assuredly so. It would have been cheaper to pay the damages than to have the trouble-maker let loose among the men.

With the single exception of the channel of Bear River, the eastern arm of the lake is crossed on a fill. The temporary track for making this fill was carried on sand-bags out into the lake until a depth of four feet was reached. There the temporary trestle began. Great differences were found in the bottom. Sometimes the crust would be of almost solid gypsum, so hard that the huge hammers of the pile-drivers could not force a timber through, and it had to be cut out with a steam-jet. The first pile driven for the temporary trestle in the old Bear River bed, however, did not meet such resistance. It went out of sight at the first blow. Another was set up on the end of the first, and that, too, disappeared with one smash of the great weight. Then two piles were tied, braced and capped, and driven together. They held. Investigation showed that the bottom, for a depth of more than fifty feet, was soft mud. In the hundred-foot channel of Bear River, however, where the ten feet of water flows with a swift current, a solid hard-pan bottom was found on which to erect the permanent trestle.

In the western arm, where the piles of the temporary trestle were seventy feet long, often a blow of the hammer would sink a pile only an inch or two, although



MAP OF THE LUCIN CUT-OFF

at times it would go down as many feet. Sometimes when a pile had been driven from thirty to forty feet it would suddenly spring back two or three feet after a blow. That was when it had struck the hard gypsum, which had to be cut out with steam.

The early summer of 1902 found more than three thousand men in the company's force on the cut-off. A thousand of them were busy on the permanent trestle alone. Work was progressing rapidly at several places. The great gravel-pit at Promontory Point and the quarry at Lakeside were beginning to send out their trainloads of gravel and rock, and the yard at Hogup was pouring out its tons of material along the embankment at the western shore of the lake. Things were going smoothly and the sky was fairly serene. From both sides of each arm of the lake the work advanced. Many of the men brought out their families, and to each the company allotted an "outfit" car in which they lived. The men bought their supplies in Ogden, and the company hauled them out free of charge. Long lines of these box-car homes stood on the temporary sidings, and flocks of children played about in the yards. At Lakeside forty or more such cars stood in one string near the quarry. It was not intended by the blasts there to do more than shake up the rock so that the big steam-

shovels could handle it. But sometimes, when blasts were unusually heavy, pieces flew uncomfortably near the outfit cars. So it was ordered that at the cry of "Blast!" all the women and children should come out of their wheeled houses and crawl under them for safety.

Good luck attended the work. There were plenty of accidents of the minor sort, limbs broken and hands smashed, but only one that was serious, caused by a collision which exploded a car of dynamite. Several men fell into the heavy salt water and came near strangling. Of all who fell not one thought to shut his mouth and keep the brine out of his throat. The company maintained a hospital on the work, with surgeons in constant attendance.

Mr. Hood planned to have the roadway on the permanent trestle fifteen feet above the normal high stage of the lake. The margin on the fill was not so great, because if at any time the water should rise threateningly it could be easily and quickly raised. The top of the fill is twenty feet broad. In twenty-four feet of water, the greatest depth it was undertaken to fill, the embankment, as planned, was therefore a little under forty feet high. As finally made, it is something like fifteen times that. Under normal conditions a fill forty feet high and twenty feet broad at the top will be about a hundred and forty feet

broad at the bottom. But in this fill it was from two to four times that. The brine of the lake is so heavy that it fairly floated away the lighter material. Gravel and dirt seemed almost of no use. The slope of the embankment, instead of being steep and sharp as above water, fell away often as gradually as a bathing-beach on the seashore. Tons and tons of material seemed to disappear altogether. This was one of the things that had not been foreseen. Some allowance had been made for the unusual power of flotation of the salt water, but not enough. There are places where the material of the fill can be traced for three hundred feet or more on each side of the track. It was rock that counted in this work. Great chunks of it, weighing thousands of pounds, were thrown in, only to be swallowed up by the insatiable bottom of the lake. But at last the effect began to be felt, and then the smaller material had a chance.

It was on the fills that all the trouble and struggle took place. There was never a hindrance on the permanent trestle, save when now and then a heavy storm smashed a log-boom and sent the scattered timbers and piles cruising about the lake on their own account, to be slowly and painfully collected again by the launches and towed back to new booms, while the men in the boarding-houses played cards, read, smoked, and talked, and drew their pay in idleness.

Thus a year went by and the temporary track was completed the whole length of the cut-off. Then the devilment began. It was as if the old lake had not realized what was going on until, just as the task began to reach the hopeful stage where the work showed what was doing, she suddenly awoke and bestirred herself to its undoing. On March 24, 1903, the first engine was started across the cut-off. Up to that time it had been the practice to back the material-trains out to position for dumping. There were two spots that had been specially difficult to handle, one in the east arm, about the old Bear River bed, and the other in the west arm, near the station called Rambo. The fill was not yet nearly up to grade in either place, although it was well above the water. The trial engine pursued its course leisurely until it struck the old Bear River bed, and then, without warning, the embankment

settled out of sight and the engine stood in a foot or two of water, but still on the rails. Thereupon a cable was attached to her, and she was hauled out.

That was the first. The track was raised again and the fill brought back to its old level. A week later it went down under a work-train, and gave the men a good start, although no one was hurt. So it kept doing. Always the settling stopped when the top of the fill was a little under water, and often the track was left wriggling and squirming on the surface. The treacherous crust on the bottom had given way under the weight of the fill. As often as the embankment reached a certain height and its weight thrust too great a strain on the limitless mud of the bottom, the mud gave way, and down the whole structure sank to the point where the strain was relieved.

Here the real work of building the Lucin Cut-Off came in. For a year and nine months that thing kept up, and the day on which there was not a sink somewhere along the job is crossed and starred and bordered with red on the calendars of the engineers in charge. That first sink began a fight the like of which has not been seen in railroad engineering. It became, apparently, the stupendous task of filling up the bottomless pit. Twenty-five hundred men were at it day and night without cessation. Every hour saw at least one great material-train thrust out on the crazy track to pour its tons of rock and gravel into the greedy, yawning hole. The daughters of the horse-leech had their home at the bottom of Salt Lake, and Mr. Hood had taken on the task of stopping their mouths. It was a fine exhibition of pluck.

"We know what it ought to do," said one of the engineers, "but what we don't know is why it does n't do it."

There was only one course for them, and that was to keep on filling. Gradually they saw their work beginning to tell. The embankment reached a greater height above the water before it sank, and they knew that sometime they would get it up to grade and it would stay.

The permanent trestle was completed, with its road-bed laid on three inches of asphalt roofing over heavy planking put down on twelve-inch stringers, and ballasted with fourteen inches of gravel and rock. The solid waves, that it had been prophesied would twist and tear and per-

haps smash the big piles, rolled harmlessly through them, and instead of damaging, pickled them in brine and covered them with a coating of salt and soda that bids fair to preserve them for all time. Only on the embankment did the wash show any effect, where sometimes it rolled away large rocks. The fill was now up to grade—at times—along its entire length, and the regular track was laid down. On Thanksgiving day, 1903, Mr. Harriman came with a party of friends and railroad men to see the formal opening of the great work, but it was not until the 6th of March in the following year that the condition of the track seemed to warrant diverting traffic from the old line, and even then it was only freight-trains that were sent over the cut-off. Passengers continued to use the old road for several months more.

By this time all the fill except at the two bad places had come to a stable condition. Bear River was approaching good behavior. For four months the track there was operated at a foot or eighteen inches below grade with no sink. Then it was raised to grade, and promptly went down eight feet. But that was the last. It was filled again to grade, and there remains.

But Rambo still made trouble. Beginning with April, 1904, a careful record was made of the settlements of the fill about that station. In a period of two hundred and eighty-seven days there are four hundred and eighty-two entries, with only nineteen days on which no settling was recorded. August was the worst month. There are eighty-four entries for that month, seven of them on one day, the 23d. But this does not mean that the same section of track sank eighty-four times that month or seven times that day. They were seven different sections, ranging from two hundred to eleven hundred feet in length and covering a total of thirty-six hundred feet out of six thousand feet affected. The greatest settling was about four and a half feet and the average less than two. Of such sinks there were thirty in August, one glorious day being free.

But even with these sinks the freight traffic continued with less interruption than it had suffered over the old line. And as fast as the track went down it was raised again. The total raise, both at Rambo and at Bear River, was something over seven

hundred feet. Now the engineers saw what was becoming of the material they were heaving into the water at this rate—seventy thousand cars of rock alone went over the dump at Rambo. Off at each side of the track, from a hundred to three hundred feet away, little islands or bars rose out of the lake. Piles driven in the temporary trestle came to the surface and once or twice were forced clear out, a hundred feet or more from the track. A lady crossing the cut-off with one of the engineers saw this phenomenon and exclaimed:

"How fortunate it was that you found those little islands!"

"Found them!" cried the engineer. "It took us two years to make them!"

On the 18th of September, 1904, passenger-trains were first sent over the cut-off, and from then until the middle of last January only thirty-four minutes, all told, were lost by them on the new track, far less than the average delay on the old road. December 23, 1904, was the last black day in the record. That day two hundred feet of fill near Rambo went down a little more than a foot. The Lucin Cut-Off is complete, and Mr. Hood, the engineer, is justified for his faith. So, too, is Mr. Harriman, the financier; for in January, 1905, the operating expenses of the new road were sixty-one thousand dollars less than the operating expenses of the old road in January, 1904, although the traffic was greater.

With six hundred thousand tons of through freight annually, and that amount increasing, the old road had reached its limit. It took three locomotives to handle nine hundred and fifty tons, and often required from thirty to thirty-six hours. Over the cut-off a single engine has hauled two thousand three hundred and sixty tons in less than nine hours. Passenger-trains that used to go in two or three sections, each with two locomotives, now run from fourteen to seventeen coaches with one engine.

When you sit in the observation-car and gaze at these miles of fill and trestle, you will not see a strikingly spectacular piece of engineering accomplishment, but you will see the monument of one of the greatest exhibitions of pluck and endurance ever made. And when you talk with one of the men who made it, he will tell you of this or that sink, and joke at the recollection of those almost despairing days.

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplish," etc.

VI

LINCOLN THE LAW STUDENT



HE quality of the talk which passed over the counters of Offutt's store was probably superior to the quality of its merchandise, for, despite the remarkable popularity of the salesman, the business dwindled until it finally "winked out," as Lincoln said of one of his later ventures.

At this crisis, however, an event occurred which set all the country talking, and the passing of the village emporium was scarcely noticed. Black Hawk, an Indian chief, was reported to be on the war-path, and the governor of the State hastily called for volunteers. Lincoln instantly responded, and was subsequently elected captain of his company—a success, which, he declared, gave him more pleasure than any of the honors which afterward fell to his lot.

The so-called Black Hawk War lasted only a few weeks. It was in many ways a ridiculous, if not contemptible, affair, and Lincoln did not reach the front until it was virtually over. His company was disbanded shortly after it was formed, but he reenlisted as a private for the remainder of the campaign, and was finally mustered out by a young lieutenant of the regular army whom he was destined to meet again under more dramatic auspices—Major Robert Anderson, the commander of Fort Sumter.

It was characteristic of the man that at a time when military titles were the fashion Lincoln did not retain his, and would never permit any one to address him as captain. Indeed, years afterward, when

congressmen attempted to make political capital for General Cass out of that gentleman's not too distinguished record in the War of 1812, he disposed of the pretensions with a laugh at his own military history.

"By the way, Mr. Speaker," he began with deep gravity, "did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir. In the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. . . . I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near to it as Cass was to Hull's surrender, and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. . . . If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitos. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."¹

Farcical as this campaign was, it had, nevertheless, an important bearing on Lincoln's professional career; for it brought him to the notice of his future law partner, Major John T. Stuart, one of the Springfield volunteers, and it was the major's friendly advice and the use of his small law library which encouraged the ex-clerk to pursue his legal studies.

The political canvass in Illinois was almost over when the "veteran" of the Black Hawk War returned to New Salem; but there was still time to make a few

¹ Congressional Record of July 27, 1848.

speeches in aid of his candidacy for the State legislature, and he threw himself into the contest with vigor and spirit. When the votes were counted, however, he found himself rejected—the first and only time he was ever defeated by direct popular vote.

But Lincoln had stated in the circular announcing his candidacy that if the people should see fit to keep him in the background, he was too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined, and there is no indication that he was particularly discouraged at the result, although it compelled him to seek immediate employment, and interfered to that extent with his preparation for the bar. He had to earn his living, but if he could find work which would allow him some leisure for study, he did not care much what it was and when a dissolute fellow named Berry, who had purchased an interest in a grocery-store, proposed a partnership, Offutt's ex-clerk grasped the opportunity.

A more ill-assorted couple than Berry and Lincoln it would be difficult to imagine, but their ideas of the partnership were mutually satisfactory. The senior partner drank up all the profits of the business, and the junior member devoted himself to the study of law. As might be expected, this division of the labors and responsibilities of shopkeeping was not highly remunerative, and Lincoln afterward remarked that the best stroke of business he ever did in the grocery line was when he bought an old barrel from an immigrant for fifty cents and discovered under some rubbish at the bottom a complete set of Blackstone's Commentaries. That was a red-letter day in his life, and we have his own word for it that he literally devoured the volumes. They must, indeed, have been a glad contrast to the dry Indiana statutes; and if Lincoln's choice of a profession must be attributed to a law-book, no more plausible selection than Blackstone's Commentaries could possibly be made.

Berry & Lincoln virtually lived on their stock of merchandise, Berry drinking and Lincoln eating it up, and matters soon reached a crisis which drove the junior partner out into the fields again, where he undertook all sorts of rough farm

labor, from splitting rails to plowing. As a man-of-all-work, however, Lincoln did not prove altogether satisfactory to his employers. He was too fond of mounting stumps in the field and "practising polemics" on the other farm-hands, and there was something uncomfortable about a plowman who read as he followed the team, no matter how straight his furrows ran. Such practices were irritating, if not presumptuous, and there is a well-known story about a farmer who found "the hired man" lying in a field beside the road, dressed in his not too immaculate farm clothes, with a book instead of a pitchfork in his hand.

"What are you reading?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I'm not reading; I'm studying," answered Lincoln, his wonderful eyes still on the pages of his book.

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir."

The old man stared at the speaker for a moment in utter amazement.

"Great—God—Almighty!" he muttered as he passed on, shaking his head.

But even with odd jobs and the post-mastership of New Salem,¹ Lincoln could scarcely make ends meet, and he was glad to receive the appointment of deputy to Calhoun, the county surveyor. He was sorely in need of the salary, but he would not accept the office under any misunderstanding. With characteristic frankness he admitted that he knew nothing about surveying, and explained that he was not of his employer's political faith. Being assured, however, that his politics made no difference, he applied himself to the study of surveying, and so well did he qualify himself for the work that none of his surveys was ever questioned, and the information he acquired stood him in good stead when he came to practice law. One of his legal opinions on a question of surveying is in existence to-day.

Meanwhile what remained of the grocery business was sold on credit. The purchasers defaulted, and Berry died, leaving his partner to shoulder all the not inconsiderable debts.

Credit in those days was freely extended, and it was not considered dishonorable to evade the payment of claims which passed

¹ This appointment, "too insignificant to make politics an objection," was received in May, 1833, from the Jackson administration, and it was the only Federal patronage which Lincoln ever enjoyed.

The 11th Section of the act of Congress, approved Feb. 11, 1805, prescribing rules for the subdivision of sections of land within the United States system of surveys, standing unrevoked, in my opinion, is binding on the respective purchasers of different parts of the same section, and furnishes the true rule for surveyors in establishing lines between them— That law, being in force at the time each became a purchaser, becomes a covenant of the purchaser—

And, by that law, I think the true rule for dividing into quarters any interior section, or section which is not fractional, is to run straight lines through the section from the opposite quarter section corners, fixing the point where such straight lines cross, or intersect each other, as the middle, or center of the section—

Nearly, perhaps quite, all the original surveys, on to some extent, erroneous, ~~error~~ in some of the sections, greatly so— In the latter, it is obvious that a more equitable mode of division than the above, might be adopted; but as error is infinitely various, perhaps no better single rule can be prescribed.

At all events I think the above has been prescribed by the competent authority—
Springfield, Jan'y. 11. 1859. A. Lincoln.

By permission, from a pamphlet by Z. A. Enos

A LEGAL OPINION FROM LINCOLN ON A QUESTION OF SURVEYING

into the hands of speculators. Berry & Lincoln had obtained very little when they purchased the grocery, and the sellers probably parted with the firm's notes for a small fraction of their face value. The men who bought paper of that sort usually sold it again at the first opportunity or traded it off for something else, and thus it passed from hand to hand until some speculator

who had obtained it for nothing or next to nothing appeared and demanded the uttermost farthing. Naturally, this dubious business encouraged evasion of the debts, and public opinion countenanced the repudiations. But to Lincoln a promise was a promise, and although the action of one of the parties who had acquired his and Berry's notes was particularly contempt-

ible, he stooped to neither compromise nor evasion. Little by little he reduced the claims, and fourteen years afterward he devoted part of his salary as congressman to this purpose, and finally extinguished what he jestingly termed his "national debt."

In these days, when lawyers of high standing lend themselves to the thousand and one trickeries by which bankruptcy has become a new way to pay old debts, when influential firms accept retainers from insolvent clients who retain their memberships in fashionable clubs, and managing clerks are encouraged to make "affidavits of merit" on behalf of such gentry, it is refreshing to think of the struggling Illinois law student who refused to take advantage of the law.

This episode would be of merely passing interest did it not foreshadow Lincoln's conduct when face to face with the countless temptations and sophistries of the profession. It is important solely because it is illustrative and characteristic of his entire legal career, and it will be seen that he never consented to do anything in a representative capacity which he would not countenance in himself as an individual, that he maintained the ideals of advocacy in his daily contact with the legal world, and made no sacrifice of private principles in his long and active experience. Had he no other claim than this to legal recognition, that service alone should entitle him to high rank as a lawyer, and to far higher standing in the profession than that assigned to many acknowledged leaders of the bar. It will be demonstrated, however, that honor and honesty were not the only rare legal qualities which distinguished Lincoln the lawyer in his three-and-twenty years of practice.

VII

ADMISSION TO THE BAR. THE PRIMITIVE BENCH AND BAR OF ILLINOIS

HIS duties as surveyor carried Lincoln to all parts of Sangamon County and widened his acquaintance until, in 1834, he felt himself strong enough to make another canvass for the legislature. This

time he was successful beyond his hopes, securing more votes than any other candidate save one; and some idea of the esteem in which his neighbors held him may be gathered from the result in New Salem, where he received 208 out of the 211 ballots cast, a tribute which proves that a man is sometimes a prophet even in his own country.

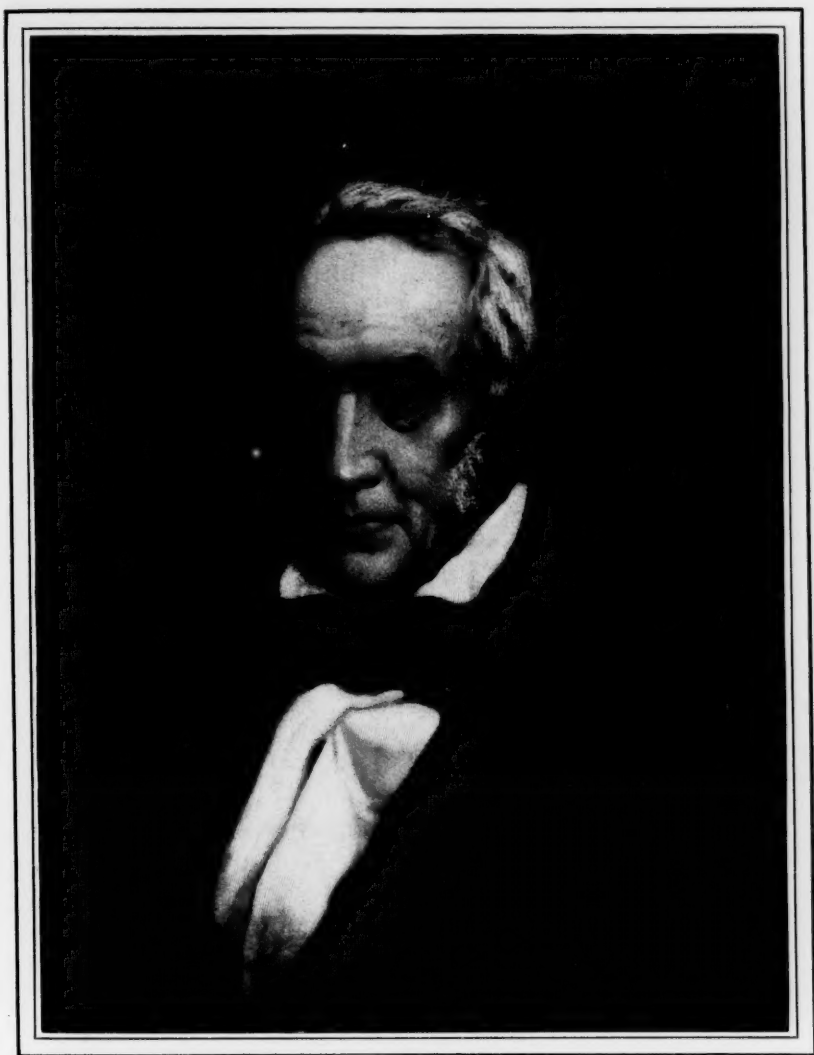
The duties of a State legislator in those days were even less confining than they are now, and although the remuneration was small, it enabled Lincoln to drop his surveying work and devote his entire leisure to the law. He had already begun practice in an apprentice way, occasionally drawing deeds and bills of sale for his neighbors and "pettifogging" before Justice Bowling Green; and biographers, better acquainted with literary values than with law, have seized upon the fact that he was not paid for this work to illustrate his generosity and helpfulness. One of the recent histories states that "poor as he was, he never accepted a fee for such services, because he felt that he was fully paid by the experience."

Probably it more than paid him, but in view of the Illinois law which imposes a heavy penalty on unlicensed persons who accept compensation for attorney work, and in the light of similar provisions in the Indiana Revised Statutes, which Lincoln is supposed to have memorized, page, verse, and chapter, the attempt to praise his forbearance makes a ludicrous virtue of necessity.¹ Lincoln protested that no pseudo-partizans of his should ever make fun of him by trying to write him into a military hero; but he could not protect himself on every side, and his friends, the eulogists, have certainly done their best to make him ridiculous.

At the next election the young law student was again a candidate for the legislature, and his friends were so anxious for his success that they raised two hundred dollars to defray the expenses of a thorough canvass. He was triumphantly elected at the head of the poll, and returned one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents of the campaign fund, stating to the subscribers that his

¹ The Indiana statute forbidding unlicensed persons to practise law under penalties is contained in the Revision of 1824, under chap. viii, sec. 9, and in the Revision of '31, on p. 86.

The Illinois law, in substantially the same language used in the Indiana statute, is set forth in the Revision of 1833, at p. 102, and in the Revision of '45, in chap. xi, sec. 11, p. 74.



From a portrait owned by the Illinois Historical Society

JUDGE JOHN REYNOLDS

A typical judge of the primitive Illinois courts

total outlay had been only seventy-five cents. His plurality at this election was even more a personal tribute than the vote of the previous year, for his services during his first term in the legislature had not been remarkable. Indeed, there is nothing particularly noteworthy in his legislative record from beginning to end, except as it illustrates his growing

political sagacity and genius for leadership.

It was at the close of his second term, in March, 1837, that he moved to Springfield. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, vigorous in body, serious-minded, and developing intellectually with every fresh mental impulse. He arrived at the new State capital¹ without money and

¹ Vandalia was the former capital. It was changed to Springfield largely through Lincoln's efforts.

with no baggage to speak of, but soon found himself among friends. Joshua Speed, a prosperous merchant, offered to share his lodging with the embryo lawyer, and was promptly taken at his word.

This arrangement was merely temporary, for a few days later Major Stuart, in whose office Lincoln had served an informal legal apprenticeship, offered him a partnership, and the firm of Stuart & Lincoln entered on the practice of law, the junior partner literally living in the office.

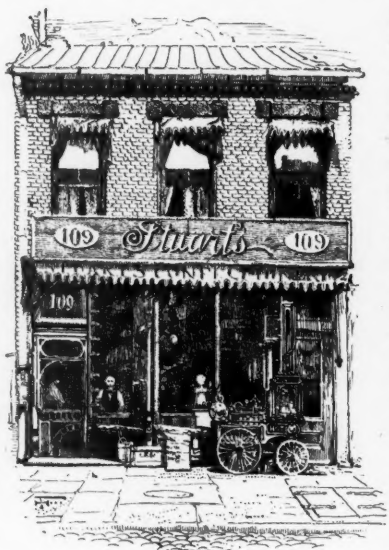
It is improbable that Lincoln was obliged to pass any examination for admission to the bar. Certainly there is no record of any such formality, and the existing statutes did not, in express terms, provide for it. There was, however, a provision which permitted attorneys from *other States* to be licensed *without examination*, which suggests that *native* candidates may have been subjected to some sort of mental test.¹ Certainly ten or fifteen years later, Lincoln himself was appointed by the court to examine applicants; but the requirements, even at that date, were not very severe, and about the most important question which a novi-

¹ Rule XXX of the Illinois Supreme Court, adopted March 1, 1841, about five years after Lincoln was admitted, provided that all applicants for a license to practise law be required to present themselves in person for examination in open court. At the July term of the same year, however, this rule was bitterly attacked by old Judge Ford, who did not believe in restricting the membership of the bar, and the rule above quoted was rescinded, despite the objections of Justices Treat and Douglas, who recorded their dissent from the order of rescission.

² Judge R. M. Benjamin of Bloomington, Illinois, is probably the only lawyer now living whom Lincoln examined for admission to the bar. In an interview with the writer the judge described

the proceedings as being extremely informal, but stated that Mr. Lincoln did not suggest to him any "initiation."

³ Such orders were usually made on the recommendation of one or more persons, who signed a paper certifying to the court that the applicant was of good moral character. If this was done in Lincoln's case, it would be interesting to know who signed his certificate; but after an exhaustive search in the Circuit and Supreme Court records in Springfield, the writer was unable to find any of the original papers touching Lincoln's admission to the bar; and, from the neglected condition of other documents in these courts of about the same date, he is of the opinion that these historical papers have been lost or destroyed.



OFFICE OF STUART AND LINCOLN
AS IT IS TO-DAY

This is No. 109 North Fifth street, the only surviving section of the old "Hoffman Row," on the second floor of which Stuart and Lincoln had their office. According to tradition, this is that part occupied by the law firm. The section adjoining on the north was recently torn down to make room for a modern structure.

is ordered by the court that it be certified that Abraham Lincoln is a person of good moral character," and the clerk's minutes of the same term of court contain the following entry: "Ordered that it be certified to all whom it may concern that Abraham Lincoln is a man of good moral character."³ His name, however, does not appear on the roll of attorneys until September 9, 1836, and this was not published in the reports until March, 1837, which has led to much confusion, and accounts for the conflicting statements of the biographies. There is no doubt, however, that he was legally qualified on March 24, 1836, and his

professional life properly dates from then.

Illinois was only just emerging from the

the proceedings as being extremely informal, but stated that Mr. Lincoln did not suggest to him any "initiation."

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*A Lincoln Esq
 Atty & Counsellor
 at Law
 Springfield
 Illinois*

Springfield Ill
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Angamon
Pen.
PRIMARY SCHOOLS.
 BY ROSE WENTON, LL. D.
 NEW YORK:
 PUBLISHED BY H. & J. WHITE, 100 FINE ST.
 NEW HAVEN: TORRE & FELL.
 BOSTON: AT A. C. SWANWICK, NEW YORK.
 1834.

Owned by Major William H. Lambert

A DICTIONARY FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS WITH LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH

The double title as "Esquire," and also "Attorney," shows that it was probably written in the first flush of professional pride

condition of a frontier State in 1836, and all departments of the government were still very simply administered. The judges were in some respects superior to their brethren of Indiana, but they were not overburdened with learning; and although Governor Ford's "History of Early Illinois" records the names of half a dozen attorneys of reputed ability and scholar-

ship, it is doubtful if the rank and file of the primitive bar knew much more law than the layman of equal intelligence.

Most of the court-houses were log-built, as in Indiana, but in some districts the sessions were held in the bar-rooms of taverns, and the absence of all formality in the proceedings is best illustrated by the fact that in the Circuit Court of Wash-

*Direct Woolridge
 v. Hawthorne }
 Damages \$500.00*
*Since we back
 a copy*
*The Clerk of the
 Sangamon Circuit Court will
 issue a summons returnable
 to the next term of the
 Sangamon Circuit Court*
Oct 8th 1836 *A. Lincoln*

"PRECIPE" (IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING) IN THE CASE OF HAWTHORNE V. WOOLRIDGE, WHICH WAS LINCOLN'S SO-CALLED FIRST CASE. (FROM MAJOR LAMBERT'S COLLECTION)

ington County, held by Judge John Reynolds, the sheriff usually heralded his Honor by singing out: "Come in, boys! Our John is a-goin' to hold court!" to which cordial invitation those having business with the law responded.

Another sheriff in Union County made a laudable effort to meet the requirements of the occasion by shouting this singular announcement:

"O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! The honorable judge is now opened!"

Both the bench and the bar had become comparatively dignified by the time Lincoln was admitted to practice; but Governor Ford, writing at a much later day, expressed a fine scorn of all formalities, and his comments indicate that the Illinois courts were not offensively ceremonious even in the fifties.

"In some countries," he complacently observes, "the people are so ignorant or stupid that they have to be humbugged into a respect for the institutions and tribunals of the State. The judges and lawyers wear robes and gowns and wigs, and appear with all 'the excellent gravity' described by Lord Coke. Wherever means like these are really necessary to give authority to government, it would seem that the bulk of the people must be in a semi-barbarous state at least."

There was certainly nothing barbarous about the administration of the criminal law in Illinois before that State became what we call civilized. Indeed, the judges were humane to a fault, and whenever it became necessary for them to sentence a prisoner, they were careful to state that they were but the humble agencies of justice. Possibly this extreme modesty reflected a wholesome self-depreciation, but there is just a chance that it evidenced a live regard for their own personal safety. In any event, it is a fact that the judiciary assumed no unnecessary responsibility. In the case of the *People vs. Green* the jury convicted the defendant of murder, and the learned judge,—later a governor of the State,—was obliged to pronounce the death-sentence.

"Mr. Green," he began, addressing the prisoner, "*the jury* in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and *the law* says you are to be hung. Now I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I, who condemn you,

but the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, so the court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

The prisoner "allowed" it made no difference to him, but his Honor did not appreciate this freedom of action.

"Mr. Green, you must know it is a very serious matter to be hung," he protested uneasily. "You 'd better take all the time you can get. The court will give you until this day four weeks," he added tentatively.

The prisoner made no response, but Mr. James Turney, the prosecutor, apparently thinking the scene lacked impressiveness, rose and addressed the bench.

"May it please the court," he began, "on solemn occasions like the present it is usual for the court to pronounce formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, and a sense of guilt impressed upon his conscience, and in which he shall be duly exhorted to repentance and warned against the judgment in a world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," the judge interrupted testily, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month. He knows he's got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it that way, Mr. Green, don't you?" he added, appealing to the prisoner.

"Mr." Green nodded, and the court adjourned.

Now it may be that this cautious magistrate had too much consideration for the prisoner's sensitive friends on Indian Creek, but our modern jurists who admittedly have the courage of their convictions might take a useful hint from his reticence, for if criminals derive any benefit from judicial lectures or warnings, the evidence of that fact has not yet been forthcoming.

But the pioneer judges were prudent in civil as well as in criminal cases. They never instructed the jurors on the legal effect of testimony, and rarely told them what they could or could not find from the facts. Occasionally, however, some Solon, bolder than his fellows, would depart from this noncommittal practice, with results not always satisfactory. In one case a judge who desired to display his learning instructed the jury very fully,

John R. Neff, George W. Neff
William R. Winton, Charles W. Winton }
Trading and doing business }
under the name Neff and }
firm of Neff, Winton & }
Francis }
The clerk of the Supreme }
Court Circuit Court will issue process }
in the above case - }
Stuart Lincoln

John R. Neff, George W. Neff
William R. Winton, Charles W. Winton }
Francis }
I do hereby enter my }
self security for costs in this case and }
acknowledge myself bound to pay or }
cause to be paid all costs which may }
accrue in this action either to the op- }
posite party or to any of the officers }
of this Court, in pursuance of the laws }
of this state - }
Dated this 4th day of November 1837 }
St. Lincoln

From Major William H. Lambert's collection

A LEGAL DOCUMENT SIGNED BY LINCOLN FOR STUART AND LINCOLN AND BY HIMSELF AS SECURITY FOR COSTS

laying down the law with didactic authority; but the jurors, after deliberating some hours, were unable to agree. Finally the foreman rose and asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty," he explained. "The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'al'y the law, or on'y jist your notion."

These frontier proceedings were undoubtedly crude, but they reflected the common sense of the people, and it is

fairly debatable whether the modern practice displays any marked advantage over the primitive methods. Certainly every legal appeal of to-day echoes the foreman's question, and only too frequently the highest tribunals inform us, after years of waiting, that what we received from the court below was not really the law, but "on'y jist the notion" of a trial judge.

Picturesque as was this old régime, and practical as it was for pioneer conditions, it speedily yielded to the march of prog-

Commencement of Lincoln's administration
 1839 Nov 2
 Henry Kendoll }
 as } Now
 Hardin & Reagin } \$ 180-50
 " 4
 Jacob Coarman }
 as } Cash -
 John Glascock & others }
 " 4
 William S. Thendow }
 as } Now
 Garrett Elkin } \$ 172-66
 " 4
 Samuel O. Neale }
 as } \$ 100-00
 Josephas Gatten }

From General Alfred Orendorff's collection

LINCOLN'S JOCOSE CAPTION REFERRING TO "LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION" OVER
 A PAGE OF STUART AND LINCOLN'S PRIVATE DOCKET

ress, and when Lincoln joined the ranks of the profession it had virtually disappeared. Already the log court-houses had given way to frame-buildings¹ and structures of brick, and the steadily increasing immigration was bringing legal talent of a higher order than the State had ever known. A new generation of judges and lawyers was soon to control the administration of justice, and before many years

the local bar of Springfield was to produce jurists and statesmen of national repute.

VIII

LINCOLN'S FIRST PARTNERSHIP

MAJOR STUART, with whom Lincoln had joined forces, was not, in his early years, a well-read or even an industrious lawyer, but he was popular and had an extensive,

¹ It has frequently been stated that Lincoln practised in some of the old log court-houses, but from his personal investigations in the judicial districts about Springfield, the writer is of the opinion that all the courts which Lincoln attended during his early practice were housed in comparatively modern buildings.

if not very lucrative, practice, which he was entirely willing to intrust to his new associate. Indeed, when the firm was formed he was so deeply engrossed in politics that he gave little or no attention to the law, and Lincoln had to assume virtually all responsibility for the business.

Of course, if the procedure had been complicated or technical, a novice would have speedily come to grief; but the character of litigation was very simple in those days, the precedents were few and far between, and the legal forms exceedingly elastic. Lincoln met such difficulties as there were in his own way, asking as little advice as possible and exercising his ingenuity to bridge the gaps in his information when his partner was not available for consultation. The habit of standing on his own feet and doing his own thinking, which was thus forced upon him at the very outset of his practice, became his most notable trait. One of his contemporaries closely in touch with his professional life testifies that he never asked another lawyer's advice on any subject whatsoever. He listened to his associates and consulted with them, but he worked out his own problems, and there was never anything of the "brain-tapper" about his relations with the bar.

The influence of this early training is plainly discernible in the remarkable self-reliance and resourcefulness which he exhibited in his later years. New questions did not confuse him; he faced emergencies with perfect serenity, and he had long been accustomed to responsibility when he was called upon to decide questions of national import.

Springfield, the new capital of Illinois, was a mere village when Stuart & Lincoln hung out their shingle. The state-house had not been built, the sessions of the legislature were held in a church, and the houses were scattered and poorly constructed. The business centered around a vacant plot of ground which passed for a public square, and many of the lawyers' offices were "in their hats."

Lincoln's partner, however, was a person of some importance in the community, and his office was situated in Hoffman's Row, over what was then the county court-house.¹ Compared with the luxury

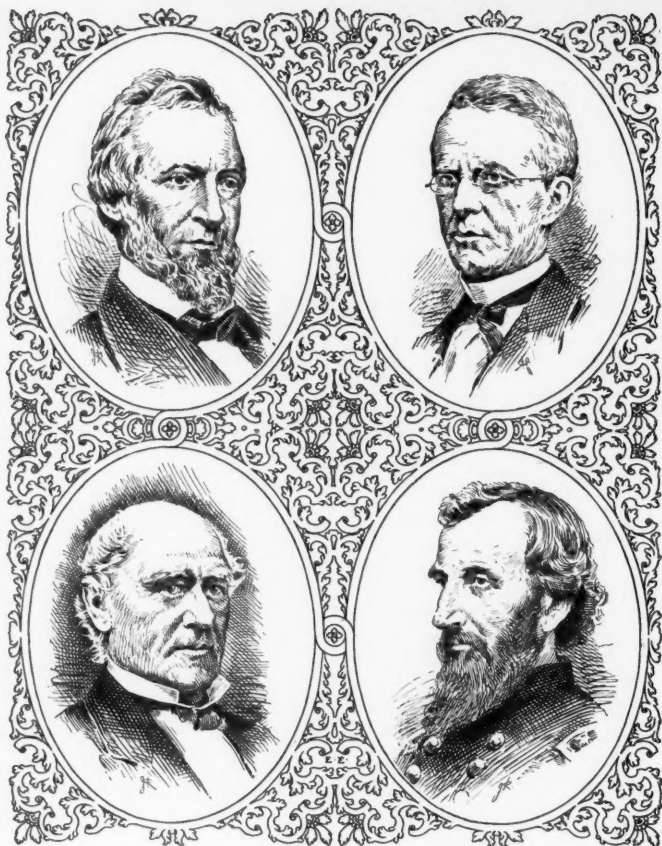
and convenience of modern law-chambers, the appointments of this office seem somewhat meager. The furniture consisted of a roughly made table, one chair, a lounge, a bench, and an old wood-stove, and the library comprised five Illinois Reports and about twenty volumes of miscellaneous law-books, legislative reports, and congressional documents, arranged on clumsy board shelves nailed to the bare walls. Inadequate as this equipment may appear, it was superior to that of the average country practitioner. Indeed, Mr. Conkling, in his legal reminiscences of Chicago, states that there were not at that time half a dozen law libraries in the city which could boast a hundred volumes, and that the Revised Statutes, the Illinois Form-book, and a few elementary treatises constituted the usual legal outfit.

In this small, bare, and uninviting office Lincoln passed much of his time for the next few years, working there by day and sleeping at night on the crazy old lounge, covered with a buffalo robe. Fortunately for him, there was no necessity for such engrossing desk-work as is now required of ambitious attorneys; but there was more dull, clerical routine than falls to the lot of the average practitioner of to-day. All legal papers had to be written out in long-hand; and as there were no duplicating-machines, every additional copy meant considerable manual labor, and most of this drudgery fell upon the junior partner. He not only drew the papers, but he kept the books of the firm, and while Stuart was in Congress he tried almost all the cases.

That he had virtually no legal precedents to guide him was distinctly an advantage. In these days of encyclopedias and digests, a man who enters upon the study of law with a creative mind, capable of logical deductions and close reasoning, is apt to become "case-ridden" before he has fairly started on his practice. Many modern students unconsciously surrender their judgment to the guidance of the court of last resort. Their sense of justice sways with the prevailing opinion; they cease to reason, and merely parrot the latest decisions.

Lincoln was subjected to no such stunting influences. He reasoned out new

¹ This building is still standing in Springfield, and it is now known as No. 109 North Fifth street, just off the court-house square.



Drawn by Jacques Reich

THE HON. JAMES A. McDOUGALL
THE HON. O. H. BROWNING

THE HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. McCLERNAND

propositions with an unbiased mind, not with the idea of agreeing or disagreeing with the previously expressed conclusions of some other intellect, but to get at the truth of the matter; and it was doubtless this training which enabled him at a later period to state political issues with more originality and clearness than any other speaker of his day.

There is a story to the effect that when he argued his first appeal before the Supreme Court at Springfield, he announced that all the adjudications he had been able to find were against his contention, and he would, therefore, merely read the decisions he had collated and submit the matter to the court.¹

If this story be true, it is certainly for-

¹ Lincoln's first case in the Supreme Court was *Scammon vs. Cline*, reported in 3 Illinois, 456; and as he had won in the lower court, he had no reason to despair.

tunate that legal precedents were rare in Illinois, otherwise Lincoln might have been browbeaten by authority, as are some of our case-lawyers of to-day. The anecdote is not authenticated, however, and it is probably apocryphal. Even if the young advocate had been doubtful of his cause, he would never have meekly read it out of court with adverse decisions. As a matter of self-interest, he would have made the best argument of which he was capable; for the public was largely represented at all judicial hearings, and it was highly important for a beginner to make a good impression on the assembled audience. He was far too shrewd to have made an exhibition of himself by quoting decisions against his own client, and

tamely submitting his cause to the court. Such a performance would have ruined a newcomer, for it would have been laughed at in every corner of his small community before the day was over. Lincoln, on the contrary, made a favorable impression from the start, and Springfield soon came to hold his legal ability in high esteem.

Although it was important for a young attorney to give a good account of himself in the public sessions of the courts, it was scarcely less essential that he should make himself felt in the rough-and-tumble debates at the general store or other headquarters of public opinion. The lawyer who waited for business to come to him in those days would never have built up a clientele. The village forums were the places where reputations were won or lost, and the man who made his mark there was soon sought as a legal champion. Lincoln more than held his own in these semi-public discussions and arguments, and it was not long before his advent was hailed with delight by the habitués of Speed's store, the most popular arena in Springfield.

But though his friends and neighbors recognized his ability and proclaimed it, his uncouth appearance was decidedly against him, and he not only failed to inspire strangers with confidence, but actually invited their derision and contempt.

Shortly after he became associated with Stuart, the latter sent him to try a case in McLean County for an Englishman named Baddeley, giving him a letter of introduction which advised the client that he could rely upon the bearer to try his case in the best possible manner.

Baddeley inspected his counsel's partner with amazement and chagrin. The young man was six feet four, awkward, ungainly, and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short, and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance "of a rustic on his first visit to the circus," and as the client gazed on him, his astonishment turned to indignation and rage. What did Stuart mean by sending a country bumpkin of that sort to represent

him? It was preposterous, insulting, and not to be endured.

Without attempting to conceal his disgust, Baddeley unceremoniously dispensed with Lincoln's services and straightway retained James A. McDougall, later a United States senator from California, to take charge of the case. History does not relate whether the irate Englishman won or lost the cause, but we know that he lived to become one of Lincoln's most ardent admirers.

This was not the last time Lincoln's personal appearance was to prejudice him in the practice of the law. Many years later, Stanton, then one of the leading lawyers in the country, was to snub "the long-armed creature from Illinois" who presumed to assist him in a celebrated case; and he also lived to revise his judgment and acknowledge the superiority of the man he flouted.

IX

HIS EARLY CASES AND COMPETITORS

THE record of Lincoln's practice with Stuart is very meager and unsatisfactory. The first case with which his name was connected as an attorney was *Hawthorne vs. Woolridge*, one of three cases growing out of the same matter which was being litigated in Stuart's office before Lincoln was admitted to the bar, and of which he apparently had charge during his apprenticeship.¹ The action, however, never came to trial, being settled out of court, and the papers indicate that it and the other cases with which it was connected made much ado about nothing, a not uncommon feature of pioneer lawsuits. People carried their differences into the courts far more readily in those days than they do now, and petty actions for trespass, assault, and similar grievances filled the docket. The conduct of such cases did not require any very intimate knowledge of law; and as the advocates relied largely on fervid oratory to influence the juries, Lincoln had no trouble in meeting his opponents on even terms. Some of his early political speeches which have

¹ The action was begun on July 1, 1836, and was discontinued on March 17, 1837. Every biography which mentions the subject states that Lincoln lost his first case, but this is a palpable error. Costs were imposed on his client by the order of discontinuance in one of the three actions, and against his opponent's clients in another, while in the third the costs were divided,—all of which was evidently part of the compromise by which the whole litigation was settled; but none of the cases was ever tried.

been preserved demonstrate that he was capable of providing flowery eloquence of the most sonorous quality when occasion demanded it, and unquestionably he gave the country jurors just the sort of talk they liked, for he was admittedly successful as a pleader.

Springfield instantly recognized Lincoln as a first-class stump-speaker, an irresistible mimic, and an inimitable raconteur, and it was not long before his humorous stories and dry, witty remarks began to pass from mouth to mouth; but he had been in practice fully a year before he demonstrated his qualities as a lawyer, and then it was discovered that this tolerant, good-natured attorney, though slow to wrath, was, when once aroused, a relentless enemy to the evil-doer.

One James Adams, who called himself a general and posed as a lawyer, became a candidate for the office of probate justice in Springfield. At or about the same time a widow named Anderson discovered that some one had forged her husband's name to a deed of his real estate, and that the property to which she supposed she was entitled stood in the name of "General" Adams. At this stage of the proceedings she retained Stuart & Lincoln, and trouble began for the "general." Lincoln speedily made up his mind that this man was a scoundrel, and he not only brought suit for the recovery of the widow's property, but camped on Adams's trail, attacking him with handbills, newspaper articles, and in the courts, and never resting until he unearthed a copy of a New York indictment charging him with another forgery, and describing him as "a person of evil name and fame and of wicked disposition." This put the "general" to flight; the woman won her suit and recovered the property, and Lincoln's services as a lawyer began to be in demand.

But though his cases were numerous, they were not very lucrative. Only two or three of the fees recorded in the firm's books for the year 1837 amount to \$50, and most of the entries show \$5 charged as trial fee. A chancery case under date 1837-8 shows a debit of \$50, below which is written "credit by coat to Stuart, \$15," making the net cash charge \$35, which indicates that the firm sometimes "took it out in trade."

These modest retainers, however, do not

by any means indicate that Stuart & Lincoln were unsuccessful or even in a small way of business. The firm ranked well in Springfield, and the capital was at that period second only to Chicago in importance in the State of Illinois. The days of great retainers and vast fortunes accumulated in the practice of the law had not yet arrived, and the highest legal authorities in the land did not command very princely revenues. There is reason to believe that Daniel Webster's income from the practice of his profession did not average \$10,000 a year, and often fell far short of it.

Lincoln never kept any private account-books, and the firm records are incomplete, so it is impossible to tell exactly what his early practice was worth in dollars and cents. At all events, it was sufficient, with his salary as State legislator, to enable him to pay his expenses and reduce his debts, and this was his only ambition in monetary matters.

In 1839, while Lincoln was attending the sessions of the legislature, a company of players "on tour" reached the city, and their adventures, as described by the late dean of the American stage, then a little lad of ten, give an excellent picture of the times.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois [writes Mr. Jefferson in his *Autobiography*], it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival, the manager resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera-chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world of the West. The new theater was about ninety feet deep and about forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation; and as it was unpainted, the simple lines of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large dry-goods box with a roof. I do not think my father nor Mr. McKenzie (his partner) had ever owned anything with a roof until now, so they were naturally proud of their possession.

In the midst of our rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon us. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political manœuver got the city to pass a new law en-

joining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling. I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs. All our available funds invested, the legislature in session, the town full of people, and we, by a heavy license, denied the privilege of opening the new theater.

In the midst of these troubles a young lawyer called upon the manager. He had heard of the injustice and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good-humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off.

This young lawyer [continues Mr. Jefferson] was very popular in Springfield and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and after the time of which I write he held a rather important position in the government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln.

There are many more or less authentic anecdotes concerning Lincoln's early practice, but neither the character of the litigation in which he was engaged nor its remuneration affords any fair criterion of his legal ability. He should be judged by the place he won for himself among his contemporaries, and to estimate the value of that judgment it is necessary to know his competitors and what manner of men they were.

The newly settled States attracted immigration of a high order of intelligence, and Illinois was particularly fortunate in its new citizens. Young men came from the East and the South, Americans of energy, ambition, and strength, who rapidly adapted themselves to their new surroundings and became thoroughly identified with the local interests. Douglas,¹ Baker, Logan, Edwards, McClernand,

Stuart, Trumbull, McDougall, Browning, Hardin, Davis, Lincoln—every one of them was of Anglo-Saxon stock, and only one was foreign-born. These were some of the men with whom Lincoln associated in his practice, and many of them were already admitted to the bar when he joined the ranks of the profession. That they were a remarkably talented company does not admit of doubt. Among the members of the backwoods legislature to which Lincoln was first elected were a future President of the United States, a future candidate for the Presidency, six future United States senators, eight future members of Congress, a future cabinet secretary, and no less than three future judges of the State, to say nothing of other men who distinguished themselves professionally in later years. Almost without exception, these men were lawyers, and Lincoln met and practised against all of them during the four-and-twenty years of his professional life. To hold one's own in such a brilliant coterie would certainly be a creditable achievement, but it can be demonstrated that Lincoln, early in his career, became one of the leaders, if not the leader, of the Springfield bar. It may be urged, however, that most of his competitors were politicians, and not lawyers of marked ability, so it is proper to examine their records a little more minutely.

Stephen T. Logan, who came originally from Kentucky, was elected a judge of the Circuit court, and is admitted to have been the best *nisi prius* (trial) lawyer in the State. He was undoubtedly the leader of the Illinois bar in his day.

Edward Dickenson Baker, the Illinois congressman, the leader of the California bar, and the United States senator from Oregon, had a national reputation as an orator, and as a jury advocate he was second to none in Illinois as long as he practised in that State. He and Lincoln were pitted against each other for years.

Stephen Arnold Douglas, a public prosecutor at twenty-two and a judge at

¹ In many of the legal documents in which Douglas appears as an attorney, his name is spelled with a double "s." This might be imputed to the error of copyists, but some of the papers examined by the writer were in Douglas's own handwriting, and one of them was an affidavit with the signature plainly showing the double "s." The law reports also spell his name in this way. The careers of Douglas and Lincoln were strangely parallel.

Both men were born to poverty and they were both self-educated. They were members of the same Illinois legislature, competitors in the same profession and before the same courts, rivals for the hand of the same woman, ran against each other for the United States senatorship, and were opposing candidates for the Presidency.

twenty-eight, congressman, United States senator, and candidate for the Presidency, has always been recognized as one of the ablest men of his day, and his seven years' career at the Illinois bar is scarcely paralleled for brilliancy in the legal annals of the United States. Certainly he and Lincoln were adversaries often enough to leave no doubt as to which had the better legal mind.

James A. McDougall, who supplanted Lincoln in his case for the Englishman Baddeley, afterward became attorney-general for the State of Illinois and United States senator from California, and, despite his eccentricities, was unquestionably a lawyer of ability.

Lyman Trumbull, United States senator from Illinois, was distinguished at the bar long before he won political honors, and every writer with knowledge of those times includes him among the eminent practitioners of his day; while David Davis, judge of the Eighth Illinois Cir-

cuit, United States senator, and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, was, of course, a jurist of national repute.

All of these men, and others equally able, were actively engaged in practice in Springfield or its vicinity when the firm of Stuart & Lincoln was formed, and the junior partner successfully practised against them during his apprentice years.

Leaving the question of his relative standing in the profession at large for further consideration, it is confidently submitted that Lincoln won a creditable position at the local bar, almost at the outset of his career, among contemporaries who were not only capable lawyers, but men of exceptional force and character. Indeed, it is exceedingly doubtful if the bar of any other State in the Union possessed as much native talent and ability as the frontier State of Illinois when Lincoln won his spurs.



A POWER-PLANT

(The Fisk-street turbine-engine electric station in Chicago)

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE invisible wheels go softly round and round—
 Light is the tread of brazen-footed Power.
 Spirits of air, caged in the iron tower,
 Sing as they labor with a purring sound.
 The abysmal fires, grated and chained and bound,
 Burn white and still, in swift obedience cower;
 While far and wide the myriad lamps, a-flower,
 Glow like star-gardens and the night confound.
 This we have done for thee, almighty Lord;
 Yea, even as they who built at thy command
 The pillared temple, or in marble made
 Thine image, or who sang thy deathless word.
 We take the weapons of thy dread right hand,
 And wield them in thy service unafraid.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," etc.



“OM, I want your entire attention for a few moments. I am going to take you into a family secret; and then I intend to ask you a question—as you shall answer at the Great Day.

And what you say to me and I to you must be buried between us absolutely henceforth, as if the words had never been said; for Katherine's sake,” the fluent woman ended weakly.

It was the daughter's name that conjured young Hilliard out of his familiar, acquiescent silence (the part he usually took in conversation with Mrs. Durbrow) into a fierce preparedness.

“She is going to tell me Katherine is engaged, and she wants to pump me about the man,” he thought.

In a flash he ran over the list of possibles or barely possibles whose acquaintance he shared with his guardian's family—youths in whom the heart of a widowed mother may not safely trust, nor yet, without evidence, condemn. It was a loathly opportunity.

She saw resistance in his look. There was a change in his well-drilled features as if she had carelessly probed him in a sensitive spot, but he could bear it. It pleased her, what she saw; it helped her to continue.

Amidst the rout of his conjectures Tom found difficulty in following her. He wished she would be more simple—or that she could be. But he fixed his strong, wide-set gaze upon her, and two stiff lines of torture appeared between his brows. She would not have had him feel it less.

“Are you not all but my own son, Tom?” she began seductively. “Be my son while you listen! It is about Kath-

erine, of course. Who is there but you I could talk to?”

He cleared his throat but did not answer. She smiled and seemed to hesitate, then she plunged into the deep waters of confidence.

“For the last three years I have been staving off the proposals of a man—a person of importance, as men go. I've had him on my mind pretty steadily—putting him off. I told him he must wait till she could answer him like a woman, not a babe. And he has waited. I made the conditions, and he has kept them. But just that, you see, puts me at a disadvantage. It amounts to a sort of entente, or else I exaggerate. Very likely I do. I certainly made no promise to keep my growing girl wrapped in tissue-paper—‘to be called for’ at eighteen.”

Tom started.

“That was the limit of his silence,” she explained. “He can speak now. In three days,—to-day is the sixteenth, is n't it?—in three days he will be here, a regular, accredited suitor. He's rich, clever,—awfully clever,—and thirty-five. The most *all-there* person you could imagine. Now do you wonder I am frightened to death?”

“Who is he?” Tom asked.

“I will tell you presently. I want you to get my idea of him first.”

“Have I ever heard of him?”

“Everybody has heard of him. Just let me tell it as it happened. I want you to follow me from the beginning—you won't understand if you don't.” The young man thought differently, but he did not interrupt her again.

“He has reminded me from time to time that while he was keeping my terms, he was doing it with the same idea in view. And I feel so underhand toward Kath-

erine! Of course she was too young then; but there must have been a time, between, when I might have told her. Yet how could I set her thinking about him! He is a man of abnormal consequence, you know, in the business world. He might be quite likely to fascinate a girl's imagination. Power is power. And how could I have been sure he'd keep it up and persist in this mad way, with every marriageable maiden in the land thrust at him?"

"When did this begin?"

"Why, three years ago. Perhaps you were away? Yes; I think you were in Germany the winter she was fifteen. She shot up so tall—I thought we had better skip a year's school and let her build up. She was so beautiful that winter! I can say it, for she never will be in just that way again. There is, of course, the chance he may be disappointed. He may not find her—well, I can't discuss it. If I thought it was in him to see her as I see her—why, the whole thing would be different."

Tom swallowed hard in silence. A bit of loose cement from the stone bench where they sat, high on the drowsy autumn hillside, went to powder in his fingers. He and Katherine had sat there the evening before and watched a hunter's moon, big and cold, break softly on the east. The glow of early twilight behind them flooded the deep inland valley. That was his moment, and he had let it go. It was Katherine who had pried out that bit of mortar, her face down-cast, while he told her about Valparaiso: how his house offered to send him out for three years, at a better salary than he could get at home, and he had accepted—certain prospects thrown in. It had looked hopeful to the boy. The temptation had been strong to anticipate his right to speak to the child of his dead guardian words which might have bound their lives together beyond the cold peradventures of those long three years. Why had he not spoken, in that soft hour between the lights? Now loomed up this blazing sun-god of prosperity, with his "abnormal consequence"—be hanged to him! How looked now the prospects of twenty-two!

He had not spoken. They had bandied words over the bit of crumbled stone, which he tried to recapture as a souvenir—she knew of what; but she brushed it

away with a laugh, called him Goth and Vandal names, and asked if he could not revisit the family ruins without wanting to carry them away in his pocket. It seemed plain to him that her mood did not match his own.

"Was it the Kennedys' where she met him?" he asked in a dead, quiet voice.

"Yes, yes; Rachel Kennedy was at the bottom of it. She came on to New York just in time to turn me all around about Katherine. Instead of taking her abroad and meeting you in the Engadine in May, she persuaded me there could be nothing like six months' rough-riding in the plains' air to set her up. So they carried her off to Las Mesas. Rachel Kennedy is a witch when she gets hold of you with one of her plans. What she tells you really exists for her at the moment.

"He stopped there with a party of men looking at copper-mines or some such thing. Katherine was the only girl staying at the ranch: she was brought forward, of course. Rachel was only too proud to have her to show off. There was a fire one night at the stables. All the men turned out to save the horses, and this man was the coolest one of all. He did something really quite worth while—and got hurt, which made it better. His party had to go on and leave him laid up on the Kennedys' hands.

"They have got a library at Las Mesas full of books none of them ever read. Katherine was at the lazy age when a girl asks nothing better than an excuse to stay in one spot all day with a book. This was how she built up! I never shall know if it was of fell purpose, but Mrs. Kennedy left that child alone with him for hours, reading aloud—to that mass of money! He was not literally made of it then, but the contrast in other ways would have appealed to any one but a person as purely practical as Rachel. She has been on his side from the first; thinks we ought to help put a little poetry into his life. Not that she objects to the life. It is her own to a great extent.

"Oh, I don't say he did n't behave well. He wrote like any man of thirty asking for a child of fifteen. He did n't expect to ogreize her—marry her out of hand. He wanted what I suppose he would call a bond on her. I don't wonder you look at me, Tom. I'm nervous, don't you see?

I feel like a double traitor: first, hiding it all from Katherine, and now rushing in between her and what may be her destiny, for what I know. It certainly looks like a great life for a little girl. I want you to help me see it straight."

"No, you don't," said Tom, speaking to himself—"you want me to see it as you do!"

"I never thought I should be afraid of money," she continued, musing aloud. "When Katherine began to shoot up—such a flower!—I thought she was going to be one of the girls made for tiaras. Her beauty did go to my head—I confess it. But I did not know her then. And we had never lived one whole year, winter and summer, in the country—we two. It has a strangely sobering effect. And I was not used to deciding things alone." The widow sighed. "You were only a boy, Tom. I felt very poor and stripped. My girl was fatherless. It touched me, this man's infatuation for the child. We do judge people by what they think of those we love. Then, my common sense told me it could not last out the three years. I had faith in his ultimate inconstancy. Perhaps it was that doubt which gave it the charm—as of dreams we play with. Now tell me—and don't spare the truth. Has this man got any private life at all? Is he all in the newspapers? What do men say about him when they are by themselves? It is David Dilke Cameron I am talking about."

Tom had expected something of the sort, but not quite so much of it. "You don't want to ask me about him. We don't trot in the same class," he replied.

"I don't care anything about your 'class'. I want your opinion—boy or man, whatever you call yourself—of David Dilke Cameron. Is he all right—as right as he can be, owned by that money? Mind, I know what his father was. I've heard Katherine's father and yours discuss old Dilke Cameron's operations."

"Well, there it is, of course. His life is laid out for him. But I can't talk about him. He's half a generation ahead of me."

"And of Katherine!"

"That's different. Why don't you let her decide for herself? Is n't it going to come to that in the end?"

"I don't know whether it is or not. It

is n't fair, Tom! You talk of 'class'; what chance would she have with him? No man has ever made love to her. That's in his favor if he is wise. You know he is wise. Whatever else he may be, he's a king of opportunity. Simple persons like us don't know our own minds on the instant. His is made up."

"Then what's the matter with him?" Tom asked, thinking the lady did protest too much. "If he is a king, don't you want your daughter to be a queen?"

"Not his queen! If I seem to brag about him, you must not think I am dazzled. It is best to value him at his full strength. You know, dear Tom, a mother "sits at the springs of fate" for her girls, in marriage, if there is sympathy and trust between them. Shall I hand her over to this arch-persuader, the man they call the king of the lobby in Washington? If he is such a reader of men, don't you suppose he may know something about women?"

"Not about little girls, please God!" said Tom in his heart, but he merely shivered and was silent.

"Fitness," she bore on—"fitness in the long run means happiness in marriage. Contrasts are exciting, but they wear you out. Is n't it better for the boys and girls to keep together—start together and keep step?" Tom's silence continued to draw her heart out in words.

"This swooping in and carrying one's child away—like Pluto in the fields of Enna! Those fables mean just as much that's true now as then. Whether she likes his kingdom or hates it, we lose her, all the same. You know if they tasted the fruits of that kingdom they never came back—to stay. They lost the sight and taste for simple things they used to love. I've thought about it as deep down as I'm able to understand, and I have honestly as much desire to have that man in my life as to see his private car come plunging into our little garden down there. Would there be much left of the garden?"

They sat awhile without speaking. Then Tom said: "This is the secret, I suppose. Now—the question?"

"Tom! If you had a little more conceit about you! Have n't you any idea what I want to ask of you?"

"No, I have n't," said Tom, heavily.

"Well, it's a pity you could n't spare

me. Any third person to hear us would simply laugh."

"There is n't to be any third person, is there? I thought that was understood."

"No, indeed there is not! Forever and forever this is between us two. What did I say just now—about boys and girls—and fitness? If you are near enough for me to say such things as I have been saying to you—need I say the rest?" She laid her hand on his brown fist. He imagined from her voice there might be tears, and he could not look at her, but his fingers closed on hers in a suffering grip.

"It hurts you too—something hurts you! Tell me what it is. Be honest with me, can't you? Would you ever have—except as a brother, you know? I'm taking a fearful thing upon myself; but it's you, Tom. It's only you!"

"That 'only me' business has gone about as far as it can, Mrs. Durbrow. There would have to be a change if I stayed."

"Why not now, then, before you go? This was not quite in cold blood, Tom. I thought I could see—but appearances are deceptive at your age."

"My appearances are not," said Tom.

"And you are going away for three years without letting her know?"

"Would n't it be a rather gratuitous piece of information, on the whole?"

"It would give her something to think about."

"While she was waiting? Three years—nothing doing!"

"But you would be doing—and waiting, too. I must not tamper with your scruples, my dear. But is n't it safer to be natural, considering there are other men in the world? No, I take that back!"

"Considering there is David D. Cameron? I am considering it."

"But before you heard of him? Are you quite sure you had resolved to be silent?"

"It does n't matter now," said Tom.

"Perhaps it does. Perhaps it might matter. We are not people who need such a great lot of money. Have you ever done anything in your life, Tom, that you could n't have told her father?"

"They don't marry our deportment marks," said the boy.

"Oh, they do, without knowing it.

They marry just what I see in your face, dear Tom,—you can turn it away if you like,—just what would make me so happy if I could think of you together and say, 'The children.' 'The children'," she repeated wistfully, as if she had ceased to plead and was alone with her thoughts.

It was more moving than any argument. It took him so far back into their lives, into that love which was all he had known of mother-love. Still, Katherine had no father.

"I could not speak to her now," he said almost plaintively. His own wounded happiness seemed to reproach him. "What you have just told me makes it impossible, don't you see? If I were to cut in now and steal her right to a free choice? I would n't want her, now, till she had chosen."

"I don't see why you should borrow my responsibility?"

"It's hard for me to say just how it looks to me. I don't want to bully anybody with my notions; but if you ask me, I love her too much to want to win her on a fluke or a foul. There it is! There are two of us, and he has the ball. It was n't the beauty part made him not forget her face." Tom floundered in these heavy seas of controversy, his own great desire tugging at his heart like a drowning weight. He could scarcely draw breath for the load of it.

"It's something in her look that everybody sees. If she were a man, you'd call it great. It's what fits people for the big choices."

"You will only lead her into a trap. She'll misunderstand you and think you don't care, and she'll turn to him for pride's sake."

"I don't think she will be trapped," said Tom. "But if she were, I would not like to be the one who did it. It would n't be a safe way to get a girl like her."

"So, if I had held my peace you might have spoken?"

"I thought we might break into it, perhaps, saying good-bye," he confessed.

"And you will let pride carry the day! And I shall have to see how this hurts you for years to come—or perhaps congratulate you on being consoled! Your pain is

my pain, almost as hers would be. I bear it with you, Tom."

"But if she was my girl, you know, she would n't want D. D. Cameron. And if she is his girl, she would n't want me."

"That 's the code of the amateur, dear boy. I see, with my old eyes, what this great choice is you call her natural opportunity. Can there be anything natural about fifteen millions! She could be 'great,' as you call it, in a modest place. Put her in your life, she would fill it to the brim. His is too wide—and too shallow. She would n't be a drop in the cup."

"I know you don't say these things to tempt a man," said Tom, gently, but as if his soul were tired; "but, as I am human, I 'll go off a little by myself while you think it over."

"No, no; stay where you are. I am done. I 'm going down." He smiled and made way for her past the bushes that narrowed the bit of terrace where they stood.

"I have worn you out," she said, searching his face with her tenderest gaze.

"It crashed into me pretty hard at first; but that 's not your fault."

She put out her hands, and he took them in his as they stood facing. "I suppose no mother is ever prepared for wisdom in her own offspring. The little I have I 've been long in getting. But I do from my heart congratulate you on the way you have withstood me, Tom. It holds a much larger faith in Katherine—in everything. It deserves a great reward."

Tom moved restlessly, and she let him go.

PACING the garden path by herself, Katherine wondered much at this long colloquy on the hill, filling all the best hour of the afternoon. She could see who sat there on the bench, and how absorbed they were in what they were saying.

Few mothers and daughters could have lived more closely for and in each other than these two since death had made them two instead of three.

At the close of their first winter in the country together as two grown women, Katherine had said, "We have virtually inhabited the same body." Yet neither pursued the other with any insistent need

of companionship. Each as often preferred to be alone. They simply fitted with a free play of adjustment, like a single motif developed through complex harmonies. The girl had been trained on lines of silence and suggestion by her mother's vast communicativeness. They were passionate readers, both; not systematically, but with pauses as the right book came to hand or some intellectual friction from outside set the flame a-going. To each other they seldom read aloud except with due apologies. Not to give one's eyes a share in the feast, not to go back and linger and retaste, was but half reading: none the less did they read together, wrapped in silence and profound mutual content. And out of such silences sprang their best moments of speech—and of listening. No eyes nor lips could listen more responsively than Katherine's, giving answer in language the most exquisite the human heart can read. Speech cannot limit that language. And her words, though few, were singularly just and quaint. Such a girl was born for the simple life of high-bred persons. What wonder the mother dared not face her own (purely conjectural) fancy of King Pluto in his blazing chariot bearing off her blossom-gatherer from the sweet home fields to his roof-tree of gold and gems.

To Katherine's surprise—and uneasiness—she saw her mother come down the hill alone and take a side-path to the house, avoiding the garden and ignoring her own conspicuous wave of the hand.

In her bedroom, with the door shut, Mrs. Durbrow went to the window and looked out. There was Katherine staring at the house, then she slowly resumed her walk.

"Now let us see where we stand on this question," mused the mother.

But there was no new ground. They stood where they had stood two hours ago, only she had murdered Tom's opportunity.

"I to talk of nature, and doing things simply! If only I had let the thing alone! And now he 'll avoid her like grim death, and break his heart, poor fool! If it does n't break his, it will mine. I could n't have Tom bring another girl into this house as his wife. If Katherine could bear it, I could not."

True to the morbid drift of things on this sensitive afternoon, Katherine had

constructed out of a few simple occurrences one of those "test moments." She saw Tom come plunging down among the laurels some time after her mother had reached the house. Impossible at that height he should not have seen her; the color of her dress was the only note of blue. If he came and joined her it would mean that he could not keep away. And if he could keep away, this last evening, after the whole afternoon, with all the garden, all the house, all the valley, waiting for him, then let him keep away and keep his distance and his peace for all time! They could still be friends. Her heart choked her. Up to a certain point, with such vague young friendships, precursors of passion in pure young souls, undefined relations are enough. Beyond that, something more must happen or we lose what we had before. Expectation has a sad trick, if thwarted, of stealing all that led up to it.

Tom was not coming: so, it was settled. He must have seen her, and had sheered off deliberately in a contrary direction.

She hung about in her mother's room at bedtime, after saying good night, but was disappointed. Mrs. Durbrow made no reference to the long session on the hill, even when Katherine, braiding and unbraiding her hair in the fire-light, suggested: "You and Tom seemed to have a good deal to say to each other this afternoon. Was he laying out his whole future to you—or was it his past?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said her mother. "Tom was not at all expansive."

"So you were the one?"

"Oh, I am always the one," Mrs. Durbrow assented, still unsatisfactory.

"And whose future were you laying out?"

"That remains to be seen," said the mother.

"And shall this person be permitted to see?"

"More than likely, before we get through. But go to bed now, dear. I am very tired to-night—for some reason," she added prudently.

"What are we going to do to-morrow? Ought n't we to be rather nice to Thomas—his last day?" Katherine's manner was of the gayest; she smiled very much.

"There's never anything one can do on

the last day," Mrs. Durbrow answered peevishly.

"Well," said Katherine, still smiling, "if that's all, I may as well go to bed."

Her mother pulled her down and kissed her again. "Did you want to say anything to me?"

"Oh, no—I should think not. I was only—" she tossed back the long braid over her shoulder—"I shall be one of the old girls when Tom comes back. I shall have been out two years. It must be fine—to be flung out to find one's own place in the open market. Girls never know if they have any character, do they? They never hear anything about themselves—unless it's a 'swap.' I don't believe I have ever obeyed a single sharp command or heard an unpleasant truth about myself—not since—"

"But why should you?"

"Because—is n't that what makes men strong? Why should n't *we* be strong? Think how Tom will grow in the next three years! Going 'to take charge,' not be a charge. It must be fine to be a man!"

"That's a bad sign," thought Mrs. Durbrow. No happy girl ever wishes such a wish as that. Foolish Tom! She sent Katherine off to bed and was half tempted to go down for a last word with that obdurate boy, but refrained.

"I have done enough. If it is to be—well, at least I have n't tried for it, as nine tenths of the mothers would."

She felt not a little complacent over that; and since dreams will be dreams, and she had done her best to keep on the safe side of reality, the unsafe side was not to be despised. Pluto's kingdom was a vast and wonderful domain. Money power is as good as any other kind—in the right hands. She did not believe, deep down in her heart, that Katherine would lose her poise, or be dazzled or drugged by the fruits of that kingdom made with hands; nor that as a mother she would really lose her child. She had believed it when she said it, but love is a power, too.

When Tom, at breakfast, announced his intention to return to the city that day, Katherine looked at Mrs. Durbrow, expecting a vigorous protest. None came. She did not appear even to be surprised.

Katherine sat up a little straighter. But when he asked if Mullins could drive

him over to the station that afternoon, and her mother quietly assented, she remembered that she was the daughter of the house, and said across the table:

"Does n't it seem a rather feeble way to let him go off—for three years? Would you *prefer* to have Mullins see you off?" she asked, raising languid eyes to Tom's face.

"I'm prepared for anything," he answered collectedly. "A brass band if you like, or the Dead March—"

"Would a person object to riding Black Dan in his train trousers?"

"Not if he had another person to ride Graygown beside him! Sad about those trousers!" he added desperately, to change the key.

"Trains are n't half as bad as boats," said Mrs. Durbrow, dabbling in her finger-bowl. "When you see the water widen and the women get out their handkerchiefs,"—she wiped her fingers daintily,—"and the men take off their hats—"

"I should n't mind it a bit," Katherine broke in. "I should feel just as Tom does."

Tom shot a great look at her out of his disconcerting eyes. "Have I said how I feel?"

Mrs. Durbrow made a move to rise, then sat down to finish her coffee. "Be sure you keep up your dancing, Tom. You know you are a little weak there. They say the Spanish women are lovely waltzers."

"I shall not see any Spanish women. They are a lot of half-breeds down there."

"Well, Katherine will have one less bouquet at her coming-out dance."

"If you mean mine," Tom muttered, "I think it will get there somehow."

"Make it 'willow,' Tom; make it 'willow'!" Katherine cried, and drummed the tune on the table. "I'll split a waltz for you, and sit out the last half in remembrance."

"Would both halves crack your remembrance any?"

"You would n't want a whole dance, you know. You never were an energetic waltzer."

Tom submitted to the past tense in silence with a goaded look.

Mrs. Durbrow had left the table. He rose, too, then sat down again to wait for Katherine. He followed her presently

into the hall, where they stood around, each expecting the other to say something, but apparently not the least interested in what it was to be.

"If I should write to you, I suppose you'd get your mother to answer?"

"That 'if' is well put in," said Katherine.

"There are about as many 'ifs' already as a man can stand," said Tom, carelessly wretched.

"I suppose you know that what you are saying has *no* sense in it whatever?" Katherine pulled him up severely.

"We shall see," he said.

He went out and sat on the porch steps, staring at the valley, with the two strong lines of trouble between his brows.

In her room she leaned on her dressing-table a moment and shut her eyes. "Could anything be more cheap!"—to spoil the last half-hour! As for letters, Tom could not write letters if he wanted to. Those three years would part them as only life can part the young and living. They had been playmates, children, and now he was a man. She looked ahead through hundreds of years, as it were, during which she must bear this and hide it. "When we are both old, he will like me then," she said, "if I have behaved myself."

She carried it in her face the rest of the morning, the sum of those moments by herself. Her eyes had caught a glimpse of the possible higher choice that makes pain, one's own little personal, self-made pain—a thing one would be ashamed not to bear.

It was this look of sheer nobleness, bringing her soul into her eyes, that caused Tom to close up his countenance like unto a box with his heart inside. The size of the stakes did not alter for him the rules of the game.

THEY were in a little-traveled region, a deep valley-country between ranges of hills, narrowing and widening to let in glimpses of blue mountains. They rode in silence along a side-path lower than the main highway. A piece of woodland, skirting it, filled the path with dead leaves, hushing their horses' feet as they shuffled on. Where the trees were thinner they could see the gray sky barred with yellow, and one clear spot the sun was

trying to break through. The farther woods, eastward across the sere meadows, were blurred by a trail of mist; out of it their tops rose blandly in tender autumn colors, ash and oak and chestnut. It was all sweet and listless and pale, this last afternoon.

DAVID DILKE CAMERON was reported to be out of town for a few days, staying at West Mountain, a place he had bought and was getting into shape for one of his occasional and fitful residences.

An operator in stocks, knowing him to be on the same train and desiring a few words with him, lay in wait in the smoker in vain, and discovered him through the blinds of the closed drawing-room section, shut in by himself, playing solitaire furiously. This interested observer was alarmed, and telegraphed at the next stop a list of orders to his agent in Wall Street, expecting a coup.

It took Cameron barely one morning to gather, in a preoccupied way, what had been done and was doing on his mountain farm. By noon he had decided to change the date of his promised call on Mrs. Durbrow and make it that afternoon instead of Saturday. He had waited three years: he had worn out the candle, he could not "bide the inch."

The Durbrows called their little place "Westerly." It was fifty miles away. What is fifty miles to one who owns a Plutonian car whirled by viewless horses! He drove them himself,—he was a bold and practiced chauffeur,—and he chose to cover his trail on this delicate adventure.

To come down the mountain it took him about as long as it took Katherine—while he was doing it—to braid up her hair afresh and tie it in a club under her tricorn hat. As he traversed the sleepy valley, he had the appearance of a large red streak. This was some years ago, and touring-cars had not often occurred in that neighborhood. Most of the farmers' dogs that ran out to bark got under the home fence in safety, but one lay twitching in the road when King Pluto had gone by, and a sound of children's weeping arose in a poor little house by the wayside; and an old hen, trying to recross in front of him at the last moment deprived of reason, was picked up and car-

ried into another house, a flouncing mass of dust and feathers.

These were as lumps of dirt beneath the wheels of his progress. He neither saw nor heard; his thoughts were entrained on that hazardous first look into the eyes of a girl he had dreamed for three years of possessing. He called it love, like any other man. It was an experience delicately unique in his life, hoarded jealously, tasted in secret. Much thought, and hundreds of games of solitaire, he had given to it. Now he proposed to give time—all that it might require—and close the deal.

He had reached the lower farm-lands; insensibly under his hand the speed increased. It was a physical impossibility that he could have seen those two absorbed young riders on the by-path pacing their horses through the deadening leaves. He flashed by them in a whirling swoop. But a scene had taken place before his vision, to be collected an instant later when its actual forms had been left behind. A young man, white in the face, who threw up his right hand in the air as he spurred his horse in front of another horse, reaching for its bits—was it a girl on the back of the other horse that broke away and bolted through the wood?

He reversed his machine, and went back to the spot where this thing had seemed to happen. A riderless horse, saddled with a man's saddle, stood unhitched a little way within the wood. It pricked its ears and backed aside nervously as he passed. He followed fresh, floundering tracks diverging through the leafy paths. One could not have sent a bullet through the wood without hitting a tree, yet here a horse had torn at full speed with a girl on its back!

Tom had seen this thing and followed, but not on his horse; for Katherine's crazed mare had unseated him clinging to her reins. He had no time to remount. It was all so quick, he could not see if a tree had struck her or some merciful bough had swept her off to lie there in the soft leaves as if she were asleep. He loved those leaves—of the dead summer which he called his last. He groveled down beside her. His fears almost took away his consciousness. With hard, spent breaths and grunts of anguish he gathered her up and felt her all over, limb by limb; last

the sweet head unconscious of pain that hung backward from his arm. There was not a scratch upon her that he could find, only the shock had put her brain to sleep—and there was a stain of moss on the shoulder of her white blouse and the bits of twigs and leaves he softly plucked from her hair. His face unlocked and all his love was in his eyes. And then she opened her eyes and answered his long look, dreamily at first, but more and more consciously as the silence grew and held them.

"Lost your train!" She smiled so exquisitely that he could only stoop and kiss her. Then she wept a little weakly, and he kissed the tears.

"To-morrow, then?"

"Not till Monday, now; not ever—only to get you the sooner," he whispered between many kisses that made her cry. "Now, if you could try to move a little!" He groaned beneath his breath in sympathy with the effort. "Good God! can it be possible you are not hurt!"

Both at once perceived a man who had stopped not many feet away and was regarding them with a strange look. He might have been standing where he was for some moments, but when he saw that they were aware of him he came forward quickly, like one aroused. He wore the coat and cap of a gentleman chauffeur. Tom knew the face, but he had never seen it with that expression on it.

No one spoke for a moment. The approach of this man had something momentous in it, though he seemed the least conscious one of the three. His lips were dry and white. All the blood had gone out of his face with the shock of recognition, as when one has been chilled and buffeted by a drinking wind, but he did not recall himself to Katherine or speak to her by name.

"Don't I remember you? she asked dazedly. She was still trembling, her voice unsteady, as she protested against his distress on her account—too personal for that of a stranger. "I must have seen you somewhere!"

"At Las Mesas, perhaps," Cameron supplied dryly with cold lips. Tom moved away and picked up her riding-crop from the leaves.

"Of course," she responded. "You saved Sweet Peggy the night of the fire."

"She had n't sense enough to live. Horses are frightful idiots," said Cameron between his teeth.

"This is Mr. Hilliard—Mr. Cameron." Katherine strove to be light and casual. "I have made him lose his train—that's the worst that has happened so far. Do you think we had better ask Mr. Cameron to take me home, Tom? We seem to be 'shy' one horse."

Tom looked at his watch. "Mullins should be coming back from the station very soon," he said with excessive gravity. "Perhaps we had better wait for Mullins. It might give mama a shock to see her daughter brought home in a strange touring-car. You know, yours is the only one here," she said, smiling at Cameron. "You might be regarded as an apparition." She repented her effort to say something pleasant, and the weak color began to rise under Cameron's long gaze that took no account of her words.

"I see. You are very fortunate all round, including my rival 'Mullins.'" His lips drew up in a tight smile. "I trust my inquiries to-morrow will find things equally satisfactory. Sorry I can't make them in person. I have to leave for the city by an early train." He shook her hand firmly, and, raising his cap with a farewell look at Tom which held just the slightest touch of seniority, he passed out of their private lives forever. Tom did not resent that look: he no longer quarreled with the fact that he was young.

"What a strange face he has!" said Katherine, standing stock-still. "I did n't remember that he looked like *that*! We must have given him a horrid scare."

The meeting was not without its unexplained effect upon her. She had come within an inch of an encounter with a force she little knew or was able to measure. It had grazed her and passed on, tossing her aside on the lap of common earth with her lover's arm around her.

THERE is a beautiful Mrs. Cameron now, whose small, low head the tiara fits much better than it would have suited Katherine's Madonna arch. Hers is too broad in the home of ideality to bear any ornament but her own soft hair as Nature bade it part in two dividing waves with the low-looped knot at the back.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE BALLOT-BOX, AND A LOOK AHEAD

THE ethics which last month we spoke of as being in the air, at the recent elections got into the ballot-boxes. The result, in several of our cities and States, had the effect of an explosion of moral dynamite. The elections registered the popular protest against the corrupt corporations and the corrupt political bosses. In rare instances corrupt and corrupting demagogues profited by the reaction, but in the main the results were inspiringly wholesome beyond all hope.

In Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York the bosses went down like grass before a mower. In New York city Jerome's election as district attorney was a repetition of his campaign four years ago, with the added feature of a canvass into which he entered without an organization, or a party column on the ballot, to aid him, the late indorsement of the Republican convention not in the least altering his attitude of absolute independence of, and antagonism to, bosses, boss nominations, and boss-ridden conventions.

The fight in Philadelphia, in coöperation with Mayor Weaver's militant attitude toward the corrupt leaders of the Republican organization, was picturesque in the extreme. The visitor to that most attractive "city of homes" finds now a new atmosphere there—an atmosphere of civic enthusiasm breathed not, as heretofore, by a comparatively few earnest and indomitable souls, but apparently by the entire community. Long after the day of conflict blue-and-yellow flags (the city colors), often accompanied by the national emblem, hung from the windows, and everywhere one met a spirit of relief and of elation. As a logical sequence to the elections, preparations are being made in various States for the repeal of out-

rageous legislation,—as the "ripper" bill in Pennsylvania,—and for enactments in improvement of ballot laws and in obstruction of "corrupt practices."

No thoughtful person expects a political millennium to follow even a successful ethical campaign. Looking over the whole field, there is much food for deep and anxious thought. The immediate need is evident for such legislation as we have spoken of touching the ballot and corrupt practices; but the elections suggest new dangers and the necessity of recognizing and attacking new problems in our politics and public affairs.

The preceding disclosures as to the outrageous handling of large monetary interests by individual managers of large corporations,—the "rake-offs" and the employment of corruption funds,—all these cut nearly as large a figure in the elections as the boss question and the question of public franchises. To the thoughtful part of the public it is evident that conscienceless and remorseless rich men and the vulgar boss—often in alliance—have prepared the way for a reaction that has brought into deplorable prominence both the demagogue-financier and the rich demagogue-politician. The masses of the people are apt, in their indignation, to "use any stick," as the phrase is, "to hit the bosses" and to beat down the corrupt and corrupting exploiters of public franchises and gigantic corporate funds. These are the days, therefore, not only of splendid victories for the right, but also of prosperity for the sensational financier and the rich and self-exploiting demagogue, who use the wholesome indignation of the people for their own personal ends. Here are ghastly dangers to the Republic.

So while the nation felicitates itself upon and avails itself of the good just accomplished through our system of universal suffrage, our people need to take account of the whole situation and go on

with the work of purifying and upbuilding the State in the spirit of wisdom. It would be well if the sincere devotees of reform causes would say, when impure hands seize the banner of a good cause: "Hands off! We will follow the flag only in clear hands and toward no selfish ends!" But too often the character of the leader, and the motives and quality of the leadership, are forgotten, to the detriment and degradation of the causes involved and of public morals in general.

In the civic battles to come, the need is great not merely of disinterested leadership, but of leadership in thorough sympathy with the ways of thinking and with the needs and legitimate aspirations of the masses of our people. Our politics must be concerned more and more with the practical matters of civic administration; there must be "welfare" government, not according to an impracticable and demagogic program, but in the spirit of conservative radicalism: radical, because thorough and just; and conservative, because whatever is good in existing conditions must be conserved, and because advance must be made through calm investigation and reasonable experiment, by evolution not "spelled with an r."

Among the encouraging features of the recent campaign in various communities was the loosening of tongues that had been tied. In New York the daring leadership of Jerome, with its evident and growing success as the fight thickened, was most refreshingly the occasion of daring in others. In Philadelphia the great revolt of Mayor Weaver opened up the pathway of revolt to every citizen of his party in whom conscience had not been stifled. In Ohio, Secretary Taft's independence led to even greater independence in the electorate.

Another good feature was the active influence of good women; they helped to make that public opinion which controlled

the righteous action of men—above all, the righteous votes.

Still another encouraging feature was the training in independence of the new generation of young men. In Philadelphia, especially, youths who had long seen many of their elders timidly acquiesce in corrupt administration, or mildly and ineffectually deplore it, were in this new era of emancipation started—one may say hurled—upon the path of manly indignation and independence. Let us hope that no young man who started right last autumn will fall into the slough of corrupt politics. For these youths the future has possibilities of enormous usefulness; every man of them is needed.

For it is to be feared that in the future the dangers from the demagogues in American politics is perhaps greater than ever. It sometimes looks as if we were deteriorating as to the character of our demagogues; as if some even of our decent citizens were willing to advance the fortunes of politicians of more disreputable record, of more vindictiveness in their methods, of more loathsome cant and hypocrisy, and of more evil influence, than have hitherto been able to make good men their dupes. In every community there is crying need of men, young and old, who will take a hand in civic concerns, not for the graft that is in them, not merely for the glory that is in them, but in a pure and patriotic spirit and with the love of and the reward of legitimate fame. Our institutions are making such men; two bright examples are now living and greatly honored among us—inspirations to all. One of these men has been the President of our country, and one is now its President. The country that has found and used and honored such men is capable of producing more of the same fiber,—and, in fact, is doing so before our eyes. In this is the hope of America.



OPEN LETTERS

The School City

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN THE SELF-GOVERNMENT
OF THE YOUNG

A NEW system of moral and civic training has been recently introduced into some of the schools of Boston and vicinity, and your readers may be interested to know something about it. The children in a school building are organized as a school city. They elect a mayor, judge, city clerk, etc., and a city council representing the various wards (school rooms) and authorized to make laws for the government of the school, subject to the provisions of the "charter" granted by the teachers or the school board. The charter secures the right of direct nominations and provides for the initiative and referendum.

The writer was present a few weeks ago when the first school city was organized in Boston by Wilson L. Gill, the inventor and founder of the system. There were seven hundred pupils, all girls of the grammar grades. They were delighted with the plan, voted unanimously and enthusiastically to adopt the Golden Rule as the fundamental law of their school city, supplemented it with various provisions against disorder, destruction or injury of property, profanity, rudeness, unkindness, etc., and showed remarkable discretion in the election of their officers.

The mayor was a bright-faced girl of twelve and a half years. When asked, shortly after the election, what it meant to her to be mayor of Hancock School, she said: "It means to see that every girl is orderly, clean, and good. It means that they must have good conduct. They must be clean and neat in their dress and habits. They must keep the school-rooms and the school-yard neat. And they must be kind to everybody."

"That is a great task. Are n't you afraid of it?"

The answer was prompt and clear: "No, for I think they are all good citizens."

Mary Finn, the judge, said: "I shall warn citizens who don't behave, and if that does no good I shall punish them. They must behave."

The whole discipline of the school is put into the hands of the pupils. The teachers give instruction, and advice when it is needed, and the ultimate responsibility and authority are always with them. But the students make laws and really govern themselves, al-

though there is an authority above them, just as a grown-up city governs itself although the legislature may at any time revoke its charter.

In fact, there is more real self-government in these school cities than in most of our larger cities. For there is no apathy in the school city, no stay-at-home vote, no political machine or boss.

There is no graft in the school city, no boodle on the council, no "understanding" between the police and wrong-doers. The ten-year-old judge and the twelve-year-old mayor are absolutely incorruptible. Habits of good citizenship are formed while the mind is plastic, open to the full force of considerations of right and justice, and free from commercial motives and other influences that in later life so often interfere with the duties of citizenship. The love of liberty is strengthened and ennobled by recognition of the rights of others and the necessity of mutual limitations for the public good. Respect for law and authority is developed. The sense of justice is strengthened and the judicial attitude of mind is cultivated.

The results have been excellent in every way. Both conduct and scholarship are greatly improved. Disobedience is pulled up by the roots. Public sentiment ranges itself on the side of law when the public makes the law. A breach of order is no longer regarded as a defiance of an alien government, but as an injury and an insult to the community. Even the most disorderly schools have been reduced to good conduct by the institution of the school city.

In the first school in which the system was tried an astonishing transformation was effected. It was a rough and disorderly school of a thousand pupils or more in the suburbs of New York. The order was so bad as to require the constant presence of a policeman in the playground. Within a week after the school city was organized good order was attained, and the teachers were relieved from all anxiety as to discipline from that time on. Equally remarkable results have been achieved in a number of other schools.

The character development resulting from civic responsibility is often most remarkable. For example, in a Philadelphia primary one of the worst boys, dirty, disorderly, careless, and low in his class, was elected a member of

council. His teacher "thought the school city hopeless if the children were going to elect such little rascals as that." But six weeks later this "rascal's" principal said to him: "Tommy, I am just delighted to see how nicely you are getting on. You have not been absent once, and you are never tardy any more. You are as neat as a little gentleman, and you have come up in your class from the bottom almost to the top. I am proud of you." The little fellow looked up and said, "You know they expect so much from a member of the city council."

In another school a dirty, disagreeable, tardy, runaway girl was appointed a policeman by the school-city mayor. The teacher says: "The change in that girl is marvelous. She is clean, agreeable, in school every day, and comes on time. She is a new creature." In another case one of the dirtiest boys in the school was put on the sanitary committee, one of whose duties it is to see that the citizens have clean hands and faces. As soon as this boy could get to the school-yard he rushed for the pump, washed his hands and then his face, wiping them on his hat. If he were going to be a sanitary officer, he felt that he must be clean himself. Very likely the children made this selection on purpose. They understand the principle involved and often act on it. For example, the mayor of a large school city came one day to consult with the principal about a very bad boy, the most lawless boy in the school. The mayor said they were thinking of appointing that boy to be chief of police, hoping it would make him a good citizen. The principal approved the plan. The appointment was made, and the unruly boy became at once a good citizen and an excellent officer.

The school city has a beneficial influence upon the children at home and on the street as well as in the school. It improves the morals of the students. It develops honor, respect, and obedience to law. It releases for constructive work much of the teacher's energy formerly consumed in police duty. It gives the students an acquaintance with governmental forms, and prepares for future participation in the civic affairs of the city, the State, and the nation a body of citizens who are informed as to their duties, trained in the

practice of them, and imbued with the interests and purposes of a true public spirit.

The enfranchisement of the children is only a little less important than the enfranchisement of their elders. And the future historian may rank the invention of the school city as one of the most important developments of republican institutions. The educating and developing effects of self-government—the moral and intellectual evolution consequent upon civic activity and responsibility—is one of the most vital principles of modern life, the application of which is by no means limited to adults.

Direct participation in the legislative, judicial, and administrative functions of these miniature republics awakens great enthusiasm among the children, and gives them a vital, practical knowledge of government and human nature. Civic training in early years forms habits of good citizenship that are invaluable in after life, both to the individual and to society. Purity and efficiency in political life, and high character in every relation of life, are fostered and developed by the school city. The school city is to the child what the town meeting has been to New England—a developer of thought and conscience and civic spirit.

The school city has been organized in thirty-three of the Philadelphia schools, and in a number of schools in New York, Syracuse, and other cities. Besides this, Mr. Gill, at the invitation of General Wood, spent two years in Cuba, as an appointee of the United States government, organizing this system in the public schools, to the boundless delight of the children and the hearty appreciation of the authorities. The government has also stated to Mr. Gill its desire that he should do similar work in the Philippines.

The Franklin Institute, President Roosevelt, the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Albert Shaw, President Eliot, and many other eminent authorities have expressed their hearty approval of the system, and an organization has been formed to push the work throughout the country. Teachers and others who desire publications on the methods of organizing, etc., may obtain it by addressing Mr. Ralph Albertson, Secretary National School City League, Jamaica Plain, Boston.

Frank Parsons.

BOSTON, October 20, 1905.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Aunt Glory's Marriage Certificate

"YOU ain't neber heard 'bouten dis heah c'tificum business—ain't you, Miss Sally? Lawd, honey, Mose is plumb nigh tu'ned fool 'bouten it—say he gwine had one writ up an' put in er shiny frame, fer mah *Chris'mus gij'*. He 'low it 'll look rale eddicated fer ter see dat readin' an' writin', wid de names o' Glory an' Mose bof jined tergedder, a-hangin' on de wall. But de sword o' de Sperrit sho will come in, Miss Sally, an' 'vide de sheep f'om de goats, 'ca'se ole Glory ain't—gwine—hab—none—ob—it. Here I 's been a-cookin' fer dat no-'count nig-gah sence long afo' de wah, an' a-puttin' up wid all his debilmint; but jes ez sho ez he go ter *tie me down* wid one o' dem dar c'tificums—g' long, chile—ole Glory won't be dar *ter tie*! "No, Miss Sally, I ain't er'lowin' ter ac' lak de po' white trash heah in Sleepy Creek, who—he'p me King!—is er-*buyin'* dem c'tificums; an' ef Mose Turnah come in dis cabin wid one o' dem ongodly percedin's—'fo' de Lawd, Glory gwine 'o git out!

"You ax how all dis heah fuss come stirred up?

"Well, honey, one day when I was stan'in' heah in de cabin do', a-puffin' mah ole corn-cob pipe, all peaceable-lak, dere come erlong one o' dem dar meddlin' mens f'om Conne-ti-cul; an' ez he hed a lean, hongry look, I ax him in de house to tek a cheer.

"Well, he sot hisself down, an' I sees 'im a-castin' his eyes roun' de room, lak he was a-s'archin' fer some'in' nudder—when all ter once he bus' out er-sayin', 'Miss Turnah, whar is yo' c'tificum?'

"'C'tificum?' I says. 'Lawd, man, what is dat?'

"De c'tificum ob yo' mayage,' he say.

"Well, dat ain't pesterin' me none, mistah, I says. 'What do hit look lak?'

"Why, mah good 'oman,' he say, 'hit am de writin' what show dat you an' yo' husband was 'nited by de law an' de Gospel, an' is determine fer to lib tergedder all de days ob yo' life.

"I is a preachah ob de Wud,' he say, 'an' I 's come down Souf to show de cullud ladies an' gemmen de right way ter lib. I wants ter sell 'em all certificums, so I 's been a-goin' roun' yo' town a-seein' ef de fust famblys won't buy 'em, an' I heard Mistah Turnah say he 'd lak to hab one.'

"Well, look heah, man,' I says, 'we hain'

got no c'tificum, an', he'p me Lawd! we ain't gwine git none, nudder; 'ca'se one o' dem c'tificums mek you feel jes lak a kickin' mule in de harniss, an' ef you eber is broke a mule you knows what dat is.

"'Bruddah Lisha Jones, down heah,' I says, 'he got one o' dem fool t'ings when de elder ma'y him to Sis' Lucindy Brown; an' Sis' tole me dat he put it in er *gol'* frame on de wall, an' eb'ry time she see it lookin' at her, an' a-bindin' her lak a fettah, she feel herse'f a-loosin' an' a-loosin' f'om him, twell she jes natchelly could n' stan' it. So she done leab him—an' he a preachah-man, too—an' tuk herse'f off wid dat yaller Jim Jackson, who 'clar' she kin leab when she got er mind ter.

"Mah ole miss, I says ter him, 'ain' neber had one o' dem monimints to her mis'ry a-hangin' on de wall, an' she an' ole Marse lib down heah on de plantation tergedder for mo' 'an forty yeah; an' what 's good enough fer mah ole miss am jes good enough fer me.' An' I tole dat man she done tell us many time dat it war n't no way fer a Christium ter do—a-partin' deyselves; but you sees, Miss Sally, Sis' Lucindy war n't ter blame fer dat dividin', 'ca'se hit were all de fault ob—de—c'tificum.

"Well, honey, I skeer dat long-legged razor-back so he ain't gib me no mo' direction how to lib wid Mose, but he moobe right erlong, an' say he gwine 'o see Mistah Turnah 'bouten hit; an' dat 's what 's a-pesterin' me, 'ca'se hit 'ould be rale onconvenient fer me to light out jes now.

"You axes what in de name o' common sense I gwine do wid de chillun ef I *does* go; an' how many ob 'em is dey ob us?

"Now, Miss Sally, you knows dey is sech er pizen lot o' dese heah little niggahs dat, 'fo' de Lawd, I is done los' de track ob 'em long ago.

"De Lawd only know what is gwine 'o come ob 'em—no mo' does I know mahse'f. Mose—sho—has—kep—me—'dust'rous,' she added in reflective tone, puffing at her corn-cob pipe, "a-habin' all dese heah forty-leben chillun; an' er fine lot o' rapscallioms dey is—dat 's what I calls'em—rapscallioms—'ca'se you knows, Miss Sally, er rapscalliom am er chile what tek arter its *daddy*, an' sho all o' dese heah chillun is jes de ve'y spit o' Mose Turnah.

"You ax how many ob 'em is dey? Well—lemme see. Hit wah nine—dat—time—when—dey—hab—de—oberflow, an' fibe o' dem got drowned. An' sence den, heah come Sapolio, Tooty-Frooty, little spin'lin' Job (Mose

name him dat 'ca'se he 'low he sholy am 'ficted lak de profik, wid *wuss* 'an biles, San'iago de Cuby, an' Hobson Merrimac (dem is name fer de Spaniel Wah); an' den Lastes' an' Leab'er¹ come, an' dey done wind up dis fambly tree.

"You ax what I name 'em Lastes' an' Leab'er fer, Miss Sally? You says you ain' neber heard no names lak dat afo'?"

"No, 'm, I spec' not; 'ca'se *dem* names was med up fer to suit de 'casion. Mose he call dat gal Lastes' 'ca'se he 'low she be de lastes' one ob de bunch; an' den when de udder gal come, I calls her Leab'er, 'ca'se Mose 'low it a-gittin' too hot roun' heah, an' he done leab me den.

"But he done come back ergin—lak I knowed he 'ould—an' seem ter be a-havin' hisse'f all right till dat der Connet'icul man come aroun' an' stir him all up 'bouten dis heah c'tificum business, which I is p'intedly—gwine—ter—spile. Yah—heah me, Lawd! —jes—ez—sho—ez—mah—name—is—Glor-iana.

"Dere 's mo' dan one way ter kill er cat; an' jes so, ef er pusson cyarn' rule de roos' wid dey *mouf*, dey mout do it wid dey *foot*. An' when hit do come ter de *las' pinch*, Miss Sally, I is allus moobed by de Sperrit; an' so I goed to de meetin' las' night, an' ax de Lawd ter guide dese willin' feet, an' show me what to do. Well, honey, I no mo' 'an gib two or free big groans an' rock mahse'f back an' fof,—'mos' a-tumblin' ober Bro' Lige Willums,—when I heard de Voice f'om on high. An' hit say, 'Glory, don' you stan' no mo' imperrence f'om no man, an' don' you gib in to de mashinations ob de debil.'

"So, Miss Sally, ef de ch'ice lays 'tween me an' dat c'tificum, *I is boun' ter be dat ch'ice*; 'ca'se ef not, ole Glory gwine 'bey de Wud what come to her, an'—git out! An' ef she go, she don' tek no baggage, nudder—heah me, Lawd! —fer she *come* to Mistah Moses Deuteronomy Turnah 'outen dese heah leben chillun, an', 'fo' de Lawd, she—gwine—ter—leab—widout—'em—too."

Mary Fairfax Childs.

Stop Thief!

WANTED!—for larceny petty and grand Throughout the world, on sea and land, In darkest night and brightest day, Always in the stealthiest way An arrant vagrant.

He may be known

By the length to which his beard has grown,
His scanty robe, his round bald head
With a single lock in front. 'T is said
Unless he 's seized by his forelock gray
He 's very sure to slip away.

¹ These last four names are borne by little darkies in Albemarle County, Virginia.

An hour-glass is in one hand
Wherein flows never-resting sand;
And he wields a scythe with a fatal aim,
That never fails to slay or maim.
Unnumbered victims have fallen before
This lethal blade in days of yore;
And if for a season life he spares
No treasure is so safe he dares
Not look upon it as his prey.
Nor locks nor bolts avail, they say,
To keep one's wealth from his attack;
And what he takes he ne'er brings back.

He pilfers bloom from beauty's cheek,
The warrior's strength, and leaves him weak;
The poet's fame, the miser's hoard,
The merchant's fleet, the patriot's sword,
All of value, use, or worth,
He takes and buries in the earth,
Where cunning artisans transmute
The spoil to baffle all pursuit.

All peoples of his deeds complain;
Some strive to kill him, but in vain.
No one knows his fixed abode,
Nor when he first took to the road.
He will not pause when begged to stay,
He will not hasten on his way—
But ever keeps the same jog-trot
Whether he be pursued or not.

Who will end this life of crime
By apprehending Father Time?

Tudor Jenks.

The Vicar of Coxall

THERE is a new vicar of Coxall
Whose conduct frequently shocks all,
For he put down his head
When the lessons were read
And snored through the service at Coxall.

There 's a stupid young curate at Coxall
Who is given his slippers and socks all;
If he 'd only been quicker
He 'd have wakened the vicar
And saved all the scandal at Coxall.

There are three prim old ladies at Coxall,
And twisted in curls are their locks all,
Who, too pious to stare
When he snored in a prayer,
Tried to think 't was the organ at Coxall.

There 's a stone-deaf old beadle at Coxall
Who looks after the bells and the clocks all;
He thought something was "queer,"
But of course could n't hear
The snore of the vicar of Coxall.

There 's a moral to parsons and flocks all
In this singular story from Coxall:
When church slumbers invite,
Keep your mouth shut up tight,
Lest you snore like the vicar of Coxall.

Frederick George Scott.

A Walled Garden

I HAVE a fair walled garden,
The winds are shut outside;
Its every aspect southern,
Though compasses deride.

No fruit of growth so foreign
But in its soil finds room,
And never lift mine eyes in vain
To find some bough abloom.

The flowers gleam like beacons
For butterflies that throng;

Nor doth it lack for nightingales
To jewel it with song.

And where the friendly shade-trees
Clasp hands to arch a shrine,
Are carven all the names I love—
A radiant roll they shine.

The leaves disdain to wither;
And, when a breeze goes by,
They flutter into laughter
Whose echo is a sigh.

At eve, when tent of twilight
Shuts out the spying sun,
I almost hear them whispering
The Thousand Tales and One!

Yet (by a strange enchantment
Their eyes were holden so!)
Some who within my garden walked
Saw only books arow!

Margaret Root Garvin.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

LATTER-DAY AMBITION

GRANDPA: Now, Madge, it's your turn for a gallop.

MADGE: I don't care for a gallop, thank you, but I wish you'd be a nautomobile with two men on the box.

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THE GUITAR